



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>





600080053M



.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.

.



FRIENDS FOR THE FIRESIDE.

BY

MRS. MATHEWS,

AUTHOR OF "THE MEMOIRS OF CHARLES MATHEWS,"
"TEA-TABLE-TALK," &c.

RECOLLECTIONS—
ANECDOTE AND JOKE—
NOTINGS—SELECTIONS—
AND GRAVITIES FOR GRAVER FOLK.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
THOMAS CAUTLEY NEWBY, PUBLISHER,
30, WELBECK STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE.
1860.

270. 6. 109.



BILLING, PRINTER AND STEREOTYPES, GUILDFORD, SURREY.

THE insect called a "*Bookworm*," is a Mite that eats holes in books ; consequently may be supposed to *live upon learning* ; and it is also probable that Bookworms, as well as other inordinate self-seekers of their class, who "die of feeding," have their favourite morsels and *tit-bits*.

The presenter of the following pages is a very *mite* in literature, who, without having *lived* upon learning, has often *tasted* it. In later life, possessing no provision of her own whereon to feed (no home *tomes*), she has dieted upon that of others, and in imitation of the fastidious epicure who took *one bite* out of the sunny side of every peach, she has, as often as opportunity permitted, snatched a mouthful out of the daintiest food that fell in her

way—and, like other needy cormorants, not disdained to banquet at the feasts of the rich; carrying thence, from every good and pleasant dish, a taste of its quality for after-enjoyment. In other words, our Bookworm has seldom relished a *borrowed book* without *eating a hole in it*; and like the man who was said to earn a subsistence by asking everybody that came out of a tobacconist's shop for a pinch of snuff, retailing the mixture as soon as he had filled his box—our mite has scraped together, on less mercenary, though not less selfish grounds—a grain or two of wisdom whenever it fell in the way, till at length she found herself with a *chest-full*. This chest she is now induced to open partially to public inspection, for, like Charles Surface, she is “of a communicative disposition, and does not like to keep so much knowledge to herself.”

The specimens presented may be likened to a Tailor's Pattern-book, exhibiting a *snip* of every colour and quality, with here and there a patch of

the lighter texture of home produce ; altogether composing what the learned would call a *Cento*.

In fine—to return to our first metaphor—our humble Bookworm is about to share with her friends some of her accumulated scraps and dainties, and should they not touch the palates of every individual alike, there will be found ample variety for diverse tastes to feed on ; and, as it is believed that there is not anything placed before them that is not perfectly *wholesome*, it is hoped that “ good digestion “ will ” wait on appetite, and health on both.”

D'AUMALE VILLAS,
TWICKENHAM,
1860.



FRIENDS FOR THE FIRESIDE.

DEEP indeed are our obligations to Books—for those treasures which we can unlock at will; treasures of far more value than gold or gems, for they oftentimes bestow that which gold cannot purchase—even forgetfulness of sorrow and pain. Happy are those who have a taste for reading, and leisure to indulge it. It is the most beguiling solace of life; it is its most ennobling pursuit. It is a magnificent thing to converse with the master-spirits of past ages, to behold them as they were; to mingle thought with thought and mind with mind; to let the imagination rove—based, however, on the authentic record of the past—through dim and distant ages; to behold the fathers, and prophets, and kings; to kneel at the feet of the mighty lawgiver; to bend at the shrine of the eternal poet; to imbibe inspiration from the eloquent, to gather instruction from

the wise, and pleasure from the gifted ; to behold as in a glass all the majesty and all the beauty of the mighty Past ; to revel in all the accumulated treasures of Time ; and this, all this we have, by reading, the privilege to do. Imagination indeed, the gift of Heaven, may soar elate, unchecked, though untutored, through Time to Eternity, and may people worlds at will ; but the truthful bases, which can alone give permanence to her visions, the knowledge which ennobles and purifies, and elevates them, is acquired from books.

By reading, a man does as it were antedate his life, and makes himself contemporary with ages past.

The excellence of Aphorisms consists not so much in expression of some rare or abstruse sentiment, as in the comprehension of some obvious and useful truth in a few words. We frequently fall into error and folly, not because the true principles of action are not known, but because they are not remembered ; and he may therefore be justly numbered among the benefactors of mankind who contracts the great rules of life into short sentences, that may easily be impressed on the memory, and taught by frequent recollection to recur habitually to the mind.

What profits it to point out things already manifest ? A great deal ; for sometimes, though we know a thing, yet we regard it not. Admonition, perhaps, does not

instruct ; it makes the mind intent, it excites diligence and strengthens the memory. The mind also some times pretends not to comprehend things that are evident. It is necessary, therefore, to inculcate even such things as are most known.

Old Sayings and *Proverbs* contain the experience and wisdom of nations and ages, compressed into the compass of a nutshell. To crack the shell, and extract the contents, to feed those who have appetites—is the present aim.

Anecdotes are just like bank-notes—few persons can tell which are genuine and which are not ; but every one lends his aid to keep them in circulation.

Quotations are as locks of hair from those we love, only fully prized for the associations of sympathy which they awaken.

Even the fragments of a broken vase are sometimes worth preserving, and even so may the fragments of *Conversation* and *Letters* be sometimes worth recording.

It was the favourite custom of the ancients to deliver their more important communications in terms of emphatic conciseness, or, according to one of the fathers, to “compress a sea of meaning, in a drop of language.”

The little short sayings of wise and excellent men are of great value, like the dust of gold, or the least sparks of diamonds.

A great portion of the opinions of mankind is notoriously propagated by transmission, from one generation to another, without any possible option on the part of those into whose minds they are instilled.

Mental Pleasures never clog. Unlike those of the body, they increase on repetition, approved of by reflection, and strengthened by enjoyment.

Reading furnishes the mind only with materials of knowledge; it is thinking makes what we read ours. It is not enough to cram ourselves with a great load of collections; unless we chew them over again, they will not give us strength.

Most people do not understand the meaning of *Nonsense*. The Duchess of Queensbury used to say, "She had no objection to *nonsense* when it does not come from chance."

How much nonsense is talked in one evening in mixed company; but then it makes people merry, and pleased with one another. It is on such occasions that they do not quarrel, or laugh *at* one another.

Mankind may be divided into *the Merry and Serious*, who both of them make a very good figure in the

species, so long as they keep their respective humours from degenerating into the neighbouring extremes.

Nothing can be spoken that hath not been spoken, for there is nothing new under the sun.

"It is, in discourse and speech of conversation, to vary and intermingle speech of the present occasion with arguments; tales with reasons; asking of questions, with telling of opinions; and jest with earnest." For it is a dull thing to tire, and as we say now, to *jade* with anything too far.

It is difficult to say what *Pleasure* means. Pleasure bears a different sense to every different person.

Pleasure, to a country Miss, just come out, means a race-ball, and so many partners that she is danced till she can hardly stand.

Pleasure, to an aspirant after fashion, means a card from Devonshire House, or a nod from Lady——.

Pleasure, to a schoolboy, means tying a string to his schoolfellow's toe when he is asleep, and pulling it till wakes him.

Pleasure, to a man of an enquiring mind, means a toad inside a stone, or a beetle running with its head off.

Pleasure, to a man of *taste*, means a first-rate *artiste*, and a good dinner.

Pleasure, to a labouring-man, means nothing to do.

Pleasure, to a fine lady, means having something to do to drive away the time.

Pleasure, to an antiquary, means an illegible inscription.

Pleasure, to a *connoisseur*, means a dark, invisible—very fine picture.

Pleasure, to a philosopher—a modern philosopher, a young philosopher—means liking nothing, despising every thing, and proving everyone a simpleton except himself.

Pleasure, to a beggar, means a sovereign by mistake instead of a shilling.

Pleasure, to a sailor—a fresh breeze and a sight of land.

Pleasure, to the afflicted—a tear.

Pleasure, to the sweetest of all tempers—the last word in an argument.

Pleasure, to the social—the human face divine.

Pleasure, to the morose—"I shan't see a soul for the next six months."

Pleasure, to the author—the last page of his manuscript.

Bliss inexpressible—Finis.

To which list may be added,—to *make a book* that is kindly received by the publisher and the public.

"Manners are of more importance than laws. Upon them, in a good measure, the laws depend. The law

can touch us here and there, now and then. Manners are what vex or soothe, corrupt or purify, exalt or debase, barbarise or refine by a constant, steady, uniform, insensible operation like that of the air we breathe in. They give their whole form and colour to our lives. According to their quality, they aid morals ; they supply them or totally destroy them."

Let me have manners as well as morals.

The manner of a vulgar man has freedom without ease ; and the manner of a gentleman has ease without freedom.

The moment and the manner have often more to do with success than the matter.

Good manners are the blossoms of good sense, and, it may be added, of good feeling too ; for if the law of kindness be written in the heart, it will lead to that disinterestedness in little as well as great things—that desire to oblige, and attention to the gratification of others, which is the foundation of good manners.

Good manners are good morals in detail.

Singularity is only vicious as it makes men act contrary to reason.

Robert Hall, in speaking of Hannah More, said—
"She talks little on ordinary occasions, and when she

speaks, it is generally to utter some sententious remark."

A lady inquired whether there was anything particularly *striking* in Mrs. More's manners? "Nothing striking, ma'am, certainly not—*striking* manners are *bad* manners, you know. She is a perfect lady, and studiously avoids those peculiarities and eccentricities which constitute striking manners."

A young soldier showing his sword to his Spartan mother, said—"It is very short." "Well then," replied she, "you have only to advance a step further." Another woman, while giving her son his shield, said to him—"Return *with* this, or *upon* this."

Kindness begets kindness, and confidence brings its sweet reward; but he who has trodden down the timid and the weak, will find his own cup bitter to the dregs.

St. Gregory compares wicked women to serpents, and proves that the hatred of the devil is less to be dreaded than that of a malicious woman; "for," says he, "when the devil hates, he does mischief alone; but a hating woman takes the devil for her aid, and consequently there are two."

A loquacious author, after babbling for some time about his piece to Sheridan, said—"Sir, I fear I have

been intruding on your attention." "No, no," rejoined Sheridan, "I've not been listening."

Let no man squander against his inclination. With this precept it may be perhaps imagined easy to comply; yet if those whom profusion has buried in prisons, or driven into banishment, were examined, it would be found that very few were ruined by their own choice, or purchased pleasure by the loss of their estates; but that they suffered themselves to be borne away by the violence of those with whom they conversed, and yielded ridiculously to a thousand prodigalities rather from trivial emulation of wealth and spirit, or a mean fear of contempt and ridicule—an emulation for the prize of folly, or the dread of the laugh of fools.

We are ruined, not by what we really want, but by what we think we want. Never go in search of your wants; if they be real wants, they will come home in search of you.

He who buys what he does not want, will soon want what he cannot buy.

Neatness and Tastefulness, and good sense, may be shown in management of a small household, and the arrangement of a little furniture, as upon a larger and costlier scale; and those qualities are always praised and always treated with respect and attention.

"Positively the best thing," says Charles Lamb, playfully, "a man can have to do, is *nothing*; and the next to that, perhaps, *good works*."

Over-civility generally ends in impertinence; for, as it proceeds from design, and not from any kindness or respect, it ceases with its object.

Love is like a tree—vegetating of itself—striking deep roots through all our being—and often continuing to grow greenly over a heart in ruins.

Tiresias told the ghost of Menippus—enquiring what state of life was nearest to felicity—"the private life, that which is freest from tumult and vanity, noise and luxury, business and ambition—nearest to nature and a just entertainment of our necessities."

A compliment, as far as it deserves to be practised by a man of probity, is only the most civil and obliging way of saying what you mean.

Rousseau says—It is not our criminal actions we require courage to confess, but those which are ridiculous and foolish.

Cræsus placed the chief good in riches. Periander of Corinth, in honour; Socrates, in knowledge; Plato, in idea; Orpheus, in beauty; Milo the Cretonian, in bodily strength; Thales the Milesian, in the union of

prudence and knowledge; Pittacus, in benevolence; Aristotle, in the practice and operation of virtue; and Epicurus affirms that happiness is the chief good, and virtue the only happiness.

If evils come not, then our fears are vain;
And if they do, fear but augments the pain.

The first step to knowledge is a consciousness of ignorance. Then follows a desire to learn. The finer our understandings, the greater cultivation do they require. An ingenuous, reflecting mind, while pursuing any science, is continually checked by the discovery of its own imbecility; a recollection of past mistakes induces a doubt of the reality of the present favourite hypothesis; and it is continually anxious to call in the aid of some learned coadjutor to confirm its own opinions, or to introduce a juster idea.

The foundation of true knowledge is humility.

Miss Pope, one evening, in the greenroom of the theatre, expatiating, in all the warmth of her early enthusiasm, on the genius of Garrick, and of his fine features, exclaimed—"What an *eye* he had! it looked," she added, "as if it could pierce through a deal board!" "Then," said Wewitzer, "it must have been a *Gimblet* eye!"

Vain people, unable to boast the glories of the present, fall back upon the dignity of the past.

It too often happens that somehow *pic nics* and those sort of things end in creating attachments between the wrong people.

It was the sage precept of Napoleon, in reference to exposure of domestic blots, that people had better wash their dirty linen in private.

Incident in a Chinese Drama. A woman surprised by her husband, has just time to hide her gallant in a sack, and set him against the wall. The man coming in, asks, "What's in that sack?" The woman is confused, and hesitates. The gallant, afraid she would blunder, calls out from the inside—"Nothing but rice."

"An old priest always read in his portass *Mumpsimus* domine, for *Sumpsimus*; whereoff when he was admonished he said that he now had used *mumpsimus* thirty years, and would not leave his old *mumpsimus* for their new *sumpsimus*."

Lord Eldon related that he once met, after a long vacation, Serjeant Hill, who thus addressed him:—"My dear friend, you will be shocked to hear what a loss I have sustained since I saw you." I expressed great concern that anything should have happened which he had cause to lament. "Oh!" he said—"he had never had so much cause for grief, or suffered such a calamity—I have lost poor dear Mrs.

Hill !”—and then pausing for some time, during which I felt greatly (said Lord Eldon) and painfully on his account—at last he broke silence, saying—“ I don’t know, though, that the loss *was* so great, for she had all her property, Mr. Attorney, to her separate use.”

On the departure of Bishop Selwyn for his diocese of Cannibals, New Zealand, the Reverend Sydney Smith took leave of him in these affectionate terms : “ Good bye, my dear Selwyn ; I hope you will not *disagree* with the man that eats you !”

Walter Scott, in his Autobiography, said—“ Through every part of my literary career, I have felt pinched and hampered with my own ignorance.”

Do not always follow the same track. It is well sometimes to vary your course, in order to frustrate curiosity, especially that of your envious neighbours : for if they remark the uniformity of your actions, they will learn how to injure your enterprises. It is very easy to shoot the bird that flies in a direct line, but not so easy the one whose flight is an irregular one—neither should the same trick be always resorted to, since it would be discovered. A good player never plays the card that his adversary expects, and still less the one he wishes.

Never accept the invitation of a man who is known to be ruled by his wife ; neither bargain with him, un-

less the terms be written down ; nor give him counsel in any shape.

Do not brave the opinion of the world. You may as well say that you care not for the light of the sun.

A little girl visiting Paris, observed that the people there walked about the streets "like ladies and gentlemen *going a visiting*!"

Fabius Maximus conquered, not by fighting a powerful enemy, but by avoiding him—and saved Rome.

"The great utilities you may reap from a well-acted tragedy," writes the Countess Carlisle in her maxims for young ladies, "are the exciting your compassion to real sufferings, the suppression of your vanity in prosperity, and the inspiring you with heroic patience in adversity.

"In comedy, you will receive continual correction, delicately applied to your errors and foibles: be impartial in your application, and divide it humbly with your acquaintance and friends, and even with your enemies."

A man of spirit should learn *prudence* from his very *pride*, and consider every unnecessary debt he contracts as a wanton diminution of his character. The moment he makes another his creditor, he makes himself a

slave. He runs the hazard of insults which he can never resent, and of disgraces which are seldom to be mitigated. He incurs the danger of being dragged like the vilest felon into a felon's prison : and such is the depravity of the world, that guilt is more likely to meet with indulgence, than misfortune.

No deity presides where Prudence is absent.

Néver write Letters about any affair that has occasioned, or may occasion, a difference. A difference looks bigger in a letter than in conversation.

Speech ventilates our intellectual fire,
Speech burnishes our mental magazine,
Brightens for ornament, and whets for use.
What numbers, sheathed in erudition, lie
Plunged to the hilts in venerable *tomes*,
And rusted in, who might have borne an edge
And played a sprightly beam, if born to speech—
If born blest heirs of half their mother's tongue !

The great art of Conversation is to hear patiently,
and answer precisely.

Look into those they call *unfortunate*,
And closer viewed, you'll find they were *unwise* ;
Some flaw in their own conduct lies beneath ;
And 'twas a trick of fools, to save their credit,
Which brought another language into use.

When *Toasts* were uniformly drunk, it would occasionally occur that some one who conceived himself endowed by nature to shine in this way of wit, would attempt some such sentiment as—"Hoping that he," his host, "might make a better man than his father," or, "Live 'till all his friends wished him dead;" while the more humble pot-companion contented himself by saying, with a most imposing gravity in his air, "Come! here's luck," or by expressing some other equally comprehensive wish. In every instance the veteran landlord was requested to imitate the custom of the cup-bearer to kings, and taste the liquor he presented by the significant invitation of "After you is manners;" with which request he ordinarily complied by wetting his lips, first expressing the wish of "Here's hoping—" leaving it to the imagination of the hearers to fill the vacuum by whatever good each thought most desirable.

A bitter and perplexed "What shall I do?" is worse to man than worst necessity.

The Spartans had a law which imposed a fine upon a citizen who had suffered several injuries without resenting them.

At Milan, the Ambrosian Library contains the manuscript Virgil which belonged to Petrarch, and which he was said always to read; on which, in a fair and

beautiful small hand, is written the date of the first day when he saw Laura, and that on which she died.

Aristotle calls cleanliness, *one of the half virtues*.

Two Irishmen visiting Paris for the first time, wishing for oysters, and being at a loss for the French word, one undertook to describe to the *garçon* in the best manner he could, what they wanted; and as a preliminary, called out, in his Cork accent, "*Weeter! Weeter!*" to which the man replied, "*Oui, Monsieur,*" and disappeared; but in a short time, to their utter surprise, *returned with a dish of oysters*. The unconscious Hibernian having pronounced *huitre* so correctly that he was immediately comprehended by the ready attendant.

In the gardens of Portici, at Naples, is a fort built to teach the King, during his childhood, the art of fortification; and in the upper apartments is a curious machine, which is made to furnish a dinner without the attendance of domestics.

In the centre of the table is a trap-door; the dinner is sent up by pullies from the kitchen below. Each person has six bell-handles attached to his place, which ring in the kitchen, inscribed with the articles most in request at dinner. These are hoisted up by invisible agents, something after the fashion of *Beauty and the Beast*, or, to compare it with something less romantic and nearer home, Mr. Owen's establishment

at Lanark, where dinner is served up by steam ! a double chain, arranged like the ropes of a draw-well, sends up the dinner on one side, and conveys down the dirty dishes and plates, &c. on the other.

The philosopher teacheth, but he teacheth obscurely, so as the learned only, can understand him ; that is to say, *he teacheth them that are already taught.*

“ *Prayer-Books,*” said a witty and satirical author, “ answer many useful purposes, besides that of being carefully laid on the drawing-room table every Sunday morning. Were it not for these little manuals, people would have nothing to hold before their faces at church, when they are gaping, or ogling their neighbours, or quizzing a new bonnet in the next pew. But the most appropriate, praiseworthy, and important object to which a prayer-book can be applied, is its enabling you to afford incontestable proof that you keep a man-servant, when you enter the house of God to forswear the pomps and vanities of this wicked world.

“ I have known ladies of all ages, who would carry, for any distance, a pet poodle weighing twenty-nine pounds and twelve ounces ; but I have seldom known a female of any age, who, having a man-servant, could carry a prayer-book, weighing four ounces and four pennyweights, from the church door to the door of the pew.”

A gentleman, after dinner at Mathews' table, took Theodore Hook by the ear, *boring* it with an ill-timed request that he would mention in *John Bull*, a work which a friend had written on the subject of *Intemperance*,—at the same time neglecting to put forward the wine, for which Theodore was waiting. "My dear sir," pursued the *Bore*, "if you will give a short review of ——'s book, it would infinitely serve him ;—*three words* from *you* would insure its success." "Oh," cried Theodore, with impatience—" *three words* ?—I'll do it directly—' *Pass the Bottle.*' "

A snuff-box, taken out, generally serves its bearer on occasions, as a link to mend the broken chain of his ideas.

The only things in which we can be said to have any property, are *our actions*. Our thoughts may be bad, yet produce no poison. They may be good, yet produce no fruit. Our riches may be taken from us by misfortune ; our reputation, by malice ; our spirits, by calamity ; our health, by disease ; our friends, by death ; but *our actions* must follow us beyond the grave. With respect to these *alone*, we cannot say we shall carry nothing with us when we die. These are the only title-deeds of which we cannot be disinherited : they will have their full weight in the balance of eternity, when everything else is as nothing.

A man can never escape from his own deed, be it good or bad. As soon as he has committed it, he has given it an existence, an individuality which he can never destroy; it becomes independent of him, and goes into the world to deal its influence, in widening-circles, far beyond his view.

Many actions, like the Rhone, have two sources; the one pure, the other impure.

Let every man in the first address to his actions, consider whether, if he were now to die, he might safely and prudently do such an act; and whether he would not be infinitely troubled that death should surprise him in his present dispositions; and then let him proceed accordingly."

The spirit of love has something so extremely refined in it, that it is often disturbed and lost by some little accidents, which the careless or impolitic never attend to until it is gone and past recovery.

Nothing has more contributed to banish it from a married state, than too great a familiarity, and laying aside the common rules of decency. Though I could give instances of this in several particulars, I shall only mention that of *dress*.

Beaux and *belles*, who dress purely to catch one an-

other, think that there is no further occasion for the bait when their first design has succeeded ; but, besides the too common fault in point of neatness, there are several others, which I do not remember to have seen touched upon, but in one of our old comedies, where a French woman offering to undress her mistress before the Lover of the play, assuring her that it was very usual in France,—the lady tells her that she is so essentially an English woman, as to resolve never to learn even to *dress* before her husband.

There is so much nicety and discretion required to keep love alive after marriage, that I know nothing which seems readily to promise it, but an earnest endeavour to please, and superior good sense on both sides.

If you suffer your mind to be wholly engaged in great and important subjects, you may be very fit to live in your closet, but will be unfit to live in the world. And should you suffer yourself to be entirely engrossed by little things, you would not be fit to live at all—at least, to any purpose of honour to yourself, or advantage to society.

The following pleasant reference to full petticoats and hoops was published in 1711, and is curiously applicable to the prevailing monstrosities of 1860 :—

"It is recorded of Alexander the Great, that in his Indian expedition, he buried several suits of armour, which, by his directions, were made much too big for any of his soldiers, in order to give posterity an extraordinary idea of him, and make them believe that he had commanded an army of giants.

"And I am persuaded, that if one of the present petticoats happens to be hung up in any repository of curiosities, it will lead into the same error the generations that lie some removes from us. Should this fashion get among the ordinary people, our public ways would be so crowded, that we should want street-room."

Until thirty, or with some, a little longer, people should dress in a way that is most likely to procure the approbation of the opposite sex.

Vanity of dress is like those chemical essences whose only existence is, when called into being by the action of some opposite influence. With no one to attract, and no one to surpass, *cui bono?*

"Where none are *beaux*, 'tis vain to be a *belle*!"

Plain dress, for an ordinary man or woman, implies at least *modesty*, and always procures kind quarter from the censorious. Who will ridicule a personal imperfection in one that seems conscious that it is an imperfection? Who ever said an Anchoret was poor?—but

who would spare so very absurd a wronghead, as should bestow tinsel to make his deformity the more conspicuous ?

Every virtue enjoined by Christianity as a virtue, is recommended by politeness as an accomplishment. Gentleness, humility, deference, affability, and a readiness to assist and serve on all occasions, are as necessary in the composition of a true Christian as in that of a well-bred man. Passion, moroseness, peevishness, and supercilious self-sufficiency are equally repugnant to the characters of both, who differ in this only—that the true Christian really *is*, what a well-bred person *pretends* to be, and would be still better bred, if he *was*.

We know that our Saviour attended the feasts of His countrymen, which might be esteemed their public amusements—we know that at one of those feasts He worked a miracle to procure an additional supply of wine. We know that He was not only without sin Himself, but that He could foresee and avoid whatever would seduce others into guilt. We infer, therefore, that amusements may be innocent, that temperate gratifications are not sinful, and that colloquial intercourse and serious admonition may lawfully be enlivened with the elegancies of wit, fancy, humour, and polite learning.

To give efficacy and grace to politeness, it must be accompanied by some degree of taste as well as delicacy ;

and, although its foundation must be rooted in the heart, it is not perfect without a knowledge of the world.

In society it is the happy medium which blends the most discordant natures; it imposes silence on the loquacious, and inclines the most reserved to furnish their share of conversation. It represses the despicable but common ambition of being the most prominent character in the scene; it increases the general desire of being mutually agreeable; takes off the offensive edge of raillery, and gives delicacy to wit; it preserves subordination, and reconciles ease with propriety; like other qualities, its value is best estimated when it is absent.

No greatness can awe it into servility, no intimacy can sink it into coarse familiarity; to superiors it is respectful freedom, to inferiors it is unassuming good-nature; to equals, everything that is charming; studying, anticipating, and attending to all things, yet, at the same time, apparently disengaged and careless. Such is true politeness—by people of wrong heads and unworthy hearts disgraced in its two extremes, and by the generality of mankind confined within the narrow bounds of mere good-breeding, which is only a branch of it.

The eccentric Ryley—author of the *Itinerant*—disgusted with a proud, solemn old coxcomb, whom he met in Liverpool streets, who was evidently inflated

with self-complacency—stopped him with a polite bow, saying, “Pardon me, sir, you will oblige me by telling me the rent of the house Number 14 in Great George Street.” “Sir,” replied His Haughtiness, “I have no house in Great George Street!” “I beg you a thousand pardons, sir,” said Mr. Riley; “but I thought *all the town belonged to you!*”

Doctor Johnson, Sir Robert Chambers, and some other gentlemen were walking to get her in New Inn Hall garden. Sir Robert was gathering snails, and throwing them over the wall into his neighbour’s garden. The Doctor reproached him very roughly, and stated to him that this was unmannerly and un-neighbourly. ‘Sir,’ said Sir Robert—‘my neighbour is a dissenter.’ ‘Oh!’ said the Doctor—‘if so, Chambers, toss away, toss away as hard as you can!’”

Horace Walpole writes in the year 1750 the following to a friend.

“I was sitting in my own dining-room on Sunday night, the clock had not struck eleven, when I heard a loud cry of ‘Stop thief!’ A highwayman had attacked a post-chaise in Piccadilly, within fifty yards of this house. I expect to be robbed in my own garden at Strawberry Hill. I have a pond of gold-fish that they will be sure to steal, to burn like gold lace, and they may very easily, for the springs are so much sunk by

this hot summer, that I am forced to water my pond once a-week.

"The Chevalier Lorenzi has dined with me here. I gave him venison, and as he was determined to like it, he protested it was as *good as beef!*"

Amongst the anecdotes of the French stage, it is recorded that, after the representation of a one-act comedy in prose called the "Self-conceited Lord," by J. J. Rousseau, in 1752—which was unfavourably received—the author went to a coffee-house in the neighbourhood of the theatre, and walking into the middle of the room where a number of persons were assembled, in an elevated voice thus addressed them—"Gentlemen, *the new piece is damned. It merited its fate; it was intolerably tedious. It is written by Rousseau of Geneva, and I am that Rousseau.*"

In 1720, "Love and Truth," a comedy, in prose, by Maurivaut, was produced. Maurivaut said, on leaving the seat where he had sat *incognito* during the first representation, which had not been greatly successful, that "It was the most tiresome piece he had ever seen, and that he himself was the author of it."

The King of Bavaria was much distinguished by Napoleon. He was one evening invited to a theatrical representation at the Tuileries, and was received by the Emperor into his own box. On quitting the theatre, Napoleon took him by the arm; and as the two mo-

narchs walked on, a crowd eagerly gathered round them. The king's head being full of stories he had heard of the Parisian pickpockets, who, by the help of a magnificent costume and borrowed name, gain access to these *fêtes* at the Palace, he became uneasy about his watch and snuff-box ; and when the crowd assembled, slipping his arm from that of the Emperor, he covered his seals with his hand, and observed with the utmost simplicity—"Pardon, Sire, but I do not know everybody here, and it is as well to be cautious." "You are quite right," archly replied Napoleon, (amused with the fears of the king); "were I in your place, I should do the same at *Munich*."

Pride is one of the seven deadly sins ; but it cannot be the pride of a mother in her children, for that is a compound of two cardinal virtues—*Faith* and *Hope*.

The gloomiest knell that rings over the fall from virtue, must be to hear of the lost esteem of those we love. That must be the dark, the damning scourge which drives on human weakness to despairing crime. Could the great fallen angel ever have returned? I do not believe it. The glorious confidence of heaven was lost, and mercy would have been nothing without oblivion.

The frequent death of early genius arises, not from having a greater share of endowment than other chil-

dren, but through calling intellect into serious action before the frame is sufficiently sharpened by age to endure the labours of mental exertion ; and by instruction too soon undertaking the expansion of those early talents, while inattentive to the constitution that must suffer from toils which infant imbecility had not power to sustain. The faculties of children's minds, nature ordained should "grow with their growth," and "strengthen with their strength ;" and premature talents ought not, from the vanity of the parent or the teacher, to be forced too much in the hot-bed of early cultivation. We should act with children like the judicious gardener, who not only shields the too early blossom of the spring from the biting frosts and noxious blights, but restrains its forward growth, aware that untimely fruit possesses not the health and flavour of that which comes in due season.

Filial affection may be conceived to be a bond of nature ; but gratitude may be defined a noble principle, of which reason is the architect, and which depends for its *perfection* upon the qualities of the mind.

Gratitude is the sentiment of refined breasts.

Baron Holbairch, in a conversation on theatrical works, thus humorously described Comedy and Tragedy.

"The business of comedy is always *marriage*, that of a tragedy, a *murder*. All the intrigue turns on this question—shall they marry, or shall they *not* marry? shall they kill, or shall they *not* kill? They shall

marry—they shall kill; *and so ends the first act.* They shall not marry, they shall not kill, concludes the *second act.* A new means of marrying and killing presents itself, which is the substance of the *third act.* A new difficulty arises, and prevents the marriage and the murder, and this forms the *fourth act.* At length, wearied with the contest, they marry and they kill—which completes the piece.”

Some years ago Mrs. M’Gibbon was dressing at Cheltenham to perform the character of *Jane Shore*. Her attendant, a simple country girl, informed her that a woman had come to beg an admission to see her act the part, for which she had walked four miles. “Does she know me?” enquired the actress. “No, ma’am, I believe not.” “Well,” said Mrs. M’Gibbon, “it’s a strange request—and coming so far to make it—has the good woman all her *faculties* about her?” “I think she *have*, ma’am,” replied the girl; “for I see she has summat tied up in a red silk handkerchief.”

Frugality is so necessary to the happiness of the world, so beneficial in its various forms to every rank, of men, from the highest of human potentates to the lowest labourer or artificer; and the miseries which the neglect of it produces are so numerous and so grievous, that it ought to be recommended with every variation of address, and adapted to every class of understanding.

Whether those who treat morals as a science will

allow Frugality to be numbered among the virtues, I have not thought it necessary to enquire ; for I, who draw my opinions from a careful observation of the world, am satisfied with knowing what is abundantly sufficient for practice, that if it be not a virtue, it is at least a quality which can seldom exist without some virtues, and without which few virtues can exist. Frugality may be termed the daughter of Prudence, the sister of Temperance, and the parent of Liberty. He that is extravagant will quickly become poor, and poverty will enforce dependence, and invite corruption ; it will almost always produce a passive compliance with the wickedness of others ; and there are few who do not learn by degrees to practise those crimes which they cease to censure.

It may be laid down as a rule never to be broken, that *a man's voluntary expense should not exceed his revenue*. A maxim so obvious and incontrovertible, that the civil law ranks the prodigal with the madman, and debars them equally from the conduct of their own affairs.

A rich banker, of Paris, one night witnessing Talma in some very affecting part, in which the tragedian, by the force of his delineation, drew tears from his audience—the banker alone seemed unmoved. A friend sitting near him expressed his wonder at the composure with which he could witness such a heart-

touching performance. He coolly replied—"Why shouldn't I? In the first place, none of this is *true*; and in the next, if it were, what business is it of mine?"

It is commonly said, that listeners never hear any good of themselves; and the notion has been propagated, no doubt, from the laudable desire to deter over-curious persons from hearkening to what their friends may choose to say of them. But would not listeners very often hear what is good *for* them? Doubt it not. Our best friends are never so candid—our worst enemies so explicit—as when they wait till our backs are turned.

It is worldly wisdom neither to make nor exasperate an enemy. The meanest wretch may sometimes have it in his power to retaliate; and his retaliation will always be according to the degree of his natural baseness.

Let us be thoroughly pleased with *ourselves*, and the world must handle us roughly indeed, before it can ruffle our temper.

Should the Body sue the Mind before a court of judicature for damages, it would be found that the Mind would prove to have been a ruinous tenant to its landlord.

Oh *Tact* ! Angel of civilised life, what blunderers are those without thee ! No rank can insure, no wealth purchase thee ; and yet without thee we are certain to offend where it is most our wish and interest to please.

Men of Humour are always in some degree men of genius ; wits are rarely so, although a man of genius may, amongst other gifts, possess wit—as Shakespeare.

Men of genius are rarely much annoyed by the company of vulgar people, because they have a power of looking *at* such persons as objects of amusement, of another race altogether.

Let a young man separate *I* from *Me*, as far as he possibly can, and remove *Me* till it is almost lost in the remote distance. "*I am Me*" is as bad a fault in intellectuals and morals as it is in grammar ; whilst but *One* (God) can say "*I am I*," or "*That I am !*"

Truth, if it be a virtue, is a virtue like the plague, having too often the same quality of making us generally shunned and avoided.

Buonaparte said, "I have always seen that persons who regard noble and generous conduct in others as the simplest thing in the world, were themselves the most incapable of it ; and that those who are in the wrong are sure to be most angry."

A woman ceases to charm, when she makes herself feared.

It would seem that the glory of having been where others have not, and seen what the untravelled have not seen, is the secret spur, even to the *sçavans*.

Mons. le Comte de Forbins tells us in his travels in Egypt, that he was so annoyed and discomposed at seeing an English lady's-maid,—with a green parasol and silk spencer,—walking about at old Cairo, that he thought it was no kind of use going any further, as he found she was going on into Nubia ; M. le Comte, therefore, turned back !

A celebrated senator once said, that “ he hoped to see the day when the negroes in the West Indies would peaceably enjoy their own *firesides*.”

The misery of being at sea to a landsman is, that you know nothing of what is going forward, and can take no active part in getting rid of your fears. You cannot “lend a hand.”

“I have long ago found out,” said Hannah More, “that hardly any but plain, frugal people ever do generous things.”

If there be one mannerism that is universal among mankind, it is that of colouring too highly the things

we describe. We cannot be content with a simple relation of truth ; we must exaggerate ; we must overdraw ; we must have " a little too much red in the brush ;" for example :—

Whoever heard of a dark night that was not " pitch-dark ?"—of a stout-made man, that was not " strong as a horse ?"—or, of a miry road that was not " up to the knees ?" To adopt the same style, I would walk " fifty miles on foot " to see that man who never caricatures the subject on which he speaks ; but where is such a one to be found ? In our common conversation we are continually outraging the truth.

If somewhat wakeful in the night, we have " not had a wink of sleep." If our sleeves get a little damp in a shower, we are as wet " as if dragged through a brook." If a breeze blow up while we are in " the chops of the Channel," the waves are sure to " run mountains high ;" and should a man grow rich, we all say " he rolls in money." No later than yesterday, a friend, who would shrink from wilful misrepresentation, told us hastily as he passed, that the Times newspaper of the morning had "*nothing in it but advertisements.*"

A Dog has been the companion of man for nearly six thousand years, and has learned of him only one of his vices ; that is, to worry his species when he finds them in distress. Tie a tin cannister to a dog's tail, and another dog will fall upon him ; put a man

in prison for debt, and another will lodge a detainer against him."

"*In Age* endear yourself to all around you by cheerful good humour, by benevolence, by affectionate kindness, by devout patience and resignation; by seasonable exhortation; by uniform example endear to them that piety which is your support. Engage them to a continual remembrance of the hour when they shall be as you are. So shall your memory speak the language of instruction and of comfort, when you are silent in the grave."

"When *Old Age* is captious and peevish—when the strength is crushed, the senses dulled, and the common pleasures of life become insipid by repetition, we are willing to impute our uneasiness to causes not wholly out of our power, and tease ourselves with fancying that we suffer by neglect, unkindness, or any evil which admits a remedy, rather than by the decays of nature, which cannot be prevented or repaired. We, therefore, revenge our pains on those upon whom we resolve to charge them; and too often drive mankind away at the time we have the greatest need of tenderness and assistance."

Extreme Age is often a burthen too great for the possessor. Madame du Deffand wrote to Horace Walpole — "I cannot describe to you my state, but in

saying that I feel *the want of dying*, as one feels the want of sleep."

Sir William Temple, outliving his contemporaries, said—"Methinks it seems an impertinence in me to be still alive;" and when Cibber was nearly eighty years of age, a friend told him he was glad to see him looking so well—"Faith!" said Cibber, "it's very well that I look at all!"

In observing upon the peculiar and unaccountable influences which ladies of a shrewish turn so frequently exercise over—we can scarcely in this sense say—*their lords and masters*—an influence which seems not merely to extend to the will of the husband, but even to his inclinations,—we do not remember to have met with a single individual reported to be under "petticoat government," who was not content with his lot. Nay, so far from rejoicing, did not exult in his servitude! And we see no way of accounting for this apparently inexplicable conduct, for which, among other phenomena of married life, various reasons have been assigned, but none entirely satisfactory to us,—except upon the ground that these domineering dames possess some charm sufficiently strong to counteract the irritating effect of their tempers—some secret, attractive quality of which the world at large is in ignorance.

In the house of a *wife-ridden man* there was a bed-chamber with yellow hangings, which he particularly desired to occupy in preference to the one appointed, and which the wife resolutely refused to allow him. This, for the sake of peace and quietness, after many years, he ceased to press for, when at length the wife died;—the first, and indeed the only words the emancipated man uttered, when her death was announced, were—

“I’ll sleep in the yellow room to-night !”

How few have courage to suffer in oblivion ;—to do well, and be forgotten !

To be the *first figure* in the group is necessary to all petty, vain minds.

“ *En tout pays, avant de juger un homme, le monde ecoute ce qu’en pense sa femme.*” If this were as true as it deserves to be, what a tribunal ! what revelations ! what judgments to unjudge !

How many a man bangs-to his hall-door, and goes smiling forth into the public world to canvass golden opinions, who has shut within it a little world of misery of his own creation ! Tyranny ! There never was a tyrant to compare with your tyrant of four walls—your fireside despot.

“The tyranny of a fireside is as great as that of an empire ;

It is not the size of the stage that makes the distress of a tragedy.”

Tyrants themselves are *upon their behaviour* to a superior power.

To be too dazzling, too *exigeante*, too anxious to make every moment pass in a paroxysm of delight, is impolitic in a woman. Pleasure itself so protracted, so exaggerated, must become pain: it is like the punishment said to be inflicted upon Regalus, cutting off the eyelids to turn the light of the sun into torture. Men sooner forgive women for pleasing even too little than too much; for we pay ourselves the compliment of believing that the failure of the former arises from our not having taken the trouble of drawing them out, and that they might be charming if we pleased to make them so; but women who show their powers of pleasing to be independent of us, cannot wonder if we leave them to the enjoyment they can procure for themselves.

Blessed—oh, thrice blessed—is he who has a Christian Mother! There, no toil can weary; there, no disappointment can subdue; there, no false shame can silence. Duty directs affection; she sows the good seed, and waits in faith and in patience for the for-

mer and the latter rains. She has trained up the child in the way he should go; and though the mists of the world may, for a time, appear to obscure the mid-day orb, still, at eventide it shall be light. The same brightness that accompanied his rising, shall attend his setting sun. When he is old, he shall not depart from it.

“I have discovered (said Gray, the poet, in a letter to a young friend,) a thing very little known, which is, that in one’s life one can never have more than *one* Mother. You may think this is obvious, and what you may call a trite observation. You are a green gosling! I was, at the same age, very near as wise as you, and yet I never discovered this—with full evidence and conviction, I mean—till it was too late. It is thirteen years ago, and it seems to me but as yesterday, and every day I live, it sinks deeper into my heart!”

Lord Bacon said of a young man who displayed in his character all the social virtues, that “he must have had a good Mother.”

No man is bound to perform all that may be asked of him; but every man is bound to perform all that he promises, particularly when that promise is the free offspring of his own judgment.

When an European Ambassador remonstrated with the Emperor of Morocco, for violating a treaty which

he had recently made—"Dost thou think I am a *Christian*?" asked the Emperor, "that I should be a slave to my word!"

"Endeavour to keep the Unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace," is the injunction of the Apostle, and in the injunction, St. Chrysostom, long after, remarks on the reason of it, viz., that "sin is ever of a disuniting nature;" nor, if we reflect, shall we fail to see that the pursuit of any evil thing sets a man in a hostile position to others. Sin is selfish, and ever tends to divide man from man. Covetousness, for example, separates the individual and his interests from the rest of the community; so does injustice in all its varied forms; so does lying; so every form of ill-will. There is, indeed, no lawlessness, no wickedness, which does not tend to break up and divide mankind, and set them one against another; while, on the other hand, Law aims at Harmony, and Virtue and Concord. Goodness is ever the uniting element. Evil men, at times, for the sake of a kind of self-preservation, force themselves to unite together, but their unions being false, cannot endure. Wickedness, by the necessity of its nature, divides, and divides continually. Goodness alone can be uniting. *Goodness is One*. Goodness is the bond that holds the universe together; for *God is Good*, the Supreme, the Eternal God!"

It was a beautiful saying of the Roman Emperor,

that "he would destroy all his enemies, by making them his friends."

Be sure to choose a friend whom you will never be able to hate; for though the society may justly be interrupted, yet love is an immortal thing.

It is idle to talk of a Futurity, whether of happiness or of punishment, without assuming the idea of identity. The individual who shall live hereafter as the object of Divine favour, or wrath, must be the individual who lived here, doing good, or doing evil.

Deeds are fruits ; *Words* are but leaves.

The Sophistry of the human heart is such, that mankind are disposed to think well of themselves; to view their virtues through a magnifying medium, and to cast their deficiencies and vices into the shade. Dissatisfied as they often are with their outward condition, they have yet little or no conviction of their spiritual wants; but with respect to these are ready to imagine with the Laodiceans, that they "are rich, and increase in goods, and have need of nothing." Hence it is with extreme difficulty they are brought to acquiesce in the humiliating representations made by the Oracles of God, of their native guilt and misery. They will readily confess that "they are not perfectly innocent or faultless; they have their imperfections as well as

others ;” but they are far from believing they are actually under the wrath and displeasure of the Almighty. They feel, on the whole, satisfied with themselves, and by setting their supposed good qualities and actions against their bad ones, contrive to adjust their account in such a manner as leaves a considerable balance in their favour. On the mercy of God they feel no objection to profess their reliance, deeming it more decent, and even more safe, than to challenge His justice ; but it is easy to perceive that the mercy of which they speak is of such a nature, that they would look upon it as an absurdity to suppose it could be withheld. In short, they are *the Whole*, who need no physician.”

“Afternoon congregations,” said the Rev. Robert Hall, “may usually be divided into two classes ; those that *are* asleep, and those that are going to sleep.”

Mathews, driving Theodore Hook out of town, perceived in the distance a bridge which had been erected since his last visit to the neighbourhood, and said—“A new bridge ! I wonder who has thought it worth his while to build that ?” “I can’t say,” replied Hook ; “but if you go over it you’ll be *tolled*.”

Marriage is a desperate thing. The frogs in Æsop were extremely wise ; they had a great mind for some water, but they would not leap into the well, because they could not get out again.

The French poet Marivaux, in an epigram, pleasantly inculcates the same wisdom—

“ I would advise a man to pause
Before he take a wife ;
Indeed, I own, I see no cause
He should not pause for life.”

The Affections, like the conscience, are rather to be led than drawn ; and 'tis to be feared that they who marry where they do not love, will love where they do not marry.

Virtue's an angel of Peruvian gold ;
Sense, the bright ore Potosi's mines unfold ;
But *Temper's* image must their use create,
And give these precious metals sterling weight.

What is most beautiful ?—

The Universe, for it is the work of God !

What most immense ?—

Space, because it contains every thing.

What most powerful ?—

Necessity, because *it triumphs over all things*.

What most difficult ?—To know oneself.

What most easy ?—To give advice.

What method must we take to lead an irreproachable life ? — Do nothing which we should condemn in others.

Swift favours charm : but when too long they stay,
They lose the name of kindness by delay.

Be merciful to *Tobacco*, ye Penelopes !—Drive it not forth to take refuge in clubs and taverns.. Plant it in some secure nook at home ; it will thrive there ; for be sure of this, it is a *domestic* weed. With those other savages who were the first to use it, it was an emblem of peace. They knew what they were about.

Be sure of this too,—no man ever plotted treason with a pipe in his mouth. The boys should never have given it to Guy Fawkes. It is a loyal and most honest weed. Do not try to pluck it from your good man's mouth. Shut your eyes and your nostrils to it. Let him puff on. He is a silly fellow ; corrupting his breath ; spoiling his teeth ; and fumigating your furniture : but he is puffing away his chagrins, calming his nerves, resting from the weary world, and, however absurd it may seem to you—trust to experience, that is, of course, to the experience of others,—and be sure he is purifying his mind, and that the devil is going out of him into the legs of your tables, and the folds of your damask.

Doctor Parr, having been hospitably entertained by a lady-friend who refused to indulge him with his Pipe, vainly pleaded that such indulgence had always been granted to him. He said it was a *condition*, "*No Pipe*,

no Parr ;” and previously known, and peremptorily imposed upon all who desired his company. The Prince of Wales, at Carlton House, who never smoked, had been pleased to insist upon his taking his customary pipe. The Duke of Sussex had smoked *with* him. In vain these precedents ;—the lady was inexorable. At length, said Doctor Parr, with some severity of tone, “ You must give me leave, Madam, to tell you, you are the *greatest*——” The lady, fearful of what might follow, earnestly interposed, begging he would express no rudeness. The doctor resumed, speaking very loud, and looking very stern, to the increasing alarm of his hostess,—“ Madam, I do not wish to offend, but I *must* take leave to tell you that you are the greatest *Tobacco-stopper* in all England.”

“ We must admit,” said a sour Bachelor, “ that *Woman* ought, as much as in her lies, to make this world quite a paradise to *Man*,—seeing that she lost us the original garden.

We talk as philosophers, and when all is said and done about what we owe to woman, we must allow that we have a swingeing balance against her. There’s that little matter of *the Apple*, still to be settled for.”

“ I am of opinion,” said Knox, “ that *Pro bono publico* on the front of a house, or at the beginning of a book, is rather a suspicious circumstance. Indeed it

has been observed that the motive of any conduct rendered most ostensible, often operates with least force, and that the inducement studiously disavowed or concealed, is, in the ordinary course of human actions, the real spring, and the prime mover."

In circumstances not very momentous I would rather endure the depredations of selfishness than disturb my tranquillity by contest, and the irksome investigation of human unworthiness.

Some faces there are which at first bear strong traces of thought, but on closer examination those traces seem rather the result of physical conformation than of any intellectual exercise.

It is the cant of cunning minds always to be the *first* to accuse those of unkindness whom they know can justly accuse them of injury.

"*A good name,*" saith the wise man, "*is rather to be chosen, than great riches.*" It cannot, therefore, be a contemptible thing, nor ought it to be neglected by us. Reason and experience also do concur in showing that a good repute is a valuable thing, not only as a fair ornament of our persons, and a commodious instrument of action toward our private welfare, and also as a guard of our safety and quiet, as serving to produce divers conveniences of life, but as very advantageous, very useful, on moral and spiritual accounts—qualifying

us with greater ease to serve God and to do good ; for indeed it is manifest that without it we shall be incapable of doing God or man any considerable service.

“ Many persons say they don’t care what people say of them, &c. &c. Such people, however, *do* care, in defiance of such protestations, perhaps the most, what people say and think of them, and are more anxious to possess the good opinion of the world than to deserve it.”

“ To be careless of what anybody may think of him, is the part of not only an arrogant man, but of one altogether dissolute.”

In duty and wisdom we should be careful of preserving that jewel a *good name*, the which we cannot otherwise do than by observing the Apostolical rule of “ providing things honest in the sight of all men ;” for how can men conceive good opinions of us otherwise than from a view of worthy qualities and good deeds. They may charitably hope, but they cannot confidently judge well of us, otherwise than on good evidence. “ *Ye shall know them by their fruits,*” (that is, by apparent works falling under human cognizance) is the rule whereby our Saviour teacheth us to distinguish men.

A good life hath but few days, but a good name endureth for ever. *Have regard to thy name !*

Since trifles make the sum of human things,
And half our misery from our foibles springs,
Oh ! let th' ungentle spirit learn from thence,
A small unkindness is a great offence.

All benefits, like the distributions of Providence, are made up of wisdom and bounty ; whereas the gift itself is neither good nor bad, but may indifferently be applied to the one or to the other. The benefit is immortal, the gift perishable ; for the benefit itself continues when we have no longer either the use or the matter of it. My friend, for instance, is taken by pirates : I redeem him : and after that he falls into other pirates' hands ; his obligation to me is the same still as if he had preserved his freedom. Fortune may deprive us of the matter of a benefit, but the benefit itself remains inviolate. If the benefit resided in the matter, that which is good for one man would be so for another ; whereas many times the very same thing given to several persons works contrary effects, even to the difference of life or death ; and that which is one body's cure, is another body's poison. Besides, the timing of it alters the value, and a crust of bread, upon a pinch, is a greater present than an imperial crown.

What is more familiar than in a battle to shoot at an enemy and kill a friend ? or instead of a friend to save an enemy ? But yet this disappointment in the event does not at all operate upon the intention.

What if a man cure me of a wen with a stroke that was designed to cut off my head?—or with a malicious blow breaks an impostume?—or what if he save my life with a draught that was prepared to poison me? The providence of the issue does not at all discharge the obliquity of the intent.

And the same reason holds good even in religion itself. It is not the incense or the offering that is acceptable to God, but the purity and devotion of the worshipper. Neither is the bare will without actions sufficient; that is, where we have the means of acting, for in that case it signifies as little to *wish* well without *well-doing*, as to *do good* without *willing it*.

There must be effect, as well as intention, to make me owe a benefit. In fine, the conscience alone is the judge both of benefits and injuries.

There is no sign more deceptive than tears. Many and many a time do those whose heart is wrung by the most intense feeling, sit by, with tearless eyes, witnesses of the more demonstrative woe of those whose sensibilities are, perhaps, not half so keen as their own.

It is a complete, though a natural error, to mistake the *larme facile* for a feeling heart, and to attribute to the acutest sympathies that which is, in reality, the result of a mechanical organization of the eye.

Beware, then, of the eyeball-washing woe! the *larme facile*. Still more, beware how you suspect the grief

whose burning lids long, in vain, for the luxury of a tear.

An American gentleman telegraphed to a relation in Cleveland an interesting family event as follows—“*Sarah and little one doing well.*” The telegraph reaching its destination, the message read thus—“*Sarah and litter are doing well.*” The startled recipient telegraphed back the following query :—

“For Heaven’s sake, *How many?*”

A Benefit is a common tie betwixt giver and receiver. All things have their bounds and measures, and so must liberality amongst the rest ; that is, to be neither too much for the one, nor too little for the other, the excess being every jot as bad as the defect.

Alexander bestowed a city upon one of his favourites, who modestly excusing himself, said, *that it was too much for him to receive*—“Well,” says Alexander, “but *it is not too much for me to give.*” Certainly, a haughty and an imprudent speech ; for that which was not fit for one to take, could not be fit for the other to give.

It passes in the world for greatness of mind to be perpetually giving and loading of people with bounties ; but it is one thing to know how to *give*, and another thing not to know how to *keep*. Give me a heart that is free and open, but I’ll have no holes in it. Let it be bountiful with judgment. How

much greater was he that refused the city, than the other that offered it !

If you think of marrying a widow, consider seriously whether you are in possession of as many good qualities as the lady's former husband ; and if you are a maid or widow, and think of marrying a widower, you ought to weigh your own perfections against those of the departed wife. If the parties do this without favour or affection to themselves, they may have a reasonable expectation of being happy.

If you marry ill, don't repent of it, as repentance will obtain you no forgiveness.

People who, it is colloquially said, "want nothing," are generally those who *want everything* ; not more from their dissatisfied natures and continual craving for more of the goods of this world than they possess, are actually destitute of that good (*the one thing needful*) which they ought not to be without. They are temporally rich, but actually as prospectively, the poorest of the poor.

There are people who, if they had not been worth money, would have been worth nothing.

Cruel people are the greatest lovers of mercy ; *avaricious people* of generosity ; and *proud people* of humility—in others.

When we are *alone*, we have our *thoughts* to watch ;
in our *families*, our *tempers* ; and in *society*, our *tongues*.

"England is the paradise for women," says the proverb. Hence another saying, that "if a bridge were made over the narrow seas, all the women in Europe would come over hither." Yet it is worthy of notice that no language has so many invectives against the sex as the English !

Thucydides esteems it as the greatest commendation of a woman, when neither good nor bad is spoken of her.

Madam Dacier, when asked to write in the album of a German traveller, modestly quoted a verse from Sophocles as an apology for her unwillingness to place herself among his learned friends :—

"Silence is the female's ornament."

Adversity is the trial of principle ; without it a man hardly knows whether he is an honest man.

The Council of Trent treats the combatants who fall in a duel as self-murderers, and denies them Christian burial. It brands them, and all those who by their presence countenance this shocking and unchristian practice, with perpetual infamy, and condemns them to a loss of goods and estates. And furthermore, it deprives, *ipso jure*, all those sovereign princes who suffer

such acts of violence to be perpetrated with impunity in the lands and cities which they hold of the Church, of all the territories so held.

Louis the Fourteenth's edict against duelling was the greatest glory of his reign.

There never was a spirit in the world that would insult where it *dared*, but it would creep and cringe where it dared not.

"*Girls will think of love whether or no !*" How much better then that they should be taught to think of it rightly ; not, on the one hand, to be depressed by ridicule, or on the other, to be forced by romance into a precocious growth ; but to be entered upon, when fate brings the time, rationally, earnestly, and sacredly.

Can strong confidence be placed in universal philanthropy, which owns neither country, kindred, nor friend ; which is busy where it can do no good, and sluggishly inactive where its exertions might be useful ?

Is not this *apathy* disguised in the garb of tenderness, and self-love solacing itself with every gratification, yet claiming cheap praise for lip-humanity and declamatory benevolence ? possessing too much general feeling to have one friend.

It is absurd to talk of loving every one alike ; if so, one inducement to a wise and virtuous conduct would be wanting ;—the esteem of the virtuous and the wise.

It is a maxim in China, that if any one be idle in one part of the kingdom, somebody must starve in another; for they say the general good requires that every member of society should be actively occupied, nature not affording any spare subsistence for the maintenance of drones.

There is much sound wisdom in this maxim, and Christians ought to adopt it on higher principles.

When Cromwell had signed the death-warrant of his sovereign, on giving the pen to the next regicide to add his signature, he drew the ink across his mouth. In return for this joke, he followed Cromwell, and threw a sofa-cushion after him as he descended the stairs!

Cromwell had his cannons inscribed, "Lord, open thou our lips, and our mouths shall shew forth thy praise!"

An eminent medical gentleman asserted some years ago, that London was the healthiest place in the world. A distinguished geologist has since discovered that this city stands on the only spot in the Island not liable to earthquakes.

The romance of Don Quixote was written for the avowed purpose of *putting down* Knight-Errantry, which was the prevailing rage in Spain when that work was published; and its influence in correcting, or rather destroying, this folly, is a signal instance of the happy

effects of lively satire operating on a sensible and thinking people.

Few books, written for the avowed purpose of reprobating absurdity, have had the influence of Don Quixote, and few authors the pleasure of Cervantes; for he lived to see the happy effect of his satire, in correcting the predominating absurdity of his countrymen and contemporaries.

An old writer has said, "I have found from experience that though small favours may be acknowledged, and slight injuries atoned, there is no wretch so ungrateful as he you have most generously obliged; and no enemy so implacable as those who have done you the greatest wrong."

Attributes of the Sexes.

Men have more strength. *Women* more flexibility.

Men listen, arrange, compare, and deduct. *Women* combine, vary, and reproduce.

Men have more force. *Women* more grace.

Man overcomes. *Woman* subdues.

Man thinks. *Woman* speaks.

Man is noble. *Woman* beautiful.

Man was formed to conquer the whole creation.

Woman to approach that conqueror.

All things living shall keep their distance from *Man*, it is the privilege of *Woman* alone to be divested of such fear. *Man* is never so much lord of all nature

as when he completes all other triumphs by protecting *Woman*.

Fontenelle says, that "Women have a fibre more in the heart, and a cell less in the brain than man."

* The only way of defining of Sin, is by the contrariety to the will of God ; as of good, by the accordance with His will.

We see how much a man has, and therefore we envy him. Did we see how little he enjoys, we should pity him.

To correct the Spirit of Discontent, let us consider how little we deserve, and how much we enjoy.

Young Charles Mathews calling one Sunday afternoon upon his mother, then newly settled in a suburban residence, to which she had gone for *quiet*, and who complained that she had been awakened from her morning-sleep that day, by the various *cries* of articles of sale ; observing, that she thought all such vending of petty merchandise was prohibited abroad on the Sabbath, except such as were considered *perishable* commodities, such as milk, fish, and fruit. Now amongst other *cries* that had disturbed her that morning, "*Walnuts*" was one of the loudest. "Walnuts!" said the lady, "Walnuts cannot be termed *perishable articles*." "I don't know that,"

replied Charles; "Walnuts, you know, are very liable to get *cracked*."

There is not a fragment of antiquity recorded in Belzoni's Travels, or preserved in the British Museum, that has half the interest of *an old familiar face*.

The whole creation feels it. When poor old Argus crawled to meet his long-lost master, Ulysses, he

"Own'd his returning Lord, looked up and died,"

that was something *like* a welcome, and even the crafty Greek was surprised into unexpected emotion.

To know the value and interest of old faces, we have only to ask ourselves how we have felt at meeting *an old friend with a new face*.

When the Monarch is old, Courtiers are seldom young; they sun themselves in their club-window, like flies in autumn, not even buzzing—and to be swept away in the first hurricane of a new reign.

The gentlest spirits, when provoked, are the most determined. The reason may be, that, not taking up resolutions lightly, their very deliberation makes them the more immoveable; and then, when a point is clear and self-evident, how can one with patience think of entering into an argument or contention upon it?

Beware the fury of a patient man!

Pointing out to our readers where the jet of our arguments lieth, and where the *emphasis* is they are to lay upon

those words, whereby they will take in readily our sense and cogency;—some people have said that an author who doth a great deal of this, either calleth his reader *fool*, or tacitly condemneth his own style.

“There is a style of reproof that is very powerful, which subjects us to no imputation of superciliousness, and which often checks that eager pursuit of folly or vice which argument might inflame;—I mean an *expressive silence*, and the marked *regular opposition* of wise, meritorious conduct.”

What taught the parrot to cry hail ?

What taught the chattering pie his tale ?

Hunger !

That sharpener of the wits

Which gives e'en fools some thinking fits.

Beards are in some countries a sign of mourning, and in others the want of them answers the same purpose.

I have never known a Trader in Philanthropy who was not wrong in heart somewhere or other. Individuals so distinguished are usually unhappy in their family relations;—men, not benevolent or beneficent to individuals, but almost hostile to them, yet lavishing money, and labour, and time on the race, the abstract notion. The cosmopolitism which does not spring out

of, and blossom upon, the deep-rooted stem of nationality or patriotism, is of spurious and rotten growth.

Time! Time, the pedlar whose wallet is crammed with all the wares of earth. *Time*, the beautifier and destroyer, the bearer and the resumer of all blessings. *Time*, who carries the keen knife, and the healing balm; though ungrateful man, mindful of injuries alone, paints but the sweeping scythe, and leaves unsung the beneficent hand that brings so many flowers for his enjoyment.

How difficult it is to dissociate a place from the person with whose memory it is connected; and how, on reaching the one, the eye looks round expecting to encounter the other also!

Servants resemble soldiers; they like to know what is expected of them, and they can't bear a capricious and unreasonable master: when they once know what their duty is, depend upon it they like you all the better for keeping them up to it, and only despise you for weakness if you don't do so.

A Schoolmaster said of himself, "I am like a *Hone*, I sharpen a number of *Blades*, but I wear myself in doing it."

The Good-will of the Benefactor is the fountain of all Benefits, or, at least, the stamp that makes them valuable

and current. Some there are that take the matter for the weight, and tax the obligation by weight and measure. When anything is given to them, they presently ask it up. What may such a house be worth? such an office such an estate? as if that were the benefit which is only the sign and mark of it for the obligation rests in the word, and not in the matter.

There needs to be discussion as to how the both
democratic and authoritarian leaders can be incor-
porated into the system. There is a need to decide
the method.

三、國語之重要。文字者行之所由也。
 而國語則文字之基礎也。文字之興廢。全視
 國語之盛衰而定。故欲求文字之進步。必先
 求國語之發達。此國語之所以重要也。

一、政治經濟學：研究社會生產關係及其發展規律的科學。
 二、社會學：研究社會結構、社會行為及社會變化的科學。
 三、歷史學：研究人類過去活動的科學。
 四、地理學：研究地球表面特徵及其與人類活動關係的科學。
 五、心理學：研究人類心理活動及其行為的科學。
 六、教育學：研究教育現象及其規律的科學。
 七、文學：以語言為工具，反映社會生活，表達作者思想感情的藝術。
 八、藝術：以各種形式反映社會生活，表達作者思想感情的創造性活動。

Boccalini's "*Traveller*" was so pestered with the noise of grasshoppers in his ears, that he alighted from his horse in great wrath to kill them all. "This," says the author, "was troubling himself to no manner of purpose. Had he pursued his journey without taking notice of them, the troublesome insects would have died of themselves in a very few weeks, and he would have suffered nothing from them." The deduction from this fable is obvious.

"Perhaps," wrote Lord Byron, in a letter, "you have heard of a late answer of Sheridan to the watchman, who found him bereft of that 'divine particle of air,' called reason. The watchman found Sherry in the street, fuddled and bewildered, and almost insensible. 'Who are *you*, sir?' No answer. 'What's your name?' A hiccup. 'What's your name?' Answer in a slow, deliberate and impressive tone—'*Wilberforce*.' Is not that Sherry all over?"

When dying, Sheridan was requested to undergo an operation. He replied, that "He had already submitted to *two*, which were enough for one man's lifetime." Being asked what they were, he answered—"Having his hair cut, and sitting for his picture."

Charles Lamb had a dislike to Monkeys, on the principle (he said) that "it was not pleasant to look upon one's *Poor Relations*."

Doctor Lettsom's manner of signing his prescriptions (*I. Lettsom*) occasioned the following humorous *jeu d'esprit*, attributed to Lord Erskine, and with which the doctor was much amused :—

“ Whenever patients comes to I,
I physics, bleeds, and sweats 'em ;
If after that they choose to die,
What's that to me ?—*I. Letts 'em.*”

A Turk, who had been some time at Vienna, where the hat is always taken off in saluting an acquaintance, wishing to curse a fellow-believer, said—

“ May thy soul have no more rest than the hat of a German !”

Louis the Fourteenth addressed the following compliment to *Massillon*, one of the most eloquent of preachers, and perhaps unsurpassed for beauty of style—“ My Father, I have heard many great pulpit orators, and I have been much pleased with them ; but every time I hear *you*, I like you more, and myself less.”

It looks handsome now-a-days, to be attended by a bailiff ; it shows one *had credit once* !

Misfortunes are like the creations of Cadmus ; they destroy one another.

Nothing so engages persons on whom one depends, as any expressed determination of seeking independence.

It is difficult to deceive the *Watcher* who has but *one* object.

He who receives only half confidence, unconsciously feels half-injured.

I never knew any man in my life (said Pope) who could not bear another's misfortune perfectly like a Christian.

It was a saying of Sir Walter Scott's, that he did not believe in ghosts, but he feared them.

There is nothing so elevating to a woman as the love of a truly great and noble man. The worship she pays him, whether it be that of friendship or of love, exalts her mind, and fills her soul with a holy joy.

Though in his whole nature and character there is not, I believe, an honest animal in the world than a Horse, yet there must be something assuredly in the habitual intercourse with him, which is very detrimental to honesty in others ; for certainly—and I believe that in all ages it has been so—there cannot be conceived a race of more arrant cheats and swindlers than the whole set of jockeys, grooms, and horse-dealers.

Goëthe, in his romance of *Wilhelm Meister*, makes a German woman say, that she perceives her lover wishes to abandon her, because he writes to her in

French. There are, in fact, many phrases in that language in which we may speak without saying anything ; by which we may give hopes without promising, and promise without binding.

J. J. Rousseau has said, that the southern languages were the daughters of pleasure ; the northern ones of necessity.

Good Nature itself, though so generally approved, has as many definitions as admirers. Among the populace it in strictness means a pot of porter ; for the person who gives them the cup of *Nepenthe* becomes instantly very *good-natured*. I have known good-nature consist in a blacked face, and wearing a wig hind-side before. A person who talks till all the company are deaf, is most *inconceivably* good-natured ; and a young lady seldom receives a ticket for the Opera, but from the “ dearest, best-natured creature in the world !” With many who are above the rank of the vulgar, good-nature appears in the shape of an *excellent dinner*, and a *good choice of wines*. Whosoever ruins himself through extravagance, is good-natured. But your best-natured—best-tempered people of all, are those who are contented to *live upon others*, and, provided their own wants are supplied, have too much sweetness to care how, and too much *good-nature* to mind whether it is by the deprivation of others or not.

Franklin said, that in walking the streets of London on a frosty, slippery morning, one might see where the *good-natured* people lived by the ashes thrown on the ice before their doors.

When *Great Ones* vouchsafe the endearing eulogy to those below them, a *good-natured man* generally denotes some flattering parasite, or hanger-on. One who is a mere tool or instrument, employed, under pretence of friendship, to fetch and carry, and to come to men's tables to play the Judas there.

But when, on the other hand, this word passes between equals, commonly—by a *good-natured man* is meant, either some easy, soft-headed piece of simplicity, who suffers himself to be led by the nose, and then is laughed at and despised for a weak, empty fellow, for all his ill-placed cost and kindness.

The last, best fruit that comes to perfection, even in the kindest soul, is tenderness towards the hard; forbearance towards the unforbearing; warmth of heart towards the cold; philanthropy towards the misanthropic.

“Thelwall,” said Coleridge, “thought it very unfair to influence a child's mind by inculcating opinions before he should have come to years of discretion, and to be able to choose for itself. I showed him my garden, and told him it was my botanical garden. ‘How so?’ said he; ‘it is covered with weeds.’ ‘Oh,’ I replied,

'that is only because it has not yet come to its age of discretion and choice; the weeds, you see, have taken the liberty to grow, and I thought it unfair in me to prejudice the soil towards roses and strawberries.'

There are two great classes of promoters of social happiness. Cheerful people, and people who have some reticence. The latter are more secure benefits to society than even the former. They are non-conductors to all the heats and animosities around them. To have peace in a house, or a family, or any social circle, the members of it must beware of passing on hasty and uncharitable speeches, which, the whole of the context seldom being told, is often not conveying, but creating mischief. They must be very good people to avoid doing this; for let human nature say what it will, it likes sometimes to look on at a quarrel; and that not altogether from ill-nature, but from a love of excitement—for the same reason that Charles the Second liked to attend the Debates in the Lords, because they were "as good as a Play."

After all, Conversation is an effort, and all efforts in the long run are wearying; the only exception is, when we exchange ideas with some individual with whom we deeply sympathise. This is, perhaps even superior to reverie; for we express without artifice all that we feel, and gauge at the same time the value of our ideas.

How dear is the Companion of one's Mind !

Gibbon, in a letter to Lady Sheffield, said—"Should you be very much surprised to hear of my being married?—Not that I am in love with any particular person,—I have discovered about half-a-dozen wives who would please me in different ways, and by various merits. *One*, as a mistress, vastly like *the Eliza* (Lady E. Forster) ; a *second*, a living entertaining acquaintance ; a *third*, a sincere, good-natured friend ; a *fourth*, who would represent with grace and dignity the head of my table and family ; a *fifth*, an excellent economist and housekeeper ; a *sixth*, a very useful nurse. Could I find *all* these qualities united in *one* person, I should *dare* to make my addresses—and *deserve* to be *refused*."

A dull man is so near a dead man, that he is hardly to be ranked in the list of the living ; and, as he is not to be buried whilst he is half-alive, so he is as little to be employed whilst he is half-dead.

Some one said of Rousseau, "He was a lonely man—his life a *long soliloquy*."

Foote, having been invited to dine with the Merchant Tailors on one of their anniversaries—after dinner, when the greater part of the "Company" had one by one departed, Foote found himself, at the heel of the evening, sitting with only double the number pleasantly said to constitute but *one man*. After some prolonged

conviviality, Foote rose to depart, and bowing with great gravity to his eighteen companions, took leave of them in the following words; "Gentlemen! I have the honour of wishing you *both* a good evening."

Foote hated Lawyers, and took every occasion to utter some sort of bitter pleasantry against them as a body. Being summoned into the country by the relatives of a respectable practitioner, to whom he had been appointed executor, he was asked by the undertaker what directions were to be given respecting the funeral. "What may be your practice in the Country (said the wag) I don't exactly know; but in *London*, when a Lawyer dies, his body is disposed of in a very cheap and satisfactory manner. We lock him up in a room over-night, and by the next morning the body has always disappeared."

(The astonished undertaker was mute with horror, and Foote continued.) "Whither it has been conveyed we can never tell to a certainty; but there is invariably such a strong smell of brimstone in the chamber, that we form a shrewd guess at the character of the conveyance."

The Duke of Norfolk (Sheridan's friend) was much attached to the Bottle. On a masquerade night, he asked Foote "what new character he should go in?" "*Go sober,*" said Foote.

The most fatiguing ill-manners are those which proceed from an excess of politeness.

There is a happiness so perfect, that pleasures would disturb it.

"Take up thy cross, nor murmur at the will that bids thee meekly bow, and calmly bear the pain."

He is a cunning coachman who can turn well in a narrow room.

He who always refuses, taxes the profferer with indiscretion.

Mr. Jekyll hearing that Mr. Raine the barrister was retained as counsel for his friend Mr. *Hay*, asked him if he ever heard of *rain* being of any service to *Hay*?

An honest brewer humorously divided his infusions into three classes. "*Strong-table* (Beer), *Common-table*, and *Lamentable*."

An illiterate vendor of the above commodities wrote over his door at Harrogate—"Bear sold here." "He spells the word quite correctly," said Theodore Hook, "if he means to apprise us that the article is his own *Bruin*."

The word *Bachelor* has been thus defined: "One who is so fearful of marrying, lest his wife should become his *mistress*, that he not unfrequently finishes his career by converting his mistress into a *wife*."

The *preface* before a book, like the portico before a house, should be contrived so as to catch, but not detain the attention of those who desire admission to the family within.

Lulli, the celebrated French musician, thinking himself dying, sent for his confessor, who would not give him absolution unless he burnt the last opera he had composed. Lulli disputed for some time, but in vain; and at last he threw it into the fire before the priest's face, and received absolution. On his getting better, the Prince of Condé came to see him, and called him a simpleton for having destroyed one of his finest compositions. "Do not condemn me, sir, unheard," replied the musician. "*I have another copy.*"

A person talking to Foote of a mutual acquaintance who was so excessively avaricious that he lamented the prospect of his funeral expenses—and who yet censured one of his neighbours for his parsimony.—"Is it not strange," continued he, "that this man could not take the *beam* out of his own eye before he attempted the mote in other people's?" "Why, so I dare say he would," cried Foote, "if he was sure of selling the *timber.*"

Shortly after a change of the ministry in George the Third's reign, the king having remarked that his shirt was not made up in the usual way, and finding upon

enquiry, that the old laundress, with whom he was very well satisfied, had been dismissed from her situation, complained of the latter circumstance to the Lord Chamberlain; upon which his Lordship replied, that when he came into office, he had, as was usual, exercised his patronage in this as in other things, and appointed a new laundress. "Then," replied George the Third, somewhat ruffled, "I am to understand that I cannot change my laundress?" His Lordship bowed assent.

"Well then," his Majesty resumed, "if I cannot change my Laundress, I believe I may be allowed to change my *Chamberlain*." The next day the old laundress was reinstated into office.

To express marriage, the ancients used the words *uxorem ducere*,—*to lead a wife*. And such a term might be very significant in those days; but at present, men in general, who are about to marry, would, it is probable, express what they were going to do full as well by saying—*I am going to be led by a wife*.

After the Coronation in 1761, Lady Townshend observed to Horace Walpole, that she should be very glad to see a coronation, as she had never seen one. "Why," said he, "Madam, you walked at the last!" "Yes, child," said she, "but I saw nothing of it. I only looked to see who looked at me."

The *origin* of the Smiths is an erudite discovery;—

viz. :—that the numerous family of the Smiths in England were undoubtedly the ancient priests of the Phrygian Apollo ; for, says the *discoverer*, was not Apollo's surname in Phrygia *Smintheus* ? How clear are all the ensuing corruptions of the august name! *Smintheus*, *Smitheus*, *Smithe*, *Smith* ! And even now, the more ancient branches of the illustrious family, unconsciously anxious to approximate, at least by a letter, nearer to the true title, take a pious pleasure in writing their names *Smithe* ! ;

How far the following *fact* may lead to support or disparage the foregoing *hypothesis* we leave to the reader's judgment to determine.

One morning a pompous little man, called upon the Rev. *Sydney Smith*, saying that, being about to compound a history of distinguished families in Somersetshire, he had called to obtain the *Smith Arms*. The applicant received the following reply : " I regret, sir, not to be able to contribute to so valuable a work, but *the Smiths* never had any arms, and have invariably sealed their letters with their *thumbs*."

When we mix in society we should regard the company as fellow-pilgrims, laden with a sufficient burthen of " Own distress," and not wanting an addition. *Complaint*, if reiterated, fails to excite commiseration ; and even real affection is worn out, and become callous, from eternally listening to the tick of the death-watch.

To-morrow you will live, you always cry ;
In what far country does to-morrow lie,
That 'tis so mighty long ere its arrive ?
Beyond the Indies does this morrow live ?
'Tis so far-fetched this morrow, that I fear
'Twill be both old, and very dear.
"To-morrow I will live, the fool does say ;
To-day's too late, the wise lived yesterday."

Aristotle says, that "when a *Lout* receives a blow, he halloos, and claps his hand on the place, instead of retaliating the attack, or guarding against a repetition of it."

At the private theatricals given at Hatfield House, Old General G. was pressed by a lady to say whom he liked best of all the actors. Notwithstanding his usual bluntness, he evaded the question for some time ; but being importuned for a direct answer, he at length growled out ; "Well, Madam, if you will have a reply, I liked the Prompter the best, because I heard the most of him, and saw the least of him."

Horace Walpole, speaking of some people of fashion who had hired Drury-Lane Theatre for the purpose of acting themselves, observed ;—"They really acted so well, that it is extraordinary they should not have had sense enough not to act at all."

When the Persian ambassador visited England, a lady very improperly said to him,—“I understand that in your country you worship the sun?” He replied very mildly, “Yes, Madam, and so would you here, if you had ever seen it.”

Every professed, inveterate snuff-taker, at a moderate computation, takes one pinch in ten minutes; every pinch, with the agreeable ceremony of blowing and wiping the nose, and other incidental circumstances, consumes a minute and a half.

One minute and a half out of every ten, allowing sixteen hours to a snuff-taking day, amounts to two hours and twenty-four minutes out of every natural day, or one day out of ten.

One day out of every ten, amounts to thirty-six days and a half in every year. Hence, if we suppose the practice to be persisted in forty years, two entire years of the snuff-taker's life will be dedicated to tickling his nose, and two more in blowing it!

A dinner of ceremony is a funeral without a legacy; an assembly is a mob; and a ball a compound of glare, tinsel, noise, and dust. However amusing is their freshness, after a few repetitions they are only rendered endurable by the prospect of some collateral gain, or the gratification of personal vanity. To exhibit the beauty of a young wife, or the diamonds of an old one; to be able to say the best thing that is uttered;

to sport a red ribbon, or a Waterloo medal in their first novelty ; to carry a point with a great man, or to borrow money from a rich one, may pass off an evening very well with those who happen to be interested in such speculations ; but these things apart, the arrantest trifler in the circle must get weary at last, and be heartily rejoiced when the conclusion of the season spares him all further reiteration of the mill-horse operation.

With all the assistance of cards, music, dancing, and champagne, society at best is but an uphill business, and it requires no little amount of animal spirits to undergo the infliction with decency ;—still worse is it if you are admitted to the domestic hearth of your friend ; the privilege confers on you the opportunity of becoming intimately acquainted with the faults of his servants, and—still worse—with the merits of his children.

The more you drink, the worse you think.

“ Fabulous locks his iron chest with care,
Lest any one should know that nothing’s there.”

“ A long way off, Lucinda strikes the men ;
As she draws near,
And one sees clear,
A long way off one wishes her again !”

How to get rid of an acquaintance whose society you do not like.

If he is poor, lend him some money.

If he is rich, ask him to lend you some.

“With various power the wonder-working eye
Can awe, or soothe, reclaim, or lead astray.”

Certain it is that the whole strength of the mind is sometimes seated there; that a kind look imparts all that a year's discourse could give you, in one moment. What matters it what she *says* to you? See how she *looks*! is the language of all who know what love is.

When the mind is thus summed up and expressed in a glance, did you never observe a sudden joy arise in the countenance of the lover? You, a spectator, and not know that the intelligence of affection is carried on by the eye only! that good-breeding has made the tongue falsify the heart, and act a part of continual constraint, while nature has preserved the eye to herself that she may not be disguised or misrepresented.

Do you never go to plays? cannot you distinguish between the eyes of those who go to *see*, from those who come to be *seen*?

A beautiful eye makes silence eloquent; a kind eye makes contradiction an assent; an enraged eye makes beauty deformed. This little member gives life to every other part about us, and I believe the story of *Argus* implies no more than that the eye is in every part;

—that is to say, every other part would be mutilated were not its force represented more by the eye than even by itself.

The world is well constructed, but particular people disgrace the elegance and beauty of the general fabric.

“Why don’t you love your country?” was a Jacobite’s question to Horace Walpole. “I should love my country exceedingly,” he replied—“if it were not for my countrymen.”

“Is it true that Whitfield (the preacher) has recanted?”
“No,” said Horace Walpole—“he has only *canted*.”

“*Never give your reasons*—never give your reasons!” said George the Third. He had refused a request to one of his ministers, who of course submitted and withdrew. The King called him back to explain why he refused to grant what had been asked. Upon hearing the reasons, the applicant argued the case, and ultimately showed cause why his boon should be granted; and the King ever afterwards felt the impolicy of explaining *his reasons* why he refused a favour.

When Sheridan, by the assistance of his friends, was installed in a house in Saville Row, he boasted to one of his relations how carefully and regularly he was living—so much so, that everything went on like

clock-work. "That 'I can easily imagine," was the reply; "it goes on tick! tick! tick!"

Favourites may be called, persons undervalued by the many, because they are over-valued by one.

If the master's eye be the best, the master's garb is the worst for making discoveries.

Idleness is costly. Montaigne always wound up the year's account of his expenses with the following entry: "*Item*—for my abominable habit of idleness, *a thousand livres.*"

Jacobite Epitaph on Frederick Prince of Wales.

Here lies Prince Fred,
Gone among the dead!
If it had been his father,
We had rather:
If it had been his mother,
Better than any other:
If it had been his sister,
Nobody would have missed her:
If it had been the whole generation,
A plaguy deal better for the nation.
But since it's only Prince Fred,
There's no more to be said.

Love's burial-place.

Lady. If Love be dead—

Poet. And I aver it !

Lady. Tell me, Bard, where Love lies buried ?

Poet. Love lies buried where 'twas born.

Oh, gentle dame ! think it no scorn

If, in my fancy, I presume

To call thy bosom poor Love's tomb ;

And on that tomb to read the line,

"Here lies a love that once seemed mine,

But caught a chill, as I divine,

And died at length of a decline !"

"I have ever found (writes Chief Justice Hale) that a due observance of Sunday has ever joined to it a blessing upon the rest of my time ; and the week that has so begun has been blessed and prosperous to me ; and, on the other side, when I have been negligent of the duties of this day, the rest of the week has been unsuccessful and unhappy to my own secular employments. So that I could easily make an estimate of my successes of the week following, by the manner of my passing this day ; and I do not write this lightly, but by long and sound experience."

Devotion is neither *private* nor *public* prayer ; but prayers, whether private or public, are particular parts of devotion, or instances of devotion. *Devotion* signifies a life given, or devoted to God.

Wisdom is a right understanding, a faculty of discerning good from evil, what is to be chosen, what rejected; it sets a watch over our words and deeds: it informs us of all the duties of life, as piety to our parents, faithfulness to our friends, charity to the miserable, judgment in council: it searches nature, gives laws to life, and tells us that it is not enough to know God or His will, unless we obey him.

We are told in the Proverbs of Solomon that wisdom is of more value than gold. Let us in our *youth* endeavour to *learn*, although it be painful; for it is less pain to learn in youth than to be ignorant in age.

True philosophy consists in this; that we do the good, seek the true, and love the beautiful.

"I have no other notion" (wrote Swift to Bolingbroke) "of economy, than that it is the parent of liberty and ease; and I have made it a maxim that a wise man ought to have money in his head, but not in his heart."

An exact habit o' economy is the prolific parent of a numerous offspring of virtues. For want of the early ingrafting of this practice on its only legitimate stock, a *sound principle of integrity*, may we not, in too many instances in subsequent life, almost apply to the fatal effects of domestic profusemess, what Tacitus observes of a lavish profligacy in the expenditure of public

money—that an exchequer which is exhausted by prodigality, will probably be replenished by crime.

He that is extravagant will quickly become poor, and poverty will enforce dependence and invite corruption; it will almost always produce a passive compliance with the wickedness of others; and there are few who do not learn, by degrees, to practise those crimes which they cease to censure.

It was d'Alembert who held, that a man should be very careful in his writings, careful enough in his actions, and moderately careful in his words; and that no man ought to spend money in superfluities, while others were in want.

It is a hard and nice subject for a man to speak of himself. It grates his own heart to say anything of disparagement, and the hearer's ears to hear any thing of praise from him.

People who live entirely for display, must be unhappy everywhere. The fault is not in *London*, but in themselves. They seek society as they do a glass—not for itself, but for the image it gives back of themselves. *London* is delightful to those who only want to enjoy it, but miserable to those who want to shine in it. Delightful to those who wish to see; miserable to those who live only to be seen. They force themselves upon the stage, and fatigue themselves by representation, and

"fret their little hour" for the amusement of others ; and perhaps are assailed by hissing, and hooting, and derision.

Sir Boyle Roach was arguing the Habeas Corpus Suspension Bill, in Ireland—"It would surely be better, Mr. Speaker," said he, "to give up, not only a *part*, but if necessary, even the *whole* of our constitution, to preserve the remainder."

Philosophers have puzzled themselves how to define man, so as to distinguish him from other animals. Burke says, "Man is an animal that cooks its victuals." "Then," says Johnson, "the proverb is just, 'there is reason in roasting an egg.'" Dr. Adam Smith has hit this case: "Man," says he, "is an animal that makes bargains ; no other animal does this. One dog does not change a bone with another."

In one of Dryden's pieces of heroic Nonsense, a Lover had to say, with an unfortunate antithesis,

"My wound is great, because it is so small !"

The Duke of Buckingham cried out from his box, with astonishing quickness—

"Then 'twould be greater, were it none at all !"
and the play was instantly damned.

"A woman may sing like Jenny Lind—dance like Taglioni—play like the unrivalled Arabella Goddard,—and even talk Goethe, without that essential requisite for all that can make her valuable as a companion—*Mind*."

Paley said, that a wife without power or disposition to differ with her husband, "moost be soomthing vary flat."

One day I was walking in the principal streets with Diogenes, when a labourer passing along carrying a great beam, gave him a violent blow with it, and then cried out, "Take care!" "What!" said Diogenes, "are you going to strike me a second time!"

The enemies of Timotheus, to avoid acknowledging his merit, accused him of being *lucky*, and had him represented sleeping under a tent, with Fortune hovering over his head, and collecting around him cities taken in a net. Timotheus was shown the picture, and pleasantly observed—"What should I not do then were I awake!"

A physician who had conceived great matrimonial hopes from his patient (a rich widow) having added lace trimmings to her sheets during his visits, was almost petrified on her taking them off again, and never renewing them. "Ah!" sighed he to a confidential friend, "could I but see those flounces again, I might yet be happy!"

"There are exceptions," said Swift; "but for my part, as soon as a lawyer comes into company, I think myself in a witness-box."

The tragedy of Dido was written by Joseph Reed, of the Register-office. Mr. Nicholls relates an anecdote

of Johnson, concerning it. "It happened," says he, "that I was in Bolt Court on the day that Henderson, the justly celebrated actor, was first introduced to Doctor Johnson, and the conversation turning on dramatic subjects, Henderson asked the doctor's opinion of *Dido* and its author. 'Sir,' said Johnson, 'I never did the man an injury, yet he would read his Tragedy to me!'"

A noble Roman being asked why he had put away his wife, she being beautiful and rich, he stretched his foot and showed his buskin. "Is not this," said he, "a handsome and complete shoe?—yet no man but myself knows where it pinches me."

A resolve to keep a Journal is a fearful resolve, if sincerely kept; worse than useless, if dishonestly fulfilled. The *sine qua non* is sincerity—a tremendous requisite; for who would deliberately blast his own character? who frame a standing record of his own weakness or infamy?

At an English dinner, where the guests are unknown to each other, each seems to suspect his neighbour of the crime of not being good enough to associate with.

"I don't like modern paintings." "You are right, sir; for in general they have one great defect—that of not having yet time to become ancient."

It is not in the gross and palpable vices, the visible sins that man can most easily and direfully propagate

iniquity, but in the baneful influence of one mind upon another, in the power each individual possesses of moving, for good or ill, the soul of his fellow-creature, by word or example; of working on earth their bliss or misery. There is a dark under-current in the stream of human life. It is not in the stir of politics, the fortunes of a nation, or the glaring horrors of war, that the most awful workings of the Almighty Will are to be traced out; nor is it there that the direst tragedies are enacted, but in some quiet and obscure home, in a little group of individuals, linked by the ties of blood, or thrown together by the course of events in the even tenor of domestic life. There are crimes that never see the light of day, conceived and brought forth in the silent breast of one mortal, working and accomplishing their fatal purpose in the uncomplaining heart of another. There is bitterest sorrow never acknowledged, never relieved; agony that finds no vent in tears, and saps the hidden springs of life.

It were enough to make the very angels weep, to see how we, frail beings whose life is brief as summer's sunshine, do spend it in warring with one another; we depend so utterly upon each other—our sole capacity for bliss (purely of this earth) is in the sympathy of hearts that are human like our own; and yet, when driven by the winds of destiny across another's path, how wantonly do we often crush beneath our careless

tread the few pale flowers given to hide the piercing thorns! How many go down from an unblest life to the grave, dragged thither by the remorseless hands of their fellow-men! Hate, envy, unrequited affection, faithlessness, deceit, ingratitude—who shall sum up the various tortures *one mortal* may inflict upon another?

When Paul Jones was a boy, and when *regularity* was the taste in ornamental grounds, where

“Each ally has its brother,

And half the platform just reflects the other.”

he was caught in a gentleman's garden, supposed to have come to rob it. The gardener placed him in one of two summer-houses confronting each other, and when the owner came to see the imputed thief, he observed —“Oh, there are *two* of them, are there?” “Oh no,” replied the gardener, “*that* in the other summer-house is *my son*, whom I placed *there for symmetry*.”

A man who is in fear of bailiffs, walks about like a barrel of beer at Christmas, under hourly apprehension of being *tapped*.

Mercury having the curiosity to know the estimation he stood in among mortals, descended in disguise, and into a statuary's shop, cheapened a Jupiter and a Juno, then one, then another, and at last asked what price that same statue of *Mercury* bore. “Oh, sir,”

says the artist, "buy one of the others, and I'll throw you in that for nothing!"

A ruin ought always to be separate from other buildings. The proximity of human habitations takes from its grandeur. It seems as if it leant on them for support in its age; but when it stands by itself in silence and in solitude, there is a dignity in its loneliness, and a majesty even in its decay.

No real greatness can long co-exist with deceit; the whole faculties of man must be exerted in order to call forth noble energies; and he who is not earnestly sincere, lives in but half his being, self-mutilated, self-paralysed.

Cicero seeing his son-in-law, a man of small stature, with a large sword by his side, exclaimed, "Who tied my son-in-law to that long sword?"

Racine said to his son—"Do not imagine that I am sought after by the great, for my dramas; I never allude to my works to men of the world, but I amuse them with matters they like to hear. My talents with them consist, not in making them feel that I have any, but in showing them that *they have*."

Intercourse with Nature keeps the hearts of men young and healthful. What charming words were

those of Goethe, when, in his eighty-sixth year, he returned sun-burnt and happy from a visit to the country—"I have been talking with the vines," said he, "and you cannot think what beautiful things they have said to me!"

Franklin knew human nature well when he stated, as an abstract fact, that "the best method to win a man's good graces was to induce him to do you a favour."

"I would not crawl upon the earth without doing a little good," wrote Pope to Swift, "when I have a mind to do it. I will enjoy the pleasure of what I give, by giving it alive, and seeing another enjoy it."

"When I die, I should be ashamed to leave enough to build me a monument, if there were a wanting friend above ground."

The measured Generosity of mean people, whose gifts are all strictly related to duty, does not deceive others. The bystander knows that these people are not generous, though he cannot exactly confute them from their words or their deeds.

Again—people may pretend to be religious; but if the real spirit is not in them, its absence is soon felt. I am merely giving these instances of the deficiency of the right spirit being felt or perceived, when the outward deeds or words are there.

I fear God,—and, next to Him, I fear only the man who does not fear Him.

Leisure is the time for doing something useful. This leisure the diligent man will attain, the lazy man never.

Robert Hall defines Fanaticism, as being such an overwhelming impression of the ideas relating to the future world, as disqualifies us for the duties of *this*.

The celebrated French preacher, *Bourdaloue*, was asked by a lady, whether or not she did wrong in frequenting dramatic entertainments?—"Tis yourself, madam," said the divine, "who can best answer that question."

The morning of every day is the beginning of every man's life. One of your greatest errors is that you do not seize on these beginnings of life so early as you might do; you lived yesterday to a good old age, and died last night after the powers of your mind and body were entirely exhausted. But I must remind you, my friend, that you have spent the greater part of the youth of this day in the state of the dead;—the great business of your life was up before you; you have been running after it this whole afternoon, and I am afraid you will not overtake it, till Old Age overtakes *you*.

John Wesley, who became by habit an early riser, says—"The difference between rising at five or seven in the morning, for the space of forty years, supposing a man go to bed every night at the same hour, is equivalent to an addition of ten years to his life."

Weak minds never yield when they ought.

Prayer possesses the two-fold property of fitting and preparing the heart to receive the blessings we pray for, in case we should obtain them; and of fortifying and disposing it to submit to the will of God, in case it should be His pleasure to withhold them.

Never speak well or ill of yourself;—if well, men will not believe you; if ill, they will believe a great deal more than you say.

Theodore Hook had a very small appetite; he ate little at dinner, but wherever he found himself on very familiar terms, he always begged for a supper-tray,—a mere feint of appetite, as the means of keeping the party together beyond a reasonable hour,—his spirits rising as time went on. At Ivy Cottage it was understood by the servants that whenever *Mr. Hook* dined there, a tray was to be produced, although he never by any chance did more than help himself to something which he never attempted to eat. *Mr. Peake* one night amused himself and the party by removing from Theo-

dore's plate a piece of sliced tongue, which he had placed upon it, and immediately after forgot, in the animation of talk, that he had taken. Again and again he repeated the ceremony of *feeding his plate*, and as often Mr. Peake appropriated the slice to himself;—at last, the titters of the party, especially of Charles Mathews, then a school-boy, brought the unconscious Theodore to a perception of what had been going on;—in fact, he detected Mr. Peake carrying off the last slice he had provided himself with. Affecting to be a *very ill-used gentleman*, he appealed to his young friend, saying:—"Now, Charles, what do you think such conduct as that deserves? what would you have me do? what would *you* do to any body who treated you in such a manner?" "Why," said the boy, "if any man meddled with *my* tongue, I'd *lick* him!" "I would have given," said that practised wit, "five guineas to have said that."

Lord Eldon used to relate that during the long war he became one of the Lincoln's Inn volunteers, Lord Ellenborough at the same time being one of the *Corps*.

"It happened," said Lord Eldon, "unfortunately for the military character of both of us, that *we were turned out of the awkward squadron for awkwardness*; I think Ellenborough was more awkward than I was, but others thought it was difficult to determine which of us was the worst."

The first work gives celebrity to the author; after that, the author gives celebrity to his works.

Nothing is more vain than for a woman to deny her age—she cannot deceive *herself*, who is the only person concerned about it. If a man dislike a woman because he thinks her of the age she *is*, he will only dislike her the more by being told she is younger than she seems to be, and consequently looks older than she ought to do: the *anno domini* of her face will weigh more than that of her *Register*.

That great Wits have short memories is an adage confined in its application. It is not memory, but *regard* which they want for common occurrences.

“It may be observed that there are certain years in which, in a civilized country, some particular crime comes into vogue, it flares its season, and then burns out. Thus, at one time we have *Burking*; at another *Swingism*; now, *Suicide* is in vogue. Now, little Boys stab each other with Penknives—now common soldiers stab at their officers—almost every year there is one crime peculiar to it; a sort of annual, which overruns the country, but does not blow again. Unquestionably the press has a great deal to do with these epidemics; let a newspaper once give an account of some out-of-the-way atrocity, that has the charm of being novel, and certain depraved minds fasten to it like leeches;—they

brood over and revolve it; the idea grows up a horrid phantasmalian monomania, and all of a sudden, in a hundred different places, the one seed sown by the leaden types, springs up into foul flowering.

Curran, in his last illness, when told by his physician that he seemed to cough with more difficulty, replied, "That is odd enough, for I have been practising all night."

The great Duke of Marlborough was as remarkable for good temper as for good conduct and bravery. Overtaken during a ride by a shower, he called to his servant for his great coat, which, the man not immediately bringing, nor giving any answer, the order was repeated, upon which the fellow muttered, "I suppose you'll wait till I've unbuckled it?" The Duke, instead of being angry, said mildly to the gentleman who was with him—"Now, I would not be of that fellow's temper for all the world."

The most disagreeable two-legged animal in the world is a little Great Man; and the next, a little great man's factotum and friend.

There is a proverb imputed to the Spaniards, that "a lie, if it will last half an hour, is worth telling." Authors have much encouragement from this loose axiom—*theirs*—sometimes—last much longer.

We have snakes in our cups and in our dishes, and whoever dips too deep will find death in the pot.

A Book may be amusing with numerous errors, or it may be very dull without a single absurdity.

Addison, conscious of his talents as a writer, acknowledged his deficiency in conversation. "I can draw," said he, "a bill for a thousand pounds, although I have not a guinea in my pocket."

He very humorously compared Physicians to an army of ancient Britons, as described by Julius Cæsar. He says of them, "Some slay on foot, some in chariots; if the infantry do not so much execution as the cavalry, it is because they cannot convey themselves with so much velocity unto all quarters, nor despatch their business in so short a time."

Lord Byron was once asked by a friend in the Green room of Drury Lane theatre, whether he did not think Miss Kelly's acting in the "Maid and the Magpie" exceedingly *natural*? "I really am no judge," replied his Lordship; "I was never innocent of stealing a silver spoon."

Fill the cup of flattery to the brim, and all that flows over is for yourself.

Swift, in one of his letters from Dublin, says, in reference to "*Gulliver's Travels*," "A bishop once

said, that the book was full of improbable lies, and for his part, he hardly believed a word of it !”

Mr. Conway, the tragedian, related, that performing “Hamlet,” at Tamworth, the murderer in the play-scene delivered himself as follows :—

“There’s nobody *ear*, (here)
I’ll put this in his *hear*, (ear)
Which is well *suit*ed
To kill *stupid*.”

A Preacher in a rural district, observing in the course of his sermon, that *Commentators* did *not agree with him* (upon the subject alluded to), one of his auditors, a simple farmer, went to him the next day, and told the parson that hearing him say that *Common Tators* did not agree with him, he had made bold to bring him some superior ones of his own growing.

Where I have found a flood in the tongue, I have often found the heart empty ; it is the hollow instrument that sounds loud ; and where the heart is full, the tongue is seldom liberal. Certainly he that boasteth, if he be not ignorant, is inconsiderate, and knows not the slides and casualties that hang on man : if he had not an unworthy heart, he would rather stay till the world had found it, than be so indecently his own prolocutor.

If thou beest good, thou may'st be sure the world will know thee so ; if thou beest bad, thy bragging tongue will make thee worse, while the actions of thy life confute thee.

The honest man takes more pleasure in knowing himself honest, than in knowing that all the world approves him so.

Virtue is built upon herself. Flourishes are for networks ; better contextures need not any other additions. Phocion called bragging Laosthenes the Cypress tree, which makes a fair show, but seldom bears any fruit.

We disgrace the work of virtue when we go about any way to seduce voices for her approbation.

Charity is communicated goodness ; and without this, man is no other than a beast, preying for himself alone. Certainly there are more men live upon charity, than there are that do subsist of themselves.—The world, which is chained together by intermingled love, would all shatter and fall to pieces if charity should chance to die. With other particular virtues a man may be ill with some contrarying vice, but with charity we cannot be ill at all. Other virtues are restrictive, and looking to a man's self—this takes all the world for its object.

In misfortune as in crimes, the mind adapts wonderfully and fearfully to their general encroachment. From the heights of prosperity, or virtue, we descend, step by step, to the depths of adversity or guilt; when, if the last step could be as clearly discerned as the first, how few would have sufficient fortitude in the one case, or sufficient daring in the other?

Take, for example, the man of thousands, whose embarrassments demand partial sacrifices. He makes them, sustained by the hope that they will avert the necessity of greater ones. Anon, he finds he must go yet a little further; and the next sacrifices appear the less because they are contrasted, not with his original situation, but with the one immediately preceding. Then come others; and they too are veiled for him by the same delusive comparison, till at last the poor broken bankrupt sees himself stripped of *all*, wonders how he has borne reverses so calamitous, and exclaims, in bitterness of truth and anguish, that could he have foreseen them, he would rather have died at once. But he was not required to make the descent by a single leap. He passed from the sunny heights of fortune to the bleak abodes of poverty, gradually and mercifully weaned from the enjoyment of all things by the successive surrender of each particular enjoyment that made up his sum of all.

It is no less an error to undervalue the world than inordinately to prize it. He who does the former,

contravenes, or rather, renounces the ends for which he is created, and the latter debases them.

No man is so confidential as when he is addressing the whole world. You find, therefore, more comfort for sorrow in books than in social intercourse; more direct comfort.

In comparing men with books, one must always remember this important distinction—that one can put the books down at any time. As Macaulay says—“Plato is never sullen, Cervantes is never petulant, Demosthenes never comes unseasonably, Dante never stops too long.” Besides, one can manage to agree so well intellectually, with a book; and intellectual differences are the source of half the quarrels in the world. Judicious shelving—judicious skipping will never do. Now, when one’s friend or one’s self is crotchety, dogmatic, or disputatious, one cannot turn over to another day.

He who digs the mine for bread,
Or ploughs, that others may be fed,
Feels less fatigue than that decreed
To him who cannot think, or *read*.

The study of Literature nourishes youth, entertains old age, adorns prosperity, solaces adversity, is delightful at home, unobtrusive abroad, deserts us not by day or night, in journeying nor in retirement.

If I die to-morrow, my life to-day will be somewhat the sweeter for knowledge.

The answer was good which an ancient philosopher gave when he was asked—what fruit he had reaped of all his studies? “By them,” said he, “I have learned both to live and discourse with myself.”

Pliny observed, that there was no book so apparently trifling, but that a good lesson might be extracted from it.

In May, 1851, the inhabitants of one of the principal cities in the West of England were filled with conjectures and dismay at the following notice painted in capitals on the front of a house recently fitted up and repaired :—

“Mrs. ———, from London, Deals in All Sorts of Ladies.”

All was consternation. Enquiry was immediately set on foot as to what Mrs. ——— might be. No one could tell. She was a stranger from London, about to establish a new concern. Great anxiety prevailed as to this equivocal establishment—for two whole days all was surmise and consultation. On the third morning, the House-Painter, who had, it seemed, been suddenly attacked by a severe fit of the gout, returned to finish his work, and in ten minutes concluded by adding—

—“And Gentlemen’s Wearing Apparel.”

To a heart loving truly e'en trifles be known,
Half our sorrows arise from trifles alone ;
A mere trifle may grieve us, a trifle console,
That cannot be trifling that touches the soul.
A trifle may keenest anxiety raise,
A trifle a sweet consolation betrays,
To th' indifferent trifles are trifles indeed,
But in friendship a trifle may make the heart bleed !

Public opinion is at present more favourable to the cultivation of the understanding of the female sex than it was some years ago. From the Lady of the present day something more is expected than that she should know how to spell and write better than Swift's celebrated Stella, whom he reproves for writing *villian* and *daenger*.

Murphy used to relate the following story of Foote's ; the heroines of which were the Ladies *Cheere*, *Fielding*, and *Hill*,—the last the widow of the celebrated Dr. Hill. He represented them as playing at the game of—" *I love my Love with—*" (*a letter.*)

Lady Cheere began, and said—" I love my Love with an *N*, because he's a *Knight*."

Lady Fielding followed with—" I love my Love with a *G*, because he's a *Justice*."—" And," said Lady Hill, " I love my Love with an *F*, because he's a *Physician*." Such was the imputed orthography of those learned ladies.

Voltaire said of a traveller who made too long a stay with him at Ferney—"Don Quixote took Inns for Castles, but Mr. — takes castles for inns."

With ceremonious friends a three days' visit is long enough. A *rest-day*—a *dressed-day*, and a *pressed-day*.

Brummel fancied himself invited to some country seat, and having been given to understand, after one night's lodging, that he was in error—he afterwards told an unconscious friend in town, who asked him what sort of a place it was—that "It was an exceeding good house for stopping in *one night*."

A Dun is one whose visits are always so welcome that he is constantly asked to "*call again!*"

Horatio Smith, travelling on a Sunday, and being obliged to stop in order to replace one of the horse's shoes, the farrier was at church, but a villager suggested that "if he went on to Jem Harrison's forge, he would probably be found at home." This proved to be the case; when the rustic who had given this advice, and accompanied the horse to the forge, exultingly exclaimed—"Well, I was right, you see! I *must* say that for Jem—and it's the best thing about him—he *never* do go to church!"

A man, travelling in a stage-coach, freely conversed with his fellow-traveller—a stranger to him—upon several points in relation to his own general powers of discrimination, closed one of his self-laudations by saying dogmatically—"Sir, I've lived long, and observed much, —and I've come to the conclusion that women have no idea of *time* or *space*, and always stir the fire *at the top*."

"A New York friend," said Captain Marryat, "travelling in an 'extra,' and arriving for the night at a western inn, particularly requested that he might not have (as experience told him to be probable) a *Bed-fellow*, and was promised that he should not.

"On his retiring, he found his bed already occupied, and he went down to the landlady, and expostulated—'Well,' replied she, 'it's *only your own Driver*—I thought you wouldn't mind *him* !' "

An act was passed in America to prohibit playing at *Nine-Pins*. As soon as the law was put in force, it was notified everywhere—

"*Ten Pins* played here !"
And they have been played everywhere, ever since.

There is a foolish wonder expressed by persons in general, after waiting some time for any one, if, when they have given up all thoughts of his coming, he should make his appearance. But it should be remembered, that the very moment when they cease to

expect him being the utmost limit, and critical, is that at which there should be no wonder if he came.

Again—Those who have any slight wound, wonder how it happens that they are always hitting it and making it ache, as if they did it for the purpose ; not recollecting, or justly perceiving that they do not hit that particular part any oftener, nor perhaps so often, as many others, but that its being sore makes them notice it whenever they do.

When the mind is full of any one subject, that subject seems to recur with extraordinary frequency. It appears to pursue, or to meet us at every turn. In every conversation that we hear ; in every book we open ; in every newspaper we take up, the reigning idea recurs ; and we are surprised, and exclaim at these wonderful coincidences.

When the learned Sir Thomas Browne was writing his *Essay on the Gardens of Cyrus*, his imagination was so possessed by the idea of a quincunx, that he is said to have seen a quincunx in every object in nature.

Probably such coincidences happen every day, but pass unnoticed when the mind is not intent upon similar ideas, or wakened by any strong analogous feeling.

The secret of *living*, was long ago defined by Pope, to be, “The liking everything and everybody more than they deserved, and praising them beyond what we feel.”

Nothing makes us more like God than Charity. As all things are filled with His goodness, so the universe is partaker of the good man's spreading love. Nay, it is that which gives life to all the race of other virtues; it is that which makes them appear in act. Wisdom and science are worth nothing, unless they be distributive and declare themselves to the world. Wealth in a miser's hand is useless as a locked-up treasure. It is charity only that makes the riches worth the owning.

Surely he that is right, must not think his charity to one in need a courtesy, but a debt which nature, at his first being, bound him to pay. I would not wear a strange ground to leave my own in drought. Yet I think, to everything that hath sense, there is a kind of pity owing. Solomon's good man is merciful to his beast; nor take I this only to be *intentional*, but *expressive*. God may respect the mind and will, but man is nothing better for my meaning alone. Let my *mind* be charitable, that God may accept me. Let my *actions* express it, that man may be benefited.

In passing through the busy streets of London, one would think that all mankind were trying to *catch* one another.

I owe, said *Metius*, much to Colon's care,
Once only, seen, he chose me for his heir;
 True, *Metius*, hence your fortunes take their rise,
 His heir you were not, had he seen you *twice*!

Whitehead, a grave divine, was of a fluent, stoical nature. One day, Queen Elizabeth happened to say to him—"I like thee better because thou livest unmarried." He answered, "Madam, I like *you* the worse."

When Queen Charlotte landed from Germany, the late Lord Abercorn received her at his house, where she and her *suite* slept. Soon after, his lordship went to St. James's, when his Majesty thanked him for his attention to the Queen, saying, "He was afraid her visit had given him a great deal of trouble." He replied, "A great deal of trouble, indeed, sir."

His Brother, who was a Churchman, once wrote to solicit the Marquis to apply for a living which was vacant, and in the gift of the Crown, worth £1,000 a year. Lord Abereorn's answer was, "I never ask favours; enclosed is a deed of annuity for £1,000 per annum."

It has been said, that the above nobleman made the *grand tour*, without touching the back of his carriage.

Archbishop Sancroft once asked the celebrated actor Betterton, how it was that actors on the stage affect their audience by speaking of things *imaginary* as if they were *real*, "while we," said he, "in the Church, speak of things real which our congregations receive only as if they were imaginary?" "Why, really, my

lord," said Betterton, "I don't know, except it is that we actors speak of things imaginary *as if* they were real, while you in the pulpit speak of things real, as if they were imaginary."


Macklin's farce of "The True-born Irishman" succeeded in Ireland; but when brought forward in Covent Garden, failed. The veteran's remark ran thus :—

"I believe the audience are right. There's a *geography* in *humour* as well as in *morals*, which I had not previously considered."

If we consider a cheerful man in relation to the persons whom he converses with, it naturally produces love and goodwill towards him. A cheerful mind is not only disposed to be affable and obliging, but raises the same good-humour in those who come within its influence. A man finds himself pleased, he does not know why, with the cheerfulness of his companion; it is like a sudden sunshine that awakens a sacred delight in the mind, without her attending to it. The heart rejoices of its own accord, and naturally flows out into friendship and benevolence toward the person who has so kindly an effect upon it.

Some men throw away their money, as if they were angry with it, which is the error commonly of weak minds. No well-thinking man esteems the giver of anything that comes to him carelessly or by chance;

•



but when it is governed by reason, it brings credit both to the giver and receiver. Some favours are in some sort so blameable, that they make a man ashamed of his patron.

Shabby gentility is to social life what "Brummagem wares" are to the things they imitate. In both cases there is elaborate workmanship bestowed on a worthless material, to produce the result which the honest Jew desired when he directed that his mock-silver spoons should be "stamped with a *dog*, which was to be made as much like a *lion* as possible."

Counterfeits mark a high degree of civilization and great cultivation of the arts and sciences they represent ; but, of all the mournful expenditure of human faculty and human energy, the struggles of "shabby-gentility" are the most deplorable.

An old adage tells us, that "*no gentleman was ever refused by a lady :*" which may be understood thus, that no man of *feeling* would offer his hand without encouragement, such as no lady, worthy of the name, could give, and afterwards reject his proposals.

Nature neither gives, nor denies us any virtue ; she grants us only faculties, leaving the use of them to ourselves.

Virtue is a natural impulse towards good actions, transformed by practice into a habit.

Virtue proceeds from God. Your person, your beauty, your wishes are yours, but do not constitute you.

Man consists wholly in his soul. To learn what he is, and what he ought to do, he must consider himself in his intellectual powers; in that part of the soul in which sparkles a ray of the Divine Wisdom and pure light, which will insensibly conduct his view to the source from whence it emanates. When he shall have fixed his eyes on this, and shall have contemplated that eternal standard of all perfections, he will feel that it is his most important interest to imitate them in his own conduct, and to assimilate himself to the Divinity, at least so far as it is possible for so faint a copy to approach so sublime a moral.

God is the measure of everything. There is nothing good or estimable in the world, but what has some conformity with Him. He is sovereignly wise, holy, and just; and the only means of resembling and pleasing Him, is by filling our minds with wisdom and holiness.

A writer to the "Spectator," by way of apology for his work, says—"Pardon mistakes by haste;" to which he replies, "I never *do* pardon mistakes by haste."

Fastidious men are not so much pleased with what is right, as disgusted with what is wrong.

If we would only take sorrow to our heart when it comes upon us, and treat it nobly, we should find that we had entertained an angel unawares.

Old Elwes, the miser, having listened to a very eloquent discourse on *Charity*, remarked, "That sermon so strongly proves the necessity of *alms-giving*, that I've almost a mind to *beg*."

A gentleman, visiting Elwes on some affair of business, and the weather turning very wet and stormy, he was invited to stay the night. When he retired to rest, he found a wretched bed in a dilapidated attic, and soon after he entered upon sleep, he was roused by a sort of shower-bath from a hole in the ceiling. So impossible was it to remain, that he pulled off a blanket, and carried it to several parts of the room; but in them he also found the rain penetrating. At last he discovered a dry place, and remained in it. The next morning, telling his host what had occurred, he almost finished his narration without having extracted a word from the master of the house; but when he concluded by telling where he had at length found a retreat from the weather, Elwes raised his head and eyes with great animation, and rubbing his hands together with great satisfaction, exclaimed — "Ah! *That's a nice dry corner!*"

"Irish" Johnstone, as he was generally called, was known to be rather parsimonious, although he occasionally gave a good dinner in prospect of many better, to be received. On one of his professional visits to Dublin, as was his wont, he billeted himself upon all his acquaintances in turn. Meeting Curran afterwards in London, and talking of his *great expenses* in these sort of engagements, he asked the Master of the Rolls what he supposed he spent in Dublin during his last trip? "I don't know," said Curran. "Probably a *Fort-night!*"

An old man boasted that he only spoke ill of his enemies among a very few friends.

The writer of "Familiar Letters from Italy," in 1805, tells his friend that a preacher of that time exclaiming against excess in feeding, declared *the Fire of London* to have been an evident judgment on the gluttony of the citizens, since it began in *Pudding Lane*, and ended in *Pie Corner!*

To one that admired his great industry, Grotius remarked—"I have consumed my life in laboriously doing nothing."

A short time before Campbell the poet's death, he was present at the dinner of the Literary Fund, when

an admirer of his made a very complimentary speech about him, saying, "*how many years he had known him,*" &c. Campbell, as he returned home with a friend, was evidently out of humour; and on his friend saying that the speech after dinner was most kind and complimentary, the poet petulantly replied—"He need not have mentioned *my age*; why should he be so cursedly *chronological*?"

Doctor Watts was of so extremely mild a disposition, that when reproached by a friend for not having reprimanded a man who had done him a serious injury, earnestly exclaimed—"I wish, my dear sir, you would be so good as to do it for me!"

La Fontaine, the French fabulist, was a very absent man. Having been invited to dine at the house of a person of distinction, for the more perfect entertainment of the other guests; he ate heartily, but scarcely a word could be drawn from him. At length he rose from the table, on pretence of going to the Academy. He was then told he would be too soon. "Oh then," said he, "I'll take the *longest way*."

Doctor Franklin relates, in his own Memoirs, an account of his going to hear a sermon from Whitfield, when, perceiving that a charitable collection was to follow, he inwardly resolved to give *nothing*. "I had

in my pocket (he says) a handful of copper, three or four silver dollars, and five pistoles in gold. As the preacher went on, I softened, and resolved to give the copper; another stroke of his oratory made me ashamed of that, and determined me to give the silver; and he finished so admirably that I emptied my pocket wholly into the collector's dish,—gold and all."

Dear Leigh Hunt, in his charming manner, used to tell a story of two London-bred children going, some years ago, on a ramble, who, when they reached Primrose Hill, feared to penetrate further into that wild and seemingly uninhabited part of the world. One of the boys whispered his companion with great caution, "I've heard say there's *thieves* in them fields past that hill!"

"Yes," cried the other, with increasing awe, "and some say *Serpents*!"

Leigh Hunt spoke of his formerly love of *losing* himself with his book in "the woods and wilds" of Kensington Gardens; a delight he was led to relinquish from the time when a *Sylvan* deity yclept a *Beadle* was to be seen disporting himself among the trees, and disenchanted him.

To those with whom humility, generosity, the love of God's creatures, though, perhaps, partly latent, is powerfully inherent, the passion of love will bring with

it an enlargement, and a deepening and strengthening of these better elements ; such as no other visitation of merely natural influences could avail to produce. If the passion have ended in a disappointment, the nature of it has strength to bear the pressure, and will be more ennobled and purified than by success.

Of the uses of adversity, which are sweet, none are sweeter than those which grow out of disappointed love.

—————"The tree
Sucks kindlier nurture from a soil enriched
By its own fallen leaves ; and man is made
In heart and spirit, from deciduous hopes,
And things that seem to perish."

Lord Byron had strange notions ; he said that "most people had *le besoin d'aimer*, and that with this *besoin* the first person that fell in one's way contented one." He maintained that those who possessed the most imagination,—poets, for example—were most likely to be constant to their attachments, as, with the *beau ideal* in their heads, with which they identified the object of their attachment, they had nothing to desire, and viewed their mistresses through the brilliant medium of fancy, instead of the common one of the eyes.

Talking of the difference between love in early youth and in maturity, Byron said, that, "like the Measles, Love was most dangerous when it came late in life."

People are seldom ridiculous unless when taken out of their proper station, or when their vanity makes them strive to appear what they are not.

Mankind is made up of inconsistencies, and no man acts invariably up to his prominent character. The wisest man sometimes acts weakly, and the weakest sometimes wisely. Our jarring passions, our variable humours, nay, our greater or lesser degree of health and spirits, produce such contradictions in our conduct, that I believe those are the oftenest mistaken who ascribe our actions to the most seemingly obvious motives; and I am convinced that a light supper, a good night's rest, and a fine morning, have sometimes made a hero of the same man, who, by an indigestion, a restless night, and a rainy morning, would have proved a coward.

If Meanness is brother to Wealth, it is at any rate, first cousin to Extravagance.

The human subject is composed of halves; the brain, like the eye, is double; hence, Doctor Wigan, in his work on "*the Duality of the Mind*," shows that every man having, what may be termed a *pair of brains*, one of his brains, so to speak, may be indisposed, while the other remains unimpaired. Hence a double action

being inferred, we may perhaps account for the irresolution, in some cases, which mark human actions.

Some criticise men and objects from their own professional or personal point of view, as Sheridan's *Doctor Rosy*, in a similar way, expatiated on the beauties of his departed wife.

"Poor Dolly ! I shall never see her like again ! such an arm for a bandage ! veins that seemed to invite the lancet ! Then her skin—smooth and white as a gallipot ; her mouth as round, and not larger than a penny phial. And then her teeth !—I believe that I have drawn half a score of her poor dear pearls !"

We grow to like those on whom we confer benefits, or to whom we are of use.

Mr. Suett, the Comedian, going out of London about twenty miles, on a fishing excursion, and unable to get an inside place in the coach, arrived in such a wretched state from an incessant rain, although muffled up in a great coat, and other contrivances to evade it, found an expectant friend waiting at the place of his destination in the dusk of the evening, who peering doubtingly at him, enquired, "Are you *Suett* ?" "No," replied the *drôle*, "don't you see I'm *Dripping* ?"

A gentleman inconsiderately asking Macklin, when at a great age, whether he remembered Mrs. Barry the

celebrated actress who died about the latter end of Queen Anne's reign; the old man planted his countenance against that of the questioner with great severity, and bawled out, "*No, sir! nor Henry the Eighth either; they were both dead before my time.*"

A similar question was often put to Mathews, who received it with fewer years, and more good breeding.

"You have seen Garrick act, Mr. Mathews?" "No sir, I regret to say I was not fortunate enough to be present at any of his performances. I can prove an *Alibi*—I was not *born* when he *quitted the stage.*"

The *Englishman* is never happy but when he is miserable.

The *Scotchman* is never at home but when he is abroad.

And the *Irishman* is never at peace but when he is fighting.

An *Englishman* is remarkable for placing his fork at the left side of his plate—the *Frenchman* for using the fork alone—the *German* for planting it perpendicularly in his plate—and the *Russian* for using it as a *tooth-pick.*

The Foot-prints of Time—*Crows' feet!*

Those people who are all-sufficient and self-sufficient,
are always insufficient.

Most people are of the humour of the old Fellow of a College, who, when he was pressed by the society to come into something that might redound to the good of their successors, grew very peevish. "We are always doing," said he, "something for posterity, but I would fain see posterity do something for us."

An open foe may prove a curse,
But a *pretended friend* is worse.

A wise man thinks all he says,
And a fool says all that he thinks.

Oh this detestable to-morrow ! a thing always expected, yet never found !

Aristippus being reprehended for luxury by one that was not rich,—for that he gave six crowns for a small fish, asked, "Why, what would you have given ?" the other said, "Some twelvenpence." Aristippus said again, "And six crowns is no more with me."

The Marechalle d'Ancre, when accused of having obtained an undue command over the Queen Mother of France, by means of sorcery, said—"I have used no other witchcraft than *that influence which a strong mind will ever possess over a weak one.*"

It seems to be the principle of a crowd, whether large or small, whenever or for whatever purpose collected, to make each other as uncomfortable as they can.

If fifty people are assembled at the entrance of a place which they know to be capable of accommodating five thousand, they will squeeze, jostle, push forwards, backwards, sideways; they will do anything but stand still, although perfectly convinced they can "take nothing by their motion," save a few needless bruises, or a broken rib.

I never but once heard a satisfactory reason for this propensity. "Pray, sir," said a person who till that moment had been the backmost of a crowd—to another who had just joined it—"Pray, sir, have the kindness not to press upon me! it is unnecessary, since there is no one behind to press upon you." "But there *may* be, presently," replied the other; "besides, where's the good of being in a crowd, if one mayn't *shove*?"

Lady Beaumont asked Coleridge whether he believed in ghosts? "Oh, no, madam," he replied. "I have seen too many to believe in them."

Paley told a friend that he always insisted upon his womenkind paying for every article of dress at the time of its purchase—playfully adding, "Ready money is a great check upon the imagination."

Baron de Berenger related that having secured a pickpocket in the very act, he questioned him as to "whether there was anything in his face that had induced him to single him out for such an attempt?" "No," replied the fellow, "your face is well enough; but you had thin shoes and white stockings in dirty weather, so I made sure you were a *flat*."

In the year 1805 the Lord Chancellor had his pocket picked as he went to the Levee. Townsend, the Bow Street officer, to whom everybody allowed freedom, asked him how he could be such a *Gig* as to go without him?

Price of Babies in the Metropolis.

(From the Reports of the Mendicity Society, 1839.)

The following conversation was overheard in the street:—

Baby Renters. "How much did you give for yours?"

Reply. "A shilling a piece."

"A shilling a piece! Vy, then, you've been done, or babies is riz, one or t'other. *I* only gives sixpence for mine; and they feeds 'em, and Godfrey's Cordials them into the bargain."

A missionary among a tribe of Indians was wont to set some simple refreshment—fruit and cyder—before his converts, when they came a distance to see him.

An old man, who had no pretension to be called a

Christian, desired much to be admitted to the refreshments, and proposed to some of his converted friends to accompany them on their next visit to the missionary. They told him he must be a Christian first. "What was that?" He must, they replied, know all about the Bible. When the time came, he declared himself prepared, and undertook the journey with them. When arrived, he seated himself opposite the missionary, wrapped in his blanket, and looking exceeding serious. In answer to an enquiry from the missionary, he rolled his eyes upwards, and solemnly uttered the following words, with a pause between each.

"Adam—Eve—Cain—Noah—Jeremiah."

"What do you mean?" asked the missionary.

"Solomon—Beelzebub—Noah—"

"Stop! stop!—what do you mean?"

"I mean *Cider*."

Fasting in Lent.

Is this a fast—to keep
The larder lean
And clean
From fat *of* veal and sheep?

Is it to quit the dish
Of flesh, yet still
To fill
The platter high with fish?

Is it to fast *an hour*,
Or ragged go,
Or show
A downe-cast look ; or snore ?
No. 'Tis a fast, to dôle
Thy sheaf of wheat,
And meat,
Unto the hungry soul.
It is to fast from strife,
From old debate
And hate ;
To circumsise thy life.
To show a heart grief-rent,
To starve thy sin,
Not *bin* ;—
And *that's* to keep thy Lent.

'Tis weak and impertinent to impart our griefs where they are not pitied—and it is cruel where they are. Persons indifferent to us are not susceptible of the sympathy sought, and our friends we should spare the pain of it.

Great minds bear affliction silently, but they bear it hardly. They know how few, how very few, are susceptible of any real compassion : they know, too, where it is bestowed with the greatest sincerity, how unprofitable a bounty it is.

The place that does
Contain my books—the best companions—is
To me a glorious court, where hourly I
Converse with the old sages and philosophers ;
And sometimes, for variety, I confer
With kings and emperors, and weigh their counsels,
Calling their victories, if unjustly got,
Unto a strict account, and, in my fancy,
Deface their ill-placed statues.

Leonardo considered it a good sign if an artist was dissatisfied with his productions, because it showed that his conceptions went beyond his present ability, which long study would increase ; and on the contrary, the being satisfied, at once proved the subject of the work to be too profound for his comprehension.

To some minds the degradation of a character which they have loved and admired, is a trial more painful than any disappointment of their own hopes.

Of the great Lord Somers, who shone so much in public, it was said by Swift, “that he had little taste for conversation, to which he preferred the pleasure of reading and thinking, and, at intervals of his time, he amused himself with an illiterate chaplain—an humble companion, or favourite servant. This seems also to have been the case with Prior, as noted by Johnson, who, after shining among the *Beaux Esprits* of his

enlightened time, would retire to a Life Guardsman and a pot of porter in *Long Acre*.

A friend commending the following line—

“Who rules o’er *freemen* should himself be *free*.”

“To be sure,” (said Johnson, with his accustomed readiness of finding a parallel or making of one)

“Who drives *fat oxen* should himself be *fat* !”

Robert complaining much one day,

That Mat had ta’en his character away—

“*I* take your character !” says Mat, “Why, zounds!

I would not have it for a thousand pounds.”

There are a set of malicious, prating gossips, both male and female, who murder character to kill time; and will rob a young fellow of his good name, before he has years to know the value of it.

Logic.

If the lad who *turnips* cries,

Cry not when his father dies,

’Tis a proof that he would rather

Have a turnip than a father.”

Perhaps there are few stronger proofs of aberration of intellect, than that of a person looking out of a window where there is nothing to be seen.

“I never knew what fear was,”—said a boaster.
“Then you never snuffed a candle with your fingers.”

It is not the business of a good play to make every man a hero, but it certainly gives him a livelier sense of virtue and merit than he had when he entered the theatre.

Wordsworth says, in relation to his "Peter Bell," that "the number of Peter's *wives* was taken from the trespasses in the way of a lawless creature, who lived in the county of Durham, and used to be attended by many women, sometimes not less than half-a-dozen, as disorderly as himself; and a story went in the country, that he had been heard to say while they (*his wives*) were quarrelling, "Why can't you be quiet? there's none so *many* of you!"

Dean Swift having to preach a charity sermon to which he had little good-will from the opinion he had formed of his audience, said nothing of the subject till the sermon was ended. He then observed, that this was a matter of business, and as such he would talk of it. They knew as well as he did that they had certain poor to provide for, who looked to their purses. He then merely read them the text, which says, "He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord," and added, "If you approve of your security, *down with your money.*"—With this he sent round the plate for collection.

Would you know why I like London so much? why, if the world must consist of so many fools as it does, I choose to take them in the gross, and not make it into separate pills, as they are prepared in the country.

Besides, there is no being alone but in the metropolis; the worst place in the world to find solitude is the country; questions grow there, and that unpleasant, christian commodity,—neighbours. I am more convinced every day, that there is not only no knowledge of the world out of a great city, but no practicable society.

There was a humourist called Sir James of the Peake, who had been beat by a fellow, who afterwards underwent the same operation from a third hand without resenting it. "Zounds!" said James, "that I did not know this fellow would take a beating."

The wedding of the Princess Mary with the Duke of Gloucester, attended by the chancellor, took place in the evening.

Whilst the ceremony was proceeding, some gentlemen in the room, which was extremely crowded, holding consultation together so loud that it was disturbing, Lord Ellenborough, Chief Justice, who, perhaps, also forgetting, as well as those noisy talkers, where he was, rather disturbed the ceremony by saying very audibly—

“Do not make a noise in that corner of the room : if you do, you shall be married *yourselves*.”

A Wedding is a tragi-comic meeting, compounded of Brussels-lace, and orange-flowers, favours, footmen, faintings, fannings, farewells ; Parsons, prayers, plum-cakes ; rings, refreshments, bottles, blubberings, and God bless ye's! and galloping away in a post chaise and four.

Lord William P——t was said to be the author of a pamphlet called “*The Snake in the Grass*.” A gentleman abused in it, sent him a challenge. Lord William protested his innocence, but the gentleman in person insisted upon a denial under his hand. Lord William immediately took up a pen, and began, —“This is to seratify that the Buk called the Snak”— “Oh, my Lord,” said the person, “*I am satisfied* ; your Lordship need not write further to convince me that you were not the author of the book.”

The late Lord Melbourne, inspecting the kitchen of the Reform Club House, jocosely remarked to *Mr. Soyer*, *chef de cuisine*, that his female assistants were very pretty. “My Lord,” said *Soyer*, “*Plain* cooks will not do here.”

Plays and romances, says Tom Brown, sell as well as books of devotion, but with this difference. More people

read the former than buy them, and more buy the latter than read them.

When Doctor Doddridge asked his little daughter why everybody seemed to love her? she answered, "I cannot tell, unless it is because I love everybody."

This was not only a striking, but judicious reply. It accords with the sentiment of Seneca, who gives as a love charm—"Love, in order to be *loved*."

The stature of the mind, like that of the body, stops growing for years, and again will shoot up, one knoweth not how, in a few hours; some characters are made in a moment.

Adhere to the truth always rigidly and undeviatingly; but while you express what is true, express it in a pleasing manner. Truth is the picture, manner is the frame that displays it to advantage.

Truth conveyed in austere and acrimonious language, seldom has a salutary effect.

At an Inn, call for your bill every morning. "In the hurry of business," people sometimes forget what you have *not* had, and *down* it goes in the bill.

"Order dinner," said a *late* friend, "at *six for half past*, and I'll be with you at *seven*."

Doctor Johnson made a great difference in his esteem between talents and erudition ; and when he saw a person eminent for literature, though wholly unconvertible, it fretted him. "Teaching such tonics," said he, "is like setting a lady's diamonds in lead, which only obscures the lustre of the stones, and makes the possessor ashamed of them."

Speaking one day of a stupid young man—"This fellow's dulness is elastic," said he ; "and all we do is but like kicking at a woolsack."

A man known to be rich, may give, not only few, but remarkably bad dinners and wines, whose execrable quality all condemn ; yet the very people who would unceremoniously decline a far less objectionable repast if offered by one of limited means, will freely eat the one and drink the other, because the donor is affluent. The parsimony of the wealthy excites no murmur ; people like to dine with them, and to have them at their own boards ; why or wherefore, I cannot discover, unless the feeling may arise in a superstitious desire of consorting with those who are favoured by fortune.

Authors turn critics when of fame they're foiled,
As wine to vinegar oft turns—when spoiled.

When Pope (on account of his mother) had declined the visit of the Queen of George the Second, and after her death, met the Prince of Wales at the water-side of

his villa, expressed his sense of the honour of his visit. The Prince said—"How shall we reconcile your love to a Prince with your professed indisposition to kings?" "Sir!" said Pope, "I consider Royalty under the noble and authorised type of the Lion; while he is young, and before his nails are grown, he may be approached and caressed with safety and pleasure."

Mr. Turner, in his Tour to the Levant, says—

"I was much amused this evening at supper, by the opinion of my host *Papabhopolu*, of English Porter, of which I had a bottle with me. He drank off the glass I gave him, as I thought, with gratification, and in returning me the glass, asked, quite seriously, 'What complaint it was good for?' taking it for medicine."

People are often long, and frequently offended before they quarrel; but having once quarrelled, the battle recurs perpetually. A lover is sometimes a long while before he says he loves; but having once said it, he is very apt to repeat it.

When a man is found, either in real life or romance, continually boasting that *he is a gentleman*, or a *man of courage*, we at once set him down as an adventurer or poltroon. The Queen, in Hamlet's play, is immediately suspected even, by her prototype, because she *protested too much*. We are all on our guard against patriots, who have a disinterested love of The People, and mar-

tyrs who will undergo any suffering *in a good cause*. In fact, self-assertion is, in most things, very mistaken policy.

Dryden assumed to himself the invention of the word *witticism*, although Milton had previously made use of the word more than once.

During the Assizes, in a case of assault and battery, where a stone had been thrown by the defendant, the following clear and conclusive evidence was drawn out of a Yorkshireman by *Lord* (then *Mr.*) *Brougham* :—

“Did you see the defendant throw the stone?”

Witness. “I saw the stone, and I’se pretty sure that the defendant throwed it.”

“Was it a large stone?”

“I should say it were a largish stone.”

“What was its size?”

“I should say a sizeable stone.”

“Can’t you answer definitely how long it was?”

“Well, I should say it were a stone of some big-ness.”

“Can’t you give the jury some idea of the stone?”

“Why, as near as I recollect, it was something of a stone.”

“Can’t you compare it to some other object, so as to give some notion of the *size* of the stone?”

“Well, I should say it was as large as a lump of chalk.”

An American's opinion of *Thomson's Four Seasons* :—

Spring—Showery, flowery, bowery.

Summer—Sloppy, croppy, poppy.

Autumn—Wheezy, sneezy, freezy.

Winter—Slippy, drippy, nippy.

Bruce, after his hazardous adventures, returning safe from exploring the Nile, broke his neck by falling down his own *stairs* !

One of our Journals says—"The machinery of the *Great Western* will last for ever ;" and adds, that "afterwards it will be sold for old iron !"

Talents angel bright,
If wanting worth, are shining instruments
In false ambition's hand, to finish faults
Illustrious, and give infamy renown.

In *Athens*, the creditor had a right to sell his deceased debtor, and if he did not produce enough, his children. It is so, also, in the law of Moses.

In *Turkey*, the creditor is allowed to bastinado the insolvent debtor.

In *Rome*, the laws of the twelve tables permitted, if a debtor had many creditors, that they should divide his body among them.

Married people should not expose themselves to their

friends, who will remember disagreeable things when the parties themselves have forgotten them.

Many people reason like Voltaire's famous traveller, who happening to have a drunken landlord and a red-haired landlady at the first inn where he stopped at *Alsace*, wrote down among his memorandums—"All the men of *Alsace* are drunkards, and all the women red-haired!"

"The life of a wit," said Steele, "is a warfare upon earth." He himself was called by an enemy, "*the vilest of mankind*," upon which he said, in the gaiety of an honest heart, "It would be a glorious world if he was."

Mr. Lockhart remarks, on *Conversations* reported—that he never thought it lawful to keep a journal of what passes in private society, and justly observes, that to report conversations fairly it is a necessary prerequisite that we should be completely familiar with all the interlocutors, and understand thoroughly all their minutest relations and points of common knowledge and common feeling with each other. He who does not, says he, must be perpetually in danger of misinterpreting sportive allusion into serious statement. In proportion as a man is witty and humorous, there will always be about him and his, a widening maze and wilderness of cues and catchwords, which the uninitiated will, if they are bold enough to try interpretation,

construe ever and anon egregiously amiss,—not seldom into arrant falsity. For this one reason, to say nothing of many others, I consider no man justified in journalizing what he sees and hears in a domestic circle, where he is not thoroughly at home ; and I think there are still higher and better reasons why he should not do so where he is.

A Lover is a man who in his anxiety to obtain possession of another, has lost possession of himself. Let us not, however, disparage this fond infatuation, for all its tendencies are elevating. He who has passed through life without ever being in love, has had no spring-time, no summer in his existence ; his heart is as a flowering plant, that has never blown, never developed itself, never put forth its beauty and its perfume, —never given nor received pleasure.

The love of our youth, like Kennel Coal, is so inflammable that it may be kindled by almost any match ; but if its transient blaze do not pass away in smoke, its flame, too bright and ardent to last long, soon exhausts and consumes itself. The love of our maturer age is like Coke, which, when once ignited, burns with a steady and enduring heat, emitting neither smoke nor flame.

In all ages, and in all countries, *The Stage* has been the gentlest, but ablest reformer of abuses. It has not

with the fierce tone of fiery persecutions denounced them, but with frolic, playful wit, has *smiled into correction* the corruptions of the times. Without a cell of imprisonment it has created repentance; without a rack, it has forced confession; and without one faggot it has made innumerable proselytes."

"From the acting of Mr. Betterton," said Steele, "I have received more strong impressions of what is great and noble in human nature, than from the arguments of the most solid philosophers, or the descriptions of the most charming poets."

The French have an idea, that in this country the Lord Mayor of London is next in dignity to the sovereign. Alexander Dumas, in one of his historical dramas, introduces one of his characters—an *Englishman*—who is giving way to the suggestions of ambition in a touching *monologue* as to the possibility of prospective advancement, in which imaginary scroll, as it unrolls itself before his imagination, he sees himself stepping up the hierarchic ladder—He may become—"Compte, Marquis, Duc, Peut-être, *Lord Mayor*!"

All *Young Honour* is supercilious and touchy.

Genius is "the high-mettled racer," or "the bit of blood," which, though capable of vast exertion, requires great care, and is often out of condition;—while *Com-*

mon Sense is the family hackney that works harder, fares worse, and is always well and serviceable.

Dunning, when in the full flush of his celebrity at the bar, was asked how he managed to get through such an accumulation of business? "Some I do," he said; "some does itself; and the rest is never done at all."

Queen Elizabeth, whose capacity for receiving any amount of flattery was everywhere known, admiring the elegance of the Marquis of Medina, a Spanish nobleman, complimented him upon it, at the same time begging to know who possessed the heart of so accomplished a cavalier. "Madam," said he, "a lover risks too much on such occasions; but your Majesty's will is law. Excuse me, however, if I fear to name her, but request your Majesty's acceptance of her portrait."

He sent her a looking-glass.

Mr. Reed, a surveyor to one of our law courts, made an alteration which gave all within the court, by additional current of air, severe colds. The lawyers were very irate; and Mr. Murphy, in his own way, expressed his annoyance, by wishing he could see that *Reed* shaken by his own *wind*.

Holidays are the Elysium of our boyhood, perhaps

the only one of our life. Of this truth Anaxagoras seems to have been aware. Being asked by the people of Lampsacus, before his death, whether he wished anything to be done in commemoration of him, replied—"Yes; let the boys be allowed to play on the anniversary of my death."

Chastity, like Piety, is an uniform thing. If in *look*, if in *speech*, a girl give way to undue levity, depend upon it the devil has got one of his cloven feet in her heart already.

Happiness in wedlock results from those short but imperceptible efforts which bind together hearts and lives in strength and affection, and which may be comprised under the rule—Attention to mutual wishes, and solicitude for mutual interests.

Many are miserable by loving hurtful things; but they are more miserable by having them. Pray with *Bernard*, "Grant us, Lord, that we may so partake of temporal felicity, that we may not lose eternal."

He that finds himself in any distress, either of body or of fortune, should deliberate upon the matter before he prays for a change.

"I find by experience," said Gibbon, "that it is much more *rational*, as well as easy, to answer a letter of real business by *return of post*."

"And who is that meagre, lank young man?" said I, "near Plato, who lisps, and whose little eyes are full of fire?" "That," replied Apollodorus, "is *Aristotle*; I know no person of so powerful an understanding. Plato distinguishes him from his other disciples, and finds nothing to censure in him but too much attention to dress. He whom you see near Aristotle," continued Apollodorus, "is *Xenocrates*—a heavy genius, and destitute of every thing pleasing in his manner. Plato frequently exhorts him to sacrifice to the Graces. Of him and Aristotle he says, that the one has need of the rein, and the other of the spur."

What would you say if, wherever you turned, whatever you were doing, whatever thinking, whether in public or private, with a confidential friend, telling your secrets, or alone—If, I say, you saw an eye constantly fixed on you, from whose watching, though you strove ever so much, you could never escape, and even if you closed your own eyes to avoid, you still fancied that to get rid of was impossible—that it could perceive every thought. The supposition is awful enough.

There is such an eye! though the business and struggles of the world too often prevent us from considering this awful truth. In crowds we are too much interrupted; in the pursuit of self-interest, we are too much perverted. In Camps we are struggling for life and death. In Courts we see none but the eye of a

human sovereign, nevertheless a *Divine* eye is always upon us ; and when we least think of it, is noting all, and, whatever we may think of it, will remember all.

Habit, association, assimilation of tastes, communion of thought, kindness without pretension, solicitude without effort, a tacit agreement, and a silent sympathy—these are the excitements and stimulants to love, of the only sort of love that is worth thinking of.

Love is a flattering mischief that hath denied even aged and wise men a foresight of those evils that too often prove to be children of that blind father ; a passion that carries us to commit errors with as much ease as whirlwinds remove feathers.

Love never fails to master what he finds ;
The fool enlightens, and the wise he blinds.

God lays small accidents, as foundations for greater designs.

Leigh Hunt relates that while in prison he never dreamed of prison but twice while he was there, and his dream was the same on both occasions. He fancied he was at a theatre, and that the whole audience looked at him in surprise, as much as to say, "How could he get out of prison !"

In speaking of his conceited jailer, he says—"The word *jail*, in deference to the way in which it is some-

times spelt, this accomplished individual pronounced *gole*; and Mr. Brougham he always spoke of as Mr. *Bruffam*. He one day apologised for this mode of pronunciation, or rather gave a specimen of his vanity and self-will, which will show the reader the high notions a jailer may entertain of himself. 'I find,' (said he) 'that they calls him *Broom*; but, Mister,' (assuming a look from which there was to be no appeal) '*I* calls him *Bruffam*.' "

Swift, in reference to the higher order of minds and their unfitness to ordinary uses, says:—

"Take a finely-polished razor, and you will waste your labour in getting through a ream of paper which you need to cut; a coarse bone knife will answer your purpose better. The fine-minded man is the razor."

It is a custom of the East, that he who touches a stranger the first, has the right to claim him as his guest. "Remember," say the Arabians, "that we were the first to *touch* you."

How singular is the destiny of the traveller. Whithersoever he goes he leaves behind him some part of his affections, his remembrances, and his regrets! he never quits a shore without the desire and hope of returning to it, and meeting again with those who but a few days before were utter strangers to him. To travel is to multiply by our arrival and departure—by

our pleasures and our farewells, those impressions which the events of a sedentary life afford but at very rare intervals; it is to experience a hundred times in a year a little of that which is experienced in common life; to know, to love, and to lose those beings whom providence has thrown in our track. To part—it is a kind of second death, when we leave those distant countries whither destiny conducts not the steps of the traveller twice. To travel—is to condense a long life in a few years; it is one of the strongest exercises which man can give to his heart, as well as to his mind.

Lord Bacon says, that “we bear better to hear our friends abused, than our enemies well spoken of.”

A gentleman inquired of a new apprentice in a bookseller’s shop for “Goldsmith’s Greece.” “Sir,” replied the lad, “we do not keep it here, but you’ll get it at the oilman’s four doors off.”

The Singing and Playing of Ladies, should be good enough to be pleasing, and bad enough to prove that they have passed some portion of their lives in doing something better.

Gallantry, compared to love, is as politeness to social virtues; the imitation and supplement.

No person was ever yet acquainted with a fool that had not frequent reason for regret.

Richardson's fanciful *Rake* (Lovelace), in describing the effects of suspense and anxiety during the absence of Clarissa, says—"Every cushion or chair I shall sit down upon, the bed I shall lie down upon, (if I go to bed) till she return, will be stuffed with bolt-upright awls, bodkins, corking-pins, and packing needles. Already I can fancy that to pink my body like my mind, I need only to be put into a hogshead stuck full of steel-pointed spikes, and rolled down a hill three times as high as the Monument!"

Some people have an undefined insolence of manner which says—"Offend me if you dare!" Avoid such, as you value your quiet.

"Why," asks Rochefoucauld, "does not jealousy, which is born of love, always die with it?" He would have found an answer to this question had he reflected that self-love never dies. Jealousy is the greatest of misfortunes, and excites the least pity.

"John, what do you think of our minister?" asked one of a certain congregation in Arbroath in Scotland. "Some folk like him gay an' weel," evasively replied John. "But what is your ain opinion, John?" "Weel, if ye maun hae my opinion," said John, "I think that the lad deals in the sma' grocery line, and has a' the goods in the shop window."

In England, every man's cottage is held to be his castle, which he is authorised to defend even against the assaults of the King. "My client," said an Irish advocate, pleading in Ireland before the witty Lord Norbury in an action of trespass, "is a poor man; he lives in a hovel, and this miserable dwelling is in a forlorn and dilapidated state; but still, thank God, the labourer's cottage, however ruinous its plight, is his sanctuary and his castle. Yes, the winds may enter it, and the rains may enter it, but the King cannot enter it." "What! not the *Reigning* King?" asked the joke-loving judge.

Many ladies can make *nets*, but not *cages*.

Critics are like brokers, who, having no stock of their own, are glad to turn a penny by the wares of others.

A man of wit, who had lived long enough to become satiated with what are called the *pleasures* of the world, had gradually devoted a large portion of his time in friendly communion with a widow of his own age and tastes. A friend remarking upon this change in his habits, expressed surprize, that having met with a woman so suited to him in all respects, and whose society he apparently preferred to every other, he did not think of marrying her. "My dear friend," was

the reply, "I have *often* thought of it ; but if I made her my wife, where should I spend my evenings ?"

In the art of Instruction the secret lies in sympathy with the pupil, a thorough mastery of the subject, delight in the art, and extreme patience.

Some one asked *Fontaine*, the celebrated geometrician, what he did in society, where he remained perfectly silent. "I study," replied he, "the vanity of men in order to mortify it occasionally."

A posing question to boasted wisdom ;—

"Here is a fish that has always lived in salt water, pray tell me why he should come out a fresh fish, and not a salt one ?"

Inn-furniture has been well described as, the precise allotted portion which a traveller could not do without.

Horatio Smith, one day speaking of Crabbe, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and other poets, being condemned to an involuntary silence from what Hayley called in his days, "the rhyme-freezing face of publishers," while Moore, whose very soul was poetry, was driven to the uncongenial toil of Biography, asked Theodore Hook how it came that all our best poets were obliged to write prose ? "Because poetry is *prose-scribed*," was his reply.

The *Czar Peter*, who came to England in Evelyn's time, and occupied his house, took delight (by way of procuring himself a strong Russian sensation) in being drawn through an enormous hedge of holly in a wheelbarrow! He left it in a sad condition, to the disgust and lamentation of its owner.

Northcote, the artist, whose intellectual powers were equal to his professional talent, and who thought it much easier for a man to be his superior than his equal, being asked by Sir William Knighton what he thought of the Prince Regent, replied, "I am not acquainted with him." "Why, his Royal Highness says he knows *you*!" "Does he?—ah, that's only his *brag*."

In certain relations of interest and matter-of-fact, nothing but the "says he" and "says I," will satisfy one.

It shows a littleness of mind and a consciousness of inward defect, to be at pains to gain consideration by undue expense and show.

The Rev. Charles Simeon was addressed thus by a zealous but injudicious friend: "Oh sir! you don't know what wicked things they are saying of you!"—"Nor do I, (replied he quietly, with a smile,)—Nor do I wish to know." "But they are so *false*, Sir!" "And

would you wish them to be *true*?" asked this amiable man.

A Jester at the Court of Francis the First complained to the king that a great Lord threatened to murder him for having made some jokes against him. "If he does," said Francis, "he shall be hanged in five minutes after." "I wish," replied the complainant, "your majesty would hang him five minutes before."

Foote, who was always witty, but sometimes very coarse, once in a green-room wrangle with a Mrs. —, who had rather a sharp tongue, concluded his remarks by saying—"Madam, I have heard of *tartar* and *brimstone*, and know the effects of both,—you are the *cream* of one, and the *flower* of the other."

Our very torments may in length of time become our elements.

Collins was never a lover, and never married. His Odes, with all their exquisite fancy and splendid imagery, have not much interest in their subjects, and no pathos derived from feeling or passion. He was reported to have been once in danger of being in love, but the lady he seemed too think too near to him in age, being a day older than himself; and he used to say, as the reason for not wishing to marry her, that "he came into the world *a day after the fair*."

A *fine lady* can submit to more hardships than her woman ; and every gentleman who travels, smiles at the privations which agonize his valet.

The Kembles were of a born-nature, royal. Mathews, in allusion to their native grandeur, personal beauty, and dignity of deportment, used to designate them *The Royal family of the Drama !* and his allegiance to them, as such, was indisputable.

Mrs. Siddons, at all times and under every circumstance, without effort or assumption, (for she was too simple-minded and inartificial to assume anything out of her profession,) looked and moved a Queen ! In poetry she was a goddess ; but in the prose of every-day life, she was a mere mortal.

In her first youth, and earliest repute, our Melpomene had been performing a few nights in Durham, where the people were enrapt equally with her talents and beauty ; and it might be said the attraction was equally great, off as on the stage. A private glance at her fine features was sedulously coveted by every public beholder ; and, indeed, the then youthful and classic beauty found herself much inconvenienced and annoyed by the attention her every movement abroad drew upon her. To do otherwise than *drive* about the city, was embarrassing ; for whenever she appeared *walking*, a crowd would intercept her steps, and impede her progress.

A young gentleman of most poetical ardour, who was at all times apt to convert a handsome woman into an angel, had unsuccessfully endeavoured to obtain an introduction to the present goddess of his idolatry ; but none whom she visited were sufficiently known to him to aid him in his object ; he was madly in love with the woman, as well as the actress. At length an expedient suggested itself. He was told that Mrs. Siddons—then the mother of a young family—sometimes made purchases for her children at a certain mercer's in the town : by dint of great perseverance and persuasion, he induced the master of the shop to apprise him when next Mrs. Siddons appeared in it, and allow him the privilege of standing behind the counter in quality of shopman. This device succeeded to his wish, and he soon took his station in place of the person who was in attendance, showing first one specimen of muslin, and then another, with great assiduity, in secret rapture at his proximity to the object of his devotion, while she unconsciously examined the several materials so zealously exhibited for her choice. At length, after earnestly inspecting them, one of the articles in debate seemed to arrest her choice ; and, looking earnestly in the face of the admiring assistant, in her most measured, tragic tones, said :—" Think you, sir, it will *wash* ?"

Oh horror !

His goddess had dropped from her pedestal !
fallen from the high-top-gallant of his imagination, and

tumbled into a *washing-tub* ! In supreme disgust he threw aside the muslin, and leaping over the counter, to Mrs. Siddons' alarm, who naturally believed him a lunatic—the assumed shopman ran out of the shop and disappeared.

It was said to a public singer, who sung an energetic song of Handel's too tamely—"Zounds, Sir ! you spell *God* with a little *g*."

A woman sometimes takes a husband or a lover as she would a damaged velvet, because if it was *not* damaged it would not come within the reach of her purse, and then she would be velvetless.

Show me the man possessed of power and skill
To stem the torrent of a woman's will ;
For *if* she *will*, she will, you may depend on't ;
And *if* she *won't*, she won't ; and there's an end on't.

In contemplating a lady's Crinoline, one is reminded of what an African woman said to a European lady, after surveying the sweep of her skirt, and the extent of her "Bustle." "Oh, tell me, white woman, if this is all *you*?"

An Eastern sage said, "The rose was made from what was left of woman at the Creation."

Fair woman was made to *bewitch* ;
A pleasure, a pain, a disturber, a nurse ;
A slave or a tyrant, a blessing, a curse ;
Fair woman was made to be—*Which ?*

“*Shakespeare !* who was he ?” asked an *ignoramus*.
“Oh, a fellow who would never have been heard of, except for his writings,” was the reply.

“Mr. Pitt,” said the Duchess of Gordon, “I wish you to dine with me at *ten* this evening.” “I must decline the honour,” said the Premier ; “for I am engaged to sup with the Bishop of Lincoln at *nine*.”

The noble mansion of Duntarkin was converted to a public house.

“The house,” said Walter Scott, “was old and dilapidated, and looked sorry for itself, as if sensible of a derogation.”

A tasteful lady’s boudoir and study are thus described.

It was a place where the idle were tempted to become studious, the studious to grow idle ; where the grave might find matter to make them gay, and the gay subjects for gravity.

There is an art in *receiving* graciously as well as in *giving* generously ; and many who are adepts in the second, are mere tyros in the first of these duties.

The hand of Providence writes often by abbreviations, hieroglyphics, or short characters, which, like the laconism on the wall, are not to be made out but by a hint or key from the spirit which indited them.

All the pleasure of *tormenting* is lost as soon as your subject is become insensible to your strokes.

Lord Somebody tried to persuade Swift to dine with him, saying, "I will send you my bill of fare." "Send me," said Swift, "your bill of *company*, my Lord."

"It is certain that, with all its bustle, unless with well-regulated minds, the temple of *ennui* is London."

A Poor Relation is the most irrelevant thing in nature—a piece of impertinent correspondence—an odious approximation—a haunting conscience—a preposterous shadow, lengthening in the noontide of your prosperity—an unwelcome remembrance—a perpetually recurring mortification—a drain on your purse—a more intolerable dun upon your pride—a drawback upon success—a rebuke to your rising—a stain in your blood—a blot on your escutcheon—a rent in your garment—a death's head at your banquet—Agathocles' pot—a Mordecai in your gate—a Lazarus at your door—a lion in your path—a frog in your chamber—a fly in your ointment—a mote in your eye—a triumph to your enemy—an apology to your friends—the one thing not needful—

the hail in harvest—the ounce of sour in the pound of sweet—the bore *par excellence*.

He is known by his knock—your heart tells you “that is Mr. —,”—a rap between familiarity and respect, that demands, and at the same time seems to despair of entertainment. He entereth smiling and embarrassed—he holdeth out his hand to you to shake, and—draweth it back again. He casually looketh in about dinner-time, when the table is full. He offereth to go away, seeing you have company—but is induced to stay. He filleth a chair, and your visitor’s two children are accommodated at a side-table. He never cometh upon open days, when your wife says with some complacency, “My dear, perhaps Mr. — will drop in to-day.” He remembereth birth-days, and professeth he is fortunate to have stumbled upon one. He declareth against fish, the turbot being small—yet suffereth himself to be importuned into a slice against his first resolution. He sticketh by the port—yet will be prevailed upon to empty the remainder glass of claret, if a stranger press it upon him. He is a puzzle to the servants, who are fearful of being too obsequious, or not civil enough to him. The guests think “they have seen him before.” Every one speculateth upon his condition; and the most part take him to be—a tide-waiter. He calleth you by your Christian name, to imply that his other is—the same with your own. He is too familiar by half; yet you wish he had less

diffidence ; with half the familiarity, he might pass for a casual dependent : with more boldness, he would be in no danger of being taken for what he is. He is too humble for a friend, yet taketh on him more state than befits a client. He is asked to make one at a whist-table ; refuseth on the score of poverty, and—resents being left out. When the company break up, he professeth to go for a coach—and lets the servant go. He recollects your grandfather, and will thrust in some mean and quite unimportant anecdote of the family. He knew it when it was not quite so flourishing as “he is blest in seeing it now.” He reviveth past situations to institute what he calleth favourable comparisons. With a reflecting sort of congratulation, he will inquire the price of your furniture ; and insults you with a special commendation of your window curtains. He is of opinion that the urn is the more elegant shape, but, after all, there was something more comfortable about the old tea-kettle, “which you must remember.” He dare say you must find a great convenience in having a carriage of your own—and appealeth to your lady if it be not so. Inquireth if you have had your arms done on vellum yet ; and did not know till lately, that such and such had been the crest of the family. His memory is unseasonable, his compliments perverse, his talk a trouble, his stay pertinacious ; and when he goeth away you dismiss his chair into a corner as precipitately as possible, and feel fairly rid of two nuisances.

•

There is a worse evil under the sun, and that is—a *Female Poor Relation*. You may do something with the other; you may sometimes pass him off tolerably well; but your indigent she-relative is hopeless. “He is an old humourist,” you may say, “and affects to go threadbare. His circumstances are better than folks would take them to be—you are fond of having a character at your table, and truly he is one.” But in the indications of female poverty there can be no disguise. No woman dresses below herself, from caprice. The truth must out without shuffling. “She is plainly related to the L——s, or what does she at their house?” She is, in all probability, your wife’s cousin. Nine times out of ten, at least, this is the case. Her garb is somewhat between a gentlewoman and a beggar, yet the former evidently predominates. She is most provokingly humble, ostentatiously sensible to her inferiority. He may require to be repressed sometimes—*aliquando sufflaminandus erat*—but there is no raising her. You send her soup at dinner—and she begs to be helped—after the gentlemen. Mr. —— requests the honour of taking wine with her; she hesitates between port and madeira, and chooses the former—because he does. She calls the servant *sir*; and insists upon not troubling him to hold her plate. The housekeeper patronizes her. The children’s governess takes upon her to correct her when she has mistaken the piano for a harpsichord.

"We," said a writer in the "Literary Gazette" of 1836, "had a cat in our house which ought to have belonged to Mr. Malthus. The first litter of kittens was drowned with the exception of one, which she brought up. Of the next litter also one was preserved, but the cat had no further desire to experience the transports of maternal love—for the first time she saw the servant standing by a pail of water, she brought the kitten in her mouth, and laid it beside—looking up, as much as to say, 'Put it in'—and from that time never would nurse it."

The following fact will serve as a *pendant* to the foregoing :—

Mamma confined with twins—her son, a small child, accustomed to be consulted by the servants in the choice of a kitten from a batch, asking to see the strangers, examined them earnestly as they lay together in their little crib, and after a moment's indecision of manner, looked up at his father, pointing his finger at one of them, said, "Papa, we'll keep *that*."

Men of the Old School have existed in every age, and every age has had a "Good old time" to regret.

Traveller. "Where does this road go to, friend?"

Countryman. "I don't know, sir. I finds it here when I comes' to work in the morning, and leaves it here at night; but where it goes in the meantime I don't know."

Bald heads are worth all the foretops in *Wigmore Street*. There is nothing like an honest defect.

A Yorkshire Clergyman, who preached for the Blind Asylum, began by gravely remarking, "If all the world were *blind*, what a melancholy sight it would be!"

He that's ungrateful has no guilt but one ;
All other crimes may pass for virtues in him.

In the reign of Charles the First, a loyal mayor sent a man to prison for saying that the young Prince was born without a shirt.

George the Third, speaking to the Archbishop of Canterbury, Charles Manners Sutton, of his (the Bishop's) *large family*, said—"I believe your Grace has better than a dozen." "No, Sir," said the Archbishop, "only *eleven*." "Well," replied the King, "is not that *better* than a dozen?"

When Crebillon was told that his tragedies turned too much upon fierce and fiendish passions, he replied with levity—"What was I to do? Corneille had taken the heavens, and Racine the earth. I had nothing left me but the infernal regions."

In one of Charles Lamb's playful Letters, he says—"Wordsworth says he could write as well as Shakspeare, *if he had a mind*. So you see it wants nothing but *mind*."

"Everybody has a right," observed Boswell to Johnson, "to say what he likes." "Yes, sir," replied the Doctor; "and everybody has a right to knock him down for it."

During one of Mathews' visits to *Auld Reekie*, he was applied to by a Dissenting Minister, a pulpit acquaintance of his late father, for the boon of a Bible, for the desk of his Meeting-house at Leith, his little flock being, as he alleged, too poor to afford the purchase of one. This fact is told in Mr. Mathews' Memoirs; the following episode in the story is here given, on the accredited testimony of the minister's own nephew.

It appeared that, after the above application, Mathews called upon the worthy applicant (who was at the time in Edinburgh), and had some chat with him, when the minister naturally commented upon the opposite line of life pursued by the son to that of his father, with some expression of regret.

Mr. Weston was evidently one of those really religious and charitable men who are backward to ascribe to any particular *class* the errors, the follies, failings, and vices

of ill-regulated human nature in common—and spoke with moderation upon the subject then referred to. He, of course, was sorry Mathews had not followed “the track of his excellent father ;” but he had no sweeping censure against a profession he had no experience about.

In the course of the good man’s talk, he candidly confessed he had a strong desire to witness the reported talents of his old friend’s son ; but he said he had never been within a theatre, and could not consistently indulge himself in such a manner ; but he had heard marvellous accounts of Mr. Mathews’s general powers, and his remarkable facility in disguise and concealment of his identity ; indeed, from all he heard and read, they seemed, to his bounded perceptions on such points, *incredible*. To these remarks he added that he could scarcely resist his desire to witness one of the performances then going on ; but his little flock was composed of simple, uninformed people, who would think it wrong in their pastor to partake of anything approaching the *amusements* of this world, &c.

After some further conversation, the interview ended in Mathews acceding to the pious man’s request ; and a few days after, a handsome pulpit Bible, substantially bound, was forwarded by the comedian, and shortly after presented by the minister to the humble recipients in due form as *the gift of Charles Mathews*,

Comedian, and acknowledged by the congregation *en masse* with thankfulness.

A few days after, Mr. Weston paid another visit to Edinburgh, and was appointed by Mathews to call upon him at a certain hour, that he might further learn the effects of his gift. The door was opened by the mistress of the house in which Mathews lodged, an old woman, who, when she heard the stranger's name, exclaimed in broad Scotch, "Eh, sir! my lodger ha' tould me aw about ye, Meenister. Walk this way, sir, ye ha' been here before, I know—and I am proud to wait on ye." As she ushered him upstairs, she made several enquiries respecting the locality of the meeting-house, (for she had some friends at Leith, whom she sometimes visited,) and his hours of "gi'ing the Word," &c. &c. ; and after some approach to a "religious intimacy," the prating old woman took a respectful leave of the *Meenister*, and closed the door, previously, however, informing him that it was properly the business of her lodger's man-servant to answer the door to his master's visitors ; but that he was "a de—il-may-care, *noly voly* sort o'body," and never where he ought to be ; but would, as soon as he came in, inform him how long it would be before his master returned.

In a few minutes, indeed almost immediately after his departure, in stumbled, in a state of semi-intoxication, a stupid-looking *valet*, who informed the reverend gentleman that his master had been obliged to leave



home for a short period, by an unexpected summons to the theatre, but had left word that if Mr. Weston would wait, he would not be more than ten minutes absent.

The man then seemed to consider himself at liberty to occupy his absent master's place until he appeared ; and encouraged by the mild and unobtrusive manner of the visitor, took the freedom of seating himself and entering into familiar conversation with him—in fact, so disgusted the venerable man, that he was at length on the point of going away to avoid the fellow's impertinence, when a loud knock at the street-door announced the return of the man's master, and he hastily quitted the room to admit him. Immediately the voice of Mathews was heard, as he ascended the stairs, reproving the servant for his present unbecoming state, and general love of drinking ; from which charge, as a matter of course, the drunkard stoutly defended himself. Then was heard the voice of the old woman giving additional evidence of the man's offensive and disgraceful habits, and declaring that if she had not *respect* his gude master, as she did, she would not allow such a wicked body to remain another hour in her house. At length, Mathews entered the room, apologizing as he did so for having kept the minister waiting, telling him, with evident chagrin, that he had been induced to go out by a blunder of his stupid, tippling servant, in the mis-delivery of a message from the theatre.

Mr. Weston gravely confessed his surprise that Mr. Mathews should, on the score of morality, retain such a sot in his service, and repeated to him his impertinent familiarity and otherwise strange behaviour to himself previously to Mr. M——'s return. "I am extremely sorry ; but I can entirely understand all you tell me," replied Mathews ; "but the fact is, the fellow is an old adherent of mine, who has only of late taken to the vice of drinking ; I have kept him during the last twelvemonth under the repeated promise of reformation—and after all, I fear I must get rid of him."

Further remarks followed, relating to the Bible, for which oral thanks were now super-added to the more formal ones in writing ; Mathews apologised for his servant's blunder, which, he said, had wasted the time set apart for Mr. Weston's visit, and left but a brief period for a hurried dinner before his evening's duties. He, however, requested another visit from his venerable friend, before he left Edinburgh. Wherefore, at another appointed time, Mr. Weston called again, when another series of interruptions, from fresh people, caused similar embarrassment ;—in short, as the reader no doubt guesses, the Comedian, in good-natured consideration of his father's old friend's regret at not being allowed to witness his "Protean powers" in public, had given the worthy man a taste of his quality, to his especial *wonderment* ;

for he ever after pondered it in his heart, and in later years was wont, in his most social moods, to relate with great *gusto* the extraordinary evidences of the actor's genius, which could in open day deceive both eye and ear of his fellow-creatures.

The following account, given by Sydney Smith in a letter, adds a further specimen of Mathews' impromptu powers of assumption. Mr. Smith writes:—

“I went to visit Sheridan in the country, with a large party. He had taken a villa. No expense was spared—a magnificent dinner, excellent wines, but not a candle to be had to go bed by in the house. In the morning, no butter appeared, or was to be procured for breakfast. He said it was not a butter country, he believed. But with Sheridan for host, and the charm of his wit and conversation, who cared for candles, butter, or anything else?

“In the evening, there was a quarrel amongst the musicians, who absolutely refused to play with a blind fiddler, who had unexpectedly arrived and insisted upon performing with them. He turned out at last to be *Mathews*! His acting was quite inimitable.”

Lord Erskine declared, in the presence of Lady Erskine and Sheridan, that “a wife was only a *tin cannister* tied to one's tail;” upon which Sheridan immediately wrote these lines, which he presented to the lady,—

Lord Erskine, on woman presuming to rail,
Calls a wife "a *tin cannister* tied to one's tail;"
And fair Lady Anne, while the subject he carries on,
Seems hurt at his Lordship's degrading comparison.
But wherefore degrading?—Considered aright,
A cannister's *polished*, and *useful*, and *bright* ;
And should dirt its original purity hide,
That's the fault of the *Puppy* to whom it is tied.

Maître Jean Picard waggishly tells us that when he was returning from the funeral of his wife, doing his best to look disconsolate, such of the neighbours as had grown-up daughters and cousins, came to him and kindly implored him not to be inconsolable, as they could give him a second wife. "Six weeks after," says Maître Jean, "I lost my cow; and though I really grieved upon this occasion, not one of them offered to give me another!"

Laughter is a faculty bestowed exclusively upon man; it is therefore a sort of impiety in not exercising it as frequently as we can. We may say with Titus, that we have lost a day, if we have spent it without laughing. The Pilgrims at Mecca consider it so essential a part of their devotion, that they call upon their prophet to preserve them from sad faces. "Ah!" cried Rabelais, with an honest pride, as his friends were weeping around his death-bed, "if I were to die ten times over,

I should never make you cry half as much as I have made you laugh." If laughter be genuine, and consequently a means of innocent enjoyment, can it be inept?

Oldys, the historian, having been for several years in the Fleet Prison, had contracted such habits and connections there, that, when he was at length enlarged, he made it a frequent practice to spend his evenings there, and lodge with some friend till morning. Rapping at the door one night, rather late, the keeper of the prison reprimanded him for giving him such frequent trouble, adding that "though he had a great regard for him, yet, if he kept such hours in future, he must be under the necessity of *locking him out*."

"Be content," writes Horace Walpole, to a friend—"with one of Madame de Sévigné's best *bon mots* which I found among her new letters.

"Do you remember her German friend, the Princess of Tarente, who was always in mourning for some sovereign prince or princess? One day Madame de Sévigné happening to meet her in colours, made her a low curtsey, and said, '*Madame, je me rejouis de la santé de l'Europe !*'"

It is our nature, when we do not know what may happen to us, to fear the worst that can happen, and

hence it is, that uncertainty is so terrible, that we often seek to be rid of it at the hazard of certain mischief.

Every man is a hero, the circumstances being given. All that is necessary is, that the outward impression should be so strong as to make a man forget *himself*. A woman rushes into the flames to save her child, not from duty or reason, but because the distracting terror for another banishes all recollection of, and fear for herself.

Custom is a reason for irrational things, and an excuse for inexcusable ones. While we exercise our own judgment in all matters of importance, we should do well in trifles to conform without enquiry to existing modes. "A froward retention of Custom," says Lord Bacon, "is as turbulent a thing as an innovation." Most shrewd and discreet was the advice of the old lady we have heard of, who, on her first settlement at Constantinople, advised her children to conform strictly to the manners and customs of the inhabitants, adding, "When people are in Turkey, they should live as Turkey lives!"

A hackneyed woman of the world is a bold, staring, sunflower sort of woman, with a smile without graciousness, a laugh without mirth, a cold, glassy stare of superciliousness, unless an object is to be gained, and then an *empressment* perfectly ridiculous, and an exag-

generation utterly disgusting. The most violent professions of friendship or the most scurrilous abuse and detraction. Marvellous affectation about trifles, in the hope of setting them up before the convictions of reality. A manner haughty without dignity, conceited without pride, loud and dictatorial without knowledge, and a multitude of minor disagreeable qualities, too many to enumerate.

The Marquis of Anglesea, after he had lost his leg, was said to observe, that, for people to think *two* legs necessary, was a mere prejudice.

Another gallant officer, Latour Moubourg, when he lost *his* leg at the battle of Leipsic, after he had suffered amputation with the greatest courage, he saw his servant crying in a corner of the room : "None of your hypocritical tears, you idle dog," said his master, "you know you're very glad, for now you will have only one boot to clean instead of two."

The Turks take up the minutest particle of bread they discover on the ground, conceiving it an heinous crime to trample so useful an article of food under their feet. They do not suffer the smallest scrap of paper to lay upon the earth ; if they observe a fragment, they devoutly take it up, and preserve it. The reason they adduce for this peculiarity is, the existence of a chance, that on the paper, letters may

possibly be inscribed that would compose the *name* of the Deity.

If you would be loved as a companion, avoid unnecessary criticism upon those with whom you live. The number of people who have taken out judges' patents for themselves is very large in any society. Now, it would be hard for a man to live with another who was always criticising his actions, even if it were kindly and just criticism. It would be like living between the glasses of a microscope; but these self-elected judges, like their prototypes, are very apt to have the persons they judge, brought before them in the guise of culprits.

One of the most provoking forms of the criticism above alluded to, is that which may be called criticism over the shoulder. "Had I been consulted,"—"Had you listened to me,"—"But you always will," and such short scraps of sentences, may remind many of us of dissertations which we have suffered and inflicted.

Another rule is, not to let familiarity swallow up all courtesy. Many of us have a habit of saying to those with whom we live, such things as we say about strangers behind their backs. There is no place, however, where real politeness is of more value than where we mostly think it would be superfluous. You may say more truth, or rather speak out more plainly to your

associates, but not less courteously, than you do to strangers.

When the Duke de Choiseul, a remarkably meagre man, came to London to negotiate a peace, Mr. Charles Townsend being asked whether the French government had sent the preliminaries of a treaty, answered—"I don't know, but they have sent the *outline* of an ambassador."

Hood observed, that phrenologists have never satisfactorily accounted for this fact; that when a man is puzzled, he scratches his head.

Mr. Pitt was accustomed to relate very pleasantly an amusing anecdote of a total breach of memory in some Mrs. Lloyd, a lady, or nominal housekeeper of Kensington Palace. "Being in company," he said, "with Mr. Sheridan without recollecting him, while *Pizarro* was the topic of discussion, she said to him, 'and so this fine *Pizarro* is printed?' 'Yes, so I hear,' said *Sherry*. 'And did you ever in your life read such stuff?' cried she. 'Why, I believe it's bad enough,' quoth Sheridan; 'but at least, madam, you must allow it's very loyal?' 'Loyal!' cried she, shaking her head; 'Ah, you don't know the author as well as I do.'"

The facetious and good-humoured John Taylor, oculist and versifier, was one day asked whether he was a descendant of Taylor the water-poet? He shook

his head, and said, "No, I am Taylor, the *milk-and-water* poet."

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, writing in praise of the *Water-Cure*, says :

"A *wet sheet* is the true *Life-Preserver*."

(Has he ever tried a *damp* sheet ?)

All servants, it may be remarked, have a wonderful pleasure in revealing useful information, when it is too late, though they take care to conceal everything they see amiss while their information can be of any service to their masters.

The old Duke of Richmond, when Lord Lieutenant of Dublin, was very apt in his *exhilarations* to make mistakes. He had, by some stress of circumstance, taken up his night's abode in a little alehouse, when *after supper* he was fain to show his approbation of a civil landlord, and actually bestowed upon the poor man the order of Knighthood. The next morning, learning from one of his friends that he had committed himself, the Duke sent for the landlord, explained to him that what had taken place the night before was, in fact, little more than a frolic, and expressed a hope that it might be forgotten, and that the claim to the title conferred would be relinquished. The man, with great humility professed his perfect acquiescence in the Duke's wishes, as far as his own feelings were concerned, but at the

same time declined giving a positive reply until he had consulted her ladyship upon the matter.

A lively French Marquis, who had loved his mistress to distraction, but, somehow or another, had cooled off, when asked by a friend, how his suit with Madame F—— went on ? replied, “ *Oh, mon ami, nous sommes dans toutes les horreurs de l'amitié !*”

Palissot said to Madame Coroneez, “ Since I have read *Racine*, I have given up the idea of writing tragedies, I shall now write a comedy.” “ Then you have not read *Molière*,” replied the Lady.

To be unkind to the brute creation shows yourself to be a brute.

Cruelty to the brute creation is highly criminal. Doctor Young truly and nobly observes :—

“ There is not a fly but Infinite Wisdom is concerned both in its structure and its destination.

“ How dare we then be destroyers of their ease, which we ought to promote, or wantonly, as needlessly, deprive them of that life which we cannot restore.”

The merciless ought to recollect that the brute animals have all the sensations of pain as human beings, and consequently endure as much when the body is hurt. But in their case cruelty of torment is greater, because they have no mind to bear them up against

their suffering ; no hope to look forward to when enduring the last extreme of pain : their happiness consisting entirely in present enjoyment."

Every person who has enjoyed the pleasure of an intimate and friendly association with animals, is aware that they may be as much raised in the scale of existence by an education conducted with gentleness, as a human being may be depressed in that scale by an opposite treatment.

Leigh Hunt's "Prison Garden," and his mild philosophy.

"I made a point," said he, "of dressing myself daily, as if for a long walk, and then putting on my gloves, and taking my book under my arm, stepped forth, requesting my wife not to wait dinner, if I was too late.

"When I sat amidst my books, and saw the imaginary sky (*a painted one*) over my head, and my paper-roses (*on the walls*) about me, I drank in the quiet at my ears, as if they were thirsty." He adds, "To evils I have owed some of my greatest blessings."

Bores are people who talk of themselves, when you are thinking only of yourself.

George the Second being informed that an impudent printer was to be punished for having published a spurious King's speech, replied, that he hoped the punishment would be of the mildest sort, because he

had read both, and, as far as he understood either of them, he liked the spurious speech better than his own.

“*Or so.*” The phrase is a cheat, an impostor, a specious and insidious rogue. In all matters involving an inconvenience, it is an aggravation of the original evil at least threefold. Thus, your “three miles *or so*,” further, to the place of your destination after a wearisome walk in a strange country, may usually be computed at nine; “A guinea *or so*,” is an uncertain charge, as *three, &c., &c.*

A lady, whose fondness for *generous living* had given her a flushed face and carbuncled nose, consulted Doctor Cheyne. Upon surveying herself in the glass, she exclaimed, “Where in the name of wonder, doctor, did I get such a nose as this?” “Out of the decanter, Madam, out of the decanter,” replied the doctor.

It has been remarked, that with some people *purse-strings* are synonymous with *heart-strings*, and to pull the former is to strain the latter.

Present my humble respects (wrote *Swift*, in one of his letters to *Gay*) to the Duchess of Queensbury, and let her know that I never dine without thinking of her, although it be with some difficulty that I can obey her when I dine with forks that have

but two prongs, and when the sauce is not very consistent. . . . I desire you will tell her Grace that the ill management of forks is not to be helped when they are only bidental, which happens in all poor houses, especially those of poets, on which account a knife was absolutely necessary at Mr. Pope's, where it was morally impossible with a bidental fork to convey a morsel of beef, with the incumbrance of mustard and turnips, into your mouth at once, and her Grace has cost me thirty pounds to provide tridents, for fear of offending her, which sum I desire she will return to me.

When Lycurgus was asked why he, who in other respects appeared so zealous for the equal rights of man, did not make his government democratical rather than oligarchical. "Go you," said the Legislator, "and try a democracy in your own house."

Revolutionists talk of *Equality*. It is absurd. Would these gentlemen turn *Water-Carriers*?

Lord Halifax, who was called "the Trimmer," says that "*outdoing* is so near *reproaching* that it will generally be thought very ill company. Anything that *shineth* doth in some measure tarnish every thing that standeth next to it."

The mind that never doubts shall learn nothing—the mind that ever doubts shall never profit by learning.

Our doubts only stir us up to seek truth; our reso-

lution settles us in the truth we have found. There were no pleasure in resolution if we had not been formerly troubled with doubts; there were nothing but discontent and disquietness in doubts if it were not for the hope of resolution. It is not good to let doubts dwell too long upon the heart; there may be good use of them as passengers, but danger as inmates.

I am bound (said Sir Thomas Fowel Buxton) to acknowledge that I have always found that my prayers have been *heard* and *answered*. Not that I have in every instance (though in almost every instance, I have) received what I asked for, nor do I expect or wish it. I always qualify my petitions by adding, "Provided what I ask is for my real good, and according to the will of my *Lord*." But with this qualification I feel at liberty to submit my wants and wishes to God in small things as well as in great; and I am inclined to imagine there are no *little things* with Him. We see that his attention is as much bestowed upon what we call *trifles* as upon those things which we consider matters of mighty importance. His hand is as manifest in the feathers of a butterfly's wing, in the eye of an insect, in the curious aqueducts by which a leaf is nourished, as in the creation of the world, and the laws by which the planets move.

Aristippus said, I neither blamed nor commended

the defects of the younger Dionysius ; nor was it proper for me to do so ; I only knew that it was easier to endure than correct them.

To ask me "how I do?" you won't !
Then let me ask you how you *don't* ?
Why, sure that you're an arrant cheat,
And having once been *done* by you,
'Twere really useless when we meet,
For me to ask you *how* you *do* !

A lady who long mourned a dear relative with all the first severity of grief, was visited by a more religious friend, who, observing all the room hung with black, and every external appearance of continued mourning, the friend wisely rebuked the mourner, by remarking, "So ! I see you have not yet forgiven God Almighty !"

"The Italians are admirable drivers, and go far beyond our Whip-club. We have seen eight horses in hand trot up the Corso, and have heard of twelve, arranged in three rows of four abreast. Their rule of the road is directly the reverse of ours."

Heaven's favours here are trials, not rewards ;
A call to duty, not discharge from care,
And should alarm us full as much as woes,
Lest, while we clasp, we kill them ; nay, invert
To worse than simple misery their charms.

In England, indifference treads closely on the steps of love ; in France, the most lasting and tender friendship is made up of the fragments of an old passion.

Grumblers who are perpetually publishing the maltreatment they have experienced, excite but little sympathy ; for, without going the length of Rochefoucauld's maxim, it may be safely maintained that there is nothing which people in general bear with more equanimity than the misfortunes of their neighbours. It is natural that those who feel themselves aggrieved should give vent to complaint ; but it is equally so that their hearers should at length listen to the catalogue of their wrongs with weariness and indifference.

If you are treated ill, and *put on*,
'Tis natural to make a fuss.
To see it, and not care a button,
Is just as natural for us.

A sailor seeing some of our domestic slave-traders driving coloured men, women, and children on board ship for New Orleans market, shook his head and said — "Jem, if the devil don't catch them fellers, we might as well not have any devil."

A Tartar, seeing Prince Orloff dressed, observed to him that it was strange the trouble he took to shave

and dress in order to look *young*, while at the same time he powdered his head to look *old* !”

Serjeant K —— having made two or three mistakes while conducting a cause, petulantly exclaimed—“I seem to be inoculated with dulness to-day.” “Inoculated, brother ?” said Erskine, “I thought you had it in the natural way.”

Every time, says Lamartine, that my mind is affected by a strong impression, I feel a longing to tell, or to write to some one whatever I feel, to find somewhere a joy which shall be the response of my joy, an echo of that which has so forcibly struck me. An isolated feeling is not complete; it requires participation to render it so. Man has been created in a double sense—for himself and for others.

In a Shrewsbury address to James the First, his loyal subjects expressed a wish that he might reign over them *as long as sun, moon, and stars should endure*. “I suppose, then,” observed the monarch, “they mean my successor to reign by candlelight !”

An energetic character in a great profession, who eventually became a peer, and who was taunted by a struggling rival with his being the son of a tailor, replied, “Yes, sir; and if *your* father had been a tailor, you would have been a tailor, too.”

The *sine qua non* of solitude is not to hanker for any thing not within your reach. With this requisite a desert may be a paradise; without it, a palace is Tartarus.

A retired statesman said, "A place at court is like a place in Heaven, only to be got by being much upon one's knees." Think of bending the "crooked pageant of the knee"—of kneeling itself, by one human creature to another!—that other with all the same weaknesses, passions, and infirmities as ourselves! Marvellous, that man should show to fellow-man a reverence due only to his Maker!

An Irish child asked "What's 'liberty,' Jim dear?" "Why," replied Jim, "liberty, cuishlamachree, manes to do everything we like, ourselves, and hinder everyone else from doing it."

There is one moment in which ill-nature sincerely repents—the moment when it sees pity felt for its victims.

Lady ———, who was remarkable for her *mal-aproposisms*, one day, at a dinner-party, called out to her husband, who was seated at the other end of the table, "Sir Benjamin! Sir Benjamin! this is our wedding-day!" He did not hear. She called out again louder, "Sir Benjamin, my dear, this day, fifteen years ago,

you and I were married!" "Well, my dear," he answered pettishly, "how can I possibly help that *now*?"

"I have," wrote Horace Walpole to a correspondent in 1752, "been to London for two or three days to fetch an adventure, and am returned to my hill and my castle. I can't say I lost my labour, as you shall hear. Last Sunday night, being as wet a night as you shall see on a summer's day,—about half an hour after twelve, I was just come home from White's, and undressing to step into bed, I heard Harry, who, you know, lies forward, roar out 'Stop thief!' and run down stairs. I ran after him. Two men who were sentinels ran away, and Harry's voice after them. Down came I, and with a posse of chairmen and watchmen, and found the third fellow in the area of Mr. Frewin's house. Harry fetched a blunderbuss to invite the thief up. One of the chairmen, who was drunk, cried, 'Give me the blunderbuss—I'll shoot him!' But as the *general's* head was a little cooler, he prevented military execution, and took the prisoner without bloodshed, intending to make his triumphal entry into his metropolis of Twickenham with his captive tied to the wheels of his post-chaise. I find my style rises so much with the recollection of my victory, that I don't know how to descend to tell you that the enemy was a carpenter, and had a leather apron on. My next step was to share my glory with my friends. I despatched a courier to

White's for George Selwyn, who, you know, loves nothing upon earth so well as a criminal, except the execution of him. It happened, very luckily, that the drawer who received my message had very lately been robbed himself, and had the wound fresh in his memory. He stalked up into the club-room, stopped short, and with a hollow, trembling voice, said: "Mr. Selwyn! Mr. Walpole's compliments to you, and has got a housebreaker for you!"

Health is the opportunity of Wisdom, the fairest scene of religion, the advantages of the glorifications of God, the charitable ministries of men; it is a state of joy and thanksgiving, and in every one of its periods feels a pleasure from the blessed emanations of a merciful Providence. The world does not minister, does not feel a greater pleasure than to be newly delivered from the racks and torments of bodily pain, and no organs, no harp, no lute can sound out the praises of the Almighty Father so sprightly as a man that rises from his bed of sorrows, and considers what an excellent difference he feels from the groans and intolerable accents of yesterday. Health carries us to church, and makes us rejoice in the communion of saints, but an *intemperate table* makes us lose all this; for this is one of those sins which Saint Paul affirms to be manifest, leading before unto judgment. It bears part of its punishment in this life, and hath the append-

age, like the sin against the Holy Ghost, that it is not remitted in this world, nor in the world to come.

To the Providence of God we are to ascribe the regulation of all occurrences and events.

If, to secure an important event, the laws of nature are suspended, the interposition is termed *miraculous*. But interpositions most efficient, most gracious, and most beneficial there may be, without a deviation from established laws. As examples are often the most concise as well as most impressive illustrations, the following instance is adduced, as specified, with an appropriate comment, from one of Cowper's letters.

"When sailing on the ocean in a dark, tempestuous night, a *flash of lightning* discovered to Captain Cook a vessel which glanced along close by his side, of which, but for the lightning, he must have run foul. How improbable, it might have been thought, that two ships should dash against each other in the midst of the vast Pacific Ocean ; and that, steering contrary courses from parts of the world so immensely distant from each other, they should yet move so exactly in a line, as to clash, fill, and go to the bottom, in a sea where all the ships in the world might be so dispersed as that none should see another ! Yet this must have happened, but for the interference of a particular Providence !"

It is related that an English *bourgeois gentilhomme* boasted that "George the Second had done him the

honour of speaking to him ;” and when asked what he said, it was found to be, “ You rascal ! what are you doing in my garden ?”

A foreign medical writer has lately asserted (1837) that physic is the art of amusing a patient, while nature cures the disease.

The best *guesser* (wrote Arbuthnot to Garrick) is the best physician.

“ Sir,” said the great Doctor Bentley, to one of his pupils, who had a predilection for malt liquor ; “ if you drink ale, you will *think* ale.”

Mr. Cumberland being asked his opinion of Mr. Sheridan’s “ School for Scandal,” said, “ I am astonished that the town can be so stupid ;—I went to his comedy, and never laughed once from beginning to end !” This being repeated to Sheridan, “ That’s very ungrateful of him,” cried he ; “ for I went to see his tragedy the other night, and did nothing *but* laugh from beginning to end.”

There is a proverb which says of Genoa, that it has sea without fish, land without trees, men without faith, and women without modesty.

I never knew good come of a visit where the departure was not opposed by a request to stay.

A querulous lover said to his mistress, after a slight quarrel—"If we married, I do not think we could set our horses together."

Reply.—"Then we might have two stables, you know."

It has been said that "we should speak in German to our horses, in English to our birds, in Italian to our mistress, in French to our sovereign, and in Spanish to our God."

Pride is never more offensive than when it condescends to be civil.

"He bows as low to me," said a man, "as if I were his shoe-maker."

Mankind may be divided into the merry and serious, who both of them make a very good figure.

In matters of speculation, man proposes and money disposes.

Madame de Staël compared the English to the favourite beverage of the lower order—*Porter*.

The top, all froth; the middle, good; and the bottom, dregs.

"Why are you so melancholy?" said the Duke of Marlborough to a soldier, after the battle of Blenheim.

"I am thinking, (replied the man,) how much blood I have shed for sixpence!"

It was said of Cæsar and Pompey, that the one could not brook a superior, and the other was impatient of an equal.

Prosperous! What a fearful prosperity that must be which exists without the acknowledgment of a God in frequent prayer!—of a God who in the awful threatenings of His Word, has declared that He will pour out His fury upon the families that *call not upon His name!*

Many things are of value in the estimation of man, solely from the envy they excite in those who cannot possess them. Many a child takes up again a plaything of which he had long grown weary, because a little friend comes in, and finds it extremely amusing.

A hearty laugh, occasionally, is an act of wisdom; it shakes the cobwebs out of a man's brain, and the hypochondria from his ribs.

A peninsular veteran looking over Mr. Carlyle's works, and seeing the immense number of capital letters, said, "it was just as absurd as if every other private in a regiment was to wear a *Cocked Hat.*"

Conversation never walks so much at ease as when *slipshod.*

A Frenchman thinks that everybody is bound to speak his language, and that he is bound to speak none but his own.

In Leigh Hunt's reminiscences of his boyhood, he said he remembered to have been greatly mortified by Mr. West, the painter, offering him half-a-crown if he would solve the old question of "Who was the father of Zebedee's children?" and he could not tell him.

When Mr. Pitt was petitioned on one occasion to promote the interest of one of his staunch supporters, he inquired what he could do to serve the applicant. The petitioner's simple request was, that the Premier would bow to him whenever they met in public. The petitioner was evidently a shrewd *man of the world*.

In the will of Philip, Earl of Pembroke, made the night before his execution at the Tower, in 1650, the following bequest appeared,—

"*Item.* I give to the *Lord Say*, *Nothing*; *which legacy* I give him, because I know he will bestow it upon the poor."

The list finishes—

"*Item.* I give up the ghost."

When the Philosopher, Anaxagoras, lay dying for want of sustenance, his great pupil, Pericles, sent him some money. "Take it back," said Anaxagoras; "if

he wished to keep the lamp alive, he should have administered the oil before."

Do you not laugh, O all ye listening fiends ! when men praise their dead, whose virtues they discovered not alive ? It takes much marble to build the sepulchre—how little of lath and plaster would have repaired the garret !

He that loves himself, has only one joy ; he that loves his neighbours, has many.

A Misanthrope hates all mankind, but is kind to everybody.

A Philanthrope loves the whole human race, but dislikes his wife, his mother, his brother, and his friends and acquaintance.

Misanthrope is the potato ; rough and repulsive outside, but good to the core.

Philanthrope is a peach ; his manner all velvet and bloom, and his words sweet juice, but his heart of hearts a stone.

Let me read *Philanthrope's* Book, and fall into the hands of *Misanthrope*.

Nothing can be a more unjust picture of life, than to suppose that knaves are generally most successful, or that integrity is a hindrance to advancement. The truth is, that honesty is so absolutely necessary in all

situations, that they who have it not are compelled to affect it.

Luther was no respecter of Kings. He addresses Henry the Eighth in the following style :—

“It is hard to say, if folly can be more foolish, or stupidity more stupid than is the head of Henry. He has attacked me with the heart of a king, but with the impudence of a knave. This rotten worm of earth having blasphemed the majesty of *my* King, I have a just right to bespatter his English Majesty with his own dirt. This Henry has *lied* !”

Remorse is as the heart in which it grows ;
If that be gentle, it drops balmy dews
Of true repentance ; but, if proud and gloomy,
It is a poison-tree, that pierced to the inmost,
Weeps only tears of poison.

Agree with people (never contradict), and they make a couch for you in their hearts.

Various are the opinions which have been started on the subject of Biography. By some it is defined “A speculation on misfortune ;” by others, “A kind of assassination, to which no punishment has yet been attached.” Voltaire denounces it the “Art of outraging both the living and the dead, in alphabetical order.” Johnson asserts, that “There has rarely passed

a life of which a *judicious* (aye, there's the rub!) and authentic narrative would not be useful."

When O'R—n personally communicated to Curran his intention of *writing his "life,"* the latter replied—"I protest, sir, I would infinitely prefer your *taking* it at once."

Mr. Rogers, the Poet, seeing a *double-Bath-coach* standing empty, exclaimed, as it drove off, "There go *two bodies* with not *one soul* inside!"

"Is it love or religion that takes you so far from home to the Kirk?"

"Love takes me to Carluke. Religion takes me to the Kirk."

"Love takes you to both one and the other. I fear your religion is only idolatry."

"There you are mistaken. Love is not idolatry; it is only Natural religion."

The same vanity which leads us to assign our misfortunes or misconduct to others, prompts us to attribute all our lucky chances to our own talent, prudence, or forethought. Not a word of the *fates* or *stars*, when we are getting rich, and everything goes on prosperously. So deeply-rooted in our nature is the tendency to make others responsible for our misdeeds that we lapse into the process almost unconsciously. Men scold their children, servants, and dependants, for their own errors;

coachmen invariably punish their horses after they have made a stupid blunder in driving them ; and even children when they have tumbled over a chair, revenge themselves for their awkwardness by beating and kicking the impassive furniture. Wine, the discoverer of truth, sometimes brings out this universal feeling in a manner equally signal and ludicrous. An infant being brought to christen, to a country curate too apt to be overcome with early potations—he was unable to find the service of baptism in the book ; and after fumbling over the leaves for some time, exclaimed—“ Confound the brat ! what is the matter with it ? I never in all my life had such a troublesome child to christen ! ”

We learn from “ Earle’s Residence in New Zealand,” that when some of the missionaries were expounding the horrors of *Tophet* and eternal fire, their auditors exclaimed—“ We will have nothing to say to your religion ; such horrid punishments can only be meant for white men ; we have none bad enough amongst us to deserve them ;—but as we have listened to you patiently, perhaps you will give us a *blanket* ! ”

Letter from Swift to Pope, 1725 :—

“ I have ever hated all nations, professions, and communities ; and all my love is towards individuals. For instance, I hate the tribe of lawyers ; but I love Counsellor such a one. ’Tis so with physicians, (I will not speak of my own trade), soldiers, English,

Scotch, French, and the rest ; but principally, I hate and detest that animal called Man, although I heartily love John, Peter, Thomas, and so forth. I have got materials towards a treatise proving the falsity of that definition, *Animal rationale*, and to show it should be only *rationis capax*. Upon the great foundation of Misanthropy (though not in Timon's manner), the whole building of my '*Travels*' is erected, and I never will have peace of mind till all honest men are of my opinion."

Pope's answer to the above :—

"I really enter as fully as you can desire, into your principle of love of individuals ; and I think the way to have a public spirit, is first to have a private one ; for who can believe (said a friend of mine) that any man can care for a hundred thousand people, who never could care for one ?—No ill-humoured man can be a patriot any more than a friend."

At the French Academy, Abbé Regnier, the secretary, one day made a collection in his hat of one pistole from every member, to defray the current expenses. The Abbé did not observe that the President, who was a very avaricious man, had put his pistole into the hat, and presented it to him a second time. "I have given already," he replied. "I believe it," said the Abbé ; "but I did not see it." "And I," whispered Fonte-

nelle, who was at his side, "saw it, but did not believe it."

Brummel being asked, during a very unseasonable summer, "if he had ever *seen* such a one?" replied—"Yes—*last winter*."

A lady at dinner, asking if he never eat any vegetables? he replied, "Oh, yes, madam; *I once eat a pea*."

"Rogers is the only man I know," said Lord Byron, "who can write Epigrams, and sharp bone-setters too, in two lines; for instance, that on an *M.P.* (now a Peer), who had reviewed his book, and said he wrote *very well for a Banker*."

"They say he has no heart, and I deny it;
He has a heart—and gets his speeches by it."

Few people can have lived much in the world without repeated occasions to observe how frequently we feel ourselves attracted towards persons whose good qualities we have had no means to ascertain, and repelled by others to whom we can make no objections sufficiently plausible to satisfy even our own judgments. First impressions, which cannot be reduced to any law of reason, may be considered as an instinct bestowed on us for a warning and security; and the experience of most lives will evince that their voice will generally be confirmed by the report of time.

Pleasures bear ever their alloy, like unto the apple
of Istaker, half sweet, half sour.

“Spare my feelings !”

A phrase, which less adroitly moulded,
Means a dislike to being scolded.

“Yesterday,” wrote Walter Scott, in his Diary,
“I was strangely haunted by what I would call the
sense of pre-existence ; viz., a confused idea that no-
thing that passed was said for the first time, and that
the same topics had been discussed, and the same per-
sons had stated the same opinions on them. The sen-
sation was so strong as to resemble what is called a
mirage in the desert, or a calenture on board of a ship.”

A nobleman who painted remarkably well for an
amateur, showing one of his pictures to Poussin, the
latter exclaimed—“Your lordship only requires a little
poverty to make you a complete artist.”

Wesley asserts, that the road to Heaven is too nar-
row for wheels ; and that to ride in a coach here, and go
to Paradise hereafter, is too great a happiness for one
man.

Le Diable Boiteux, in speaking of a forced recon-
cilement with a brother devil, through the intervention
of friends, remarks—

“We embraced, and have ever since been irrecon-
cilable enemies.”

"The wife and husband ought never to be angry both at once."

County races are meetings where the men assemble to quarrel about horses, and the women about precedence.

"What you please," means I expect much more than I can in reason ask for.

To a mother who has lost her child, it is always the *first day*. *That* grief never grows old—it remains as at the first day. In vain may the mourning garments wear out and lose their dye—the heart remains dark as at the first.

Bulwer calls savages "Nature's young people."

In a vulgar abode there is a ceaseless tumult; everybody is noisy; every voice is loud. Whatever is wanted is hallooed for, and the servants halloo out their excuses from the habit; the doors are in constant banging, the stairs are never at rest, nothing is done without a clatter—nobody sits still, and nobody can command attention when they speak.

If a facetious discourse, and an amiable friendly mirth, can refresh the spirit, and take it off from the vile temptation of peevish despairing, uncomplaining melancholy, it must needs be innocent and commendable. And we may as well be refreshed by a clear

and a brisk discourse, as by the air of *Campanian* wines; and our faces and our heads may as well be anointed and look pleasant with wit and friendly intercourse as with the fat of the Balsam-tree; and such a conversation no wise man ever did, or ought to reprove.

It has been observed by an Italian, who once swayed the councils of France, that all he wanted to ruin any man was two words in his handwriting; for he could found any tale, however atrocious and improbable, upon those two words.

Success is a rare paint which hides all ugliness.

A Jilt is a great waster of Lovers.

Love makes that which all other men see, invisible to a Lover; and that visible to him, which is invisible to every one else.

No man is always a fool—every man is sometimes.

The Law guards us against all evil but itself.

It has been said that a person without whom we cannot live, is very dear to us; but a person who cannot live without us, is much dearer; for he inspires the gratitude of *vanity*, and that is the sincerest of all gratitude.

Lady Mary Wortley Montague very amiably observed —“The small portion of authority that has fallen to my share has always been a burthen rather than a pleasure. I believe everybody finds it so who acts from a maxim I think an indispensable duty, that whatever is under my *power*, is under my *protection*.”

“You are *prejudiced*,” said Pedanticus. “I will not take *your* word, or *your* character of that man.” “But Pedanticus should be aware that the *grounds* of my *prejudice* are the *source* of my *accusation*.”

Beauty is the object of *liking*; great qualities of *admiration*; good ones, of *esteem*; but love only is the real object of love.

Mathews, being asked what he was “going to do” with his son (who was about to study architecture)—“Why,” answered the comedian, “I mean him to *draw Houses*—like his father.”

Horace Walpole, in one of his letters to Sir Horace Mann, says—“I told you that ——— asked about a copy of a letter taken *after* the original was lost; and that hearing of a gentleman who had the small-pox *twice*, and who died of it, he asked if he died the first or the second time?”

Rousseau says, “Voltaire has not for a moment affected my soul, but were I to live a thousand years I

should feel to the last moment of my existence that Hume could never cease to be present to my view."

Many people feel like *Fag*, in Sheridan's "Rivals," who says—"Though I wouldn't scruple a lie to serve my master, yet it hurts one's *conscience* to be found out."

Truth (if it be a virtue) is a virtue like the Plague, having too often the same quality of making us generally shunned.

Pope, in summing up the character of the Duchess of Kingston, observed—"She may be said to have been fair to no purpose; artful to no end; and though not without lovers in her youth, yet certainly in her old age without a friend."

During the sermon of a Clergyman in a country church, an appalling storm, with thunder and lightning, interrupted the preacher, who, after a moment's silence, exclaimed, as he knelt down in the pulpit, "When God speaks, man ought to be silent."

"*Utter Ruin*," like all other phrases, the signification of which have a retrospective application, must be taken in relation to former circumstances, and means generally "*comparative ruin*."

“Merit always at hand grows troublesome, but reputation gathers at a distance.”

I distinguish a man who is absent because he thinks of something else, from one who is absent because he thinks of nothing at all. The distractions of the former may, I believe, be generally accounted for from one of these reasons. Either their minds are wholly fixed on some particular science, which is often the case of mathematicians and other learned men; and are wholly taken up with some violent passion, such as anger, grief, fear, or love, which ties the mind to some distant object; or, lastly, these distractions proceed from a certain vivacity and fickleness in a man's temper, which, while it raises up infinite numbers of ideas in the mind, is continually pushing it on, without allowing it to rest on any particular image. Nothing, therefore, is more unnatural than the thoughts and conceptions of such a man, which are seldom occasioned either by the company he is in, or any of the objects that are placed before him. While you fancy he is admiring a beautiful woman, it is an even wager that he is solving a position in Euclid; and while you may imagine he is reading the Paris Gazette, it is far from being impossible that he is pulling down and re-building his country house.

“I took cold,” said Captain Marryat in his *American Diary*, “and was laid up with a fever. (I mention this

to show what you may expect when you travel in these countries.) I had been in bed three days when my landlady came into the room. 'Well, Captain, how do you find yourself by this time?' 'Oh, I am a little better, thank you,' replied I. 'Well, I am glad of it, because I want to white-wash your room; for if the coloured man stops to do it to-morrow, he'll be for charging us another quarter of a dollar.' 'But I am not able to leave my room.' 'Well, then, I'll speak to him; I dare say he won't mind you being in bed while he white-washes.'"

The Public is like a great child; it requires to be led.

"*The dregs of the People.*"—The sediment which ought to be at the bottom, but which rises upwards when the nation boils.

With fame, in just proportion, envy grows;
The man that makes a character, makes foes.

A *Fête* is one of the many palliations for that common malady *ennui*, and, like most palliations, gives but a temporary relief, generally followed by a return of the disease.

It is a difficult thing to paint the pleasure of Youth;
for, after all, the real enjoyment is in being young.

Oh, what a life is the *Eye* !—Sure it has thoughts of its own, and to see is only its language !

Detachment from the world is a moral virtue constituted by religion alone. By this detachment from the world, is not to be understood a seclusion from society, abstraction from all business, or retirement to a gloomy cloister. Industry and labour, cheerfulness and hospitality, are frequently recommended : nor is the acquisition of wealth and honours prohibited, if they can be obtained by honest means, and a moderate degree of attention and care ; but such an unremitted anxiety, and perpetual application as engrosses our whole time and thoughts, are forbid, because they are incompatible with the spirit of this religion, and must utterly disqualify us for the attainment of this great end. We toil on in the vain pursuits and frivolous occupations of the world, die in our harness, and then expect, if no gigantic crime stands in the way, to step immediately into the kingdom of Heaven : but this is impossible ; for without a previous detachment from the business of this world, we cannot be prepared for the happiness of another. Yet this could make no part of the morality of Pagans, because their virtues were altogether connected with this business, and consisted chiefly in conducting it with honour to themselves and benefit to the public. But Christianity has a nobler object in view, which, if not attended to, must be lost

for ever. This object is that celestial mansion of which we should never lose sight, and to which we should ever be advancing during our journey through life; but this by no means precludes us from performing the business or enjoying the amusements of travellers, provided they detain us not too long, or lead us too far out of the way.

It is not always in our power to get the better of the *feeling* when we are unworthily wounded; but the *cause* is a lesson.

Unless one could cure men of being fools, it is to no purpose to cure them of any folly, as it is only making room for some other.

Lord Mansfield said, in Court, that "he never liked Law so well as when it was like Equity."

I now and then peep into my old school-books, said Lord Eldon. I find Tully abusing his countrymen as heartily as I am grumbling at mine for their ruinous practices and projects to make the wealthy part of the people change places with the poorer orders, and to convince the latter that exchange is not robbery, though *all* is parted with on one side, and *nothing* on the other taken.

"It is," said a foreigner, "the custom in England to dine at seven o'clock, and go to the Play at half-past

six!—an economy of time and place hardly compassable by mortal ingenuity.”

To find a young fellow who is neither a wit in his own eyes, nor a fool in the eyes of the world, is a very hard task.

Prison and Jail are synonymous ; but not so *Prisoner* and *Jailer*.

It was remarked at the Exhibition at Somerset House, that Lord —— had given four hundred pounds for a certain picture ! “ Well,” answered the hearer, “ the money was worth it.”

In Dublin, the house of Councillor ——, whose character for honesty and integrity was by no means satisfactory, was one night broken into and plundered. The following morning, Mr. Curran was asked in Court, whether he had heard of Councillor ——’s robbery ? “ No,” replied he. “ *Who did he rob ?*”

Happiness is like Riches ; we are but the stewards of what is entrusted to us, and in both cases we are amply repaid for what we have distributed.

Most true is the Latin adage, which tells us that the wealth we give away is the only property we are always sure of possessing ; and not less unquestionable is it, that we double our own felicity by sharing it with others.

Benevolence towards our fellow creatures is the most



acceptable gratitude we can evince toward God; and the prayer most sure of finding its way to Heaven is, perhaps, that which is offered up for us by the lips of others.

It is a very usual thing with us to have a mighty confidence in ourselves, when, alas! the want both of abilities and performance reproves our vanity and folly; for how small is the proportion of our gifts, in comparison of our own imaginations concerning them, and how defective our wisdom and care to use and improve even that proportion we have. We are often blind, and not sensible of our infirmities; we stumble and fall, and still pretend we see; commit horrible sins; aggravate our guilt by defending what we have done; nay, are sometimes so wretchedly deluded as even to sanctify our wickedness by a pretence of zeal.

The smallest faults of others seldom escape our censure; the burthens and hardships we put upon them seem reasonable, easy, and light; but the least and most trivial uneasiness they create to us, we have a quick and painful sense of, and cry out, *Who can bear it?* Whereas, could we but take a right estimate of ourselves, and judge our own actions impartially, we should find little leisure and less provocation to pronounce severely concerning our brethren.

We have been so much accustomed to consider *Self-estimation* merely as a *ridiculous* quality, that many will

be surprised to find it treated as a vice pregnant with serious mischief to society. But, to form a judgment of its influence on the manners and happiness of a nation, it is necessary only to look at its effects in a family; for bodies of men are only collections of individuals, and the greatest nation is nothing more than an aggregate number of families.

Conceive of a domestic circle in which each member is elated with a most extravagant opinion of himself, and a proportionate contempt for every other; is full of little contrivances to catch applause, and whenever he is not praised is sullen and disappointed. What a picture of disunion, disgust, and animosity would such a family present! How utterly would domestic affection be extinguished, and all the purposes of domestic society be defeated! The general prevalence of such dispositions must be accompanied by an equal proportion of general misery. The tendency of pride to produce strife and hatred is sufficiently apparent from the pains men have been at to construct a system of politeness, which is nothing more than a sort of mimic humility, in which the sentiments of an offensive self-estimation are so far disguised and suppressed as to make them compatible with the spirit of society. Such a mode of behaviour as would naturally result from an attention to the Apostolic injunction: *Let nothing be done through strife, or vain glory; but in lowliness of mind, and let each esteem others better than themselves.*



"Let me repeat," wrote Macklin to his son, "the doctrine to you, that he who depends upon *continued industry and integrity*, depends upon patrons of the noblest, the most exalted kind; they more than supply the place of birth and ancestry, or even of royal patronage; they are the creators of fortune and fame, the founders of families, and never can disappoint or desert you. There is no quality that commands more respect than *integrity*; none more *freedom and independence*, than *economy*. Should you make them the rulers of your conduct, you must be happy; without them, you never can."

Never give satisfaction to those who do not demand it. If too great satisfaction be given even to those that ask it, that is a fault. If one is let blood in good health, it *indicates* sickness, to say the least of it. A voluntary excuse awakens discontent that slept. A prudent man will not shew in the slightest degree that he perceives a suspicion arising in another—he will only endeavour to stifle that suspicion by honourable conduct.

Whenever Theodore Hook got beyond his depth in argument, he made his escape by a pun. He once whimsically asserted that the blood was not originally *red*, but acquired that colour in its progress. "Pray, sir," demanded his opponent, "in what *stage* does the

blood turn red?" "Why, sir," replied the puzzled wit—"in the *Reading* stage, I presume."

Horace Walpole writes in *June*, 1768, from Strawberry Hill, in his pleasant style, about our English climate—

"My poor Hay has not had a dry thread upon its back. I have had a fire these three days—in short, every summer, one lives in a state of mutiny and murmur, and I have found the reason; it is because we will affect to have a summer, and we have no title to any such thing. Our poets learnt their trade of the Romans, and so adopted the terms of their masters; they talk of shady groves, purling streams, and cooling breezes, and we get sore throats and agues with attempting to realize these visions. Master Damon writes a song, and invites Miss Chloe to enjoy the cool of the evening, and the deuce a bit have we of a cool evening. Zephyr is a north-east wind that makes Damon button up to the chin, and pinches Chloe's nose till it is red and blue, and then they cry *this is a bad summer*,—as if we ever had any other. The best sun we have is made of Newcastle Coals, and I am determined never to reckon upon any other."

It was a favourite assertion of Mathews, who never allowed blinds in his own room, and could gaze like an eagle at the sun, that nothing spoke so plainly the conceit of the English as their placing *Venetian blinds* over their windows.

On the evening before a battle, Epaminondas was making his dispositions, and anxious about the event which was to decide the fate of his country, when he learned that an officer had just expired quietly in his tent. "Ye gods !" exclaimed he—"how is it possible to find time to die in such a crisis !"

It is the province of little penurious minds to accumulate and *leave*, but never to have the spirit to *give*.

Whether we're sundered by the final scene,
Or envious seas, disjoining, roll between ;
Absence, thy dire effect is still the same,
And death and distance differ but in name.

Huet maintained that all that had been written since the world began might be contained in ten volumes folio, if each thing were said only once, leaving out of the enumeration the detail of history.

Sir William Daws, Archbishop of York, was rather fond of a pun. His clergy dining with him for the first time after he had lost his lady, he told them he feared they did not find things in so good order as they used to do in the time of poor Mary ; and, looking extremely sorrowful, added, with a deep sigh—"She was, indeed, *Mare Pacificum* !"—A curate, who pretty well knew *what* she had been, said—"Ay, my Lord, but she was *Mare Mortuum* first." Sir William gave

him a living of £200 per annum, within two months afterwards.

Few women indeed *think*, but most of them *feel*.

Let him whose present fortune gives him pain,
Scorn the low, vulgar custom to complain.

Many medical duels have been prevented by the difficulty of arranging the "*inthodus pugnandi*." In the instance of Doctor Brockesleby, the number of paces could not be agreed upon; and in the affair between Akenside and Ballow, one had determined never to fight in the morning, and the other that he would never fight in the afternoon. John Wilkes, who did not stand upon ceremony in these little affairs, when asked by Lord Talbot, "how many times they were to fire?" replied, "Just as often as your Lordship pleases; I have brought a *bag of bullets*, and a flask of gunpowder." The following is a much milder specimen—

Doctor Paris, one of the wittiest and best-natured of men, having jocosely dropped some remark that gave offence to a popular professor of Homœopathy, received a message from the offended party through the medium of the late Earl of Charleville, then Lord Tullamore—to the effect that if the doctor did not apologise for his expression, he must "take the consequence." The doctor, who considered the affair of *no consequence*, declined any apology, and accepted with great good-hu-

mour the challenge which ensued—but reserving to himself, as the challenged person, the privilege of choosing the mode of warfare. This was conceded—at the same time the noble *second* enquired whether *pistols* would be objected to? “By no means,” replied the witty doctor; “on condition,” he added, “that they are loaded with *homœopathic* balls, *after my own prescription.*” This answer pacified the equally good-humoured challenger and his friend, and all parties were satisfied—without “*satisfaction.*”

Talleyrand had a confidential servant, excessively devoted to his interests, but superlatively inquisitive. Having one day entrusted him with an unsealed letter, the Prince watched his faithful valet from the window of his apartment, and, with some surprise, observed him coolly reading the letter *en route*. On the next day a similar commission was confided to the servant, and to the second letter was added the following postscript—“You may send a verbal answer by the bearer, as he is perfectly acquainted with the whole affair, having taken the precaution to read this previous to its delivery.”

Æsop went with a number of slaves to be sold. On being questioned as to their respective talents, one said he could do this thing, another that, and a third that he could do *every thing*. It then came to Æsop’s turn, who, when asked what he could do, answered—“Nothing!” “How can that possibly be?” said the master.

"Why," replied Æsop, "as the man before me says he will do everything, there can be nothing left for me to do."

No Book, says Madame de Staël, does harm to him who reads every book.

Kant refers everything to the inflexible law of *duty*. Schiller, in an epigram against Kant's system of morality, says with much pleasantry—"I take pleasure in serving my friends; it is agreeable to me to perform my duty; that makes me uneasy, for then I am not virtuous."

The enlarged charity which "thinketh no evil," is, as it were, the Corinthian Capital of the Christian fane.

By a descent from the pinnacles of art no honour will be lost, for the condescensions of learning are always overpaid by gratitude. An elevated genius employed in little things appears, to use the simile of Longinus, like the sun in his evening declination; he remits his splendour, but retains his magnitude, and pleases more, though he dazzles less.

One of the young Actors, boasting in the Green-room of his constitutional stamina, was asked by Wewitzer to what he chiefly attributed so great a happiness? "To what, sir? by laying in a good foundation, to be sure.

I make it a point to eat *a great deal* every morning.”
“Then, I presume,” remarked Wewitzer, “you usually breakfast in a *timber-yard*.”

A person observing to Doctor Johnson, that he considered the life of a clergyman an easy and comfortable one, the Doctor replied, “The life of a conscientious clergyman is *not* easy. I have always considered a clergyman as the father of a larger family than he is able to maintain. No, sir, I do not envy a clergyman’s life as an easy life, nor do I envy the clergyman who makes it an easy life.”

The first principle of negotiation is to make your adversary respect you.

My wit (says “Vivian Grey”) is like a bustling servant, always ready when not wanted, and never present at a pinch.

The first ingredient in conversation is truth ; the next, good sense ; the third, good humour ; the fourth, wit.

In your passage through life, take truth and sincerity for your companions ; if you prefer dissimulation, you will end your journey in disgrace.

Set your watch every morning by a good clock, and you will find a bad watch go nearly as well as a good one.

The retrospect of our lives is seldom pleasant, as we are sure to find many follies, and many things done, not so well as they ought to have been done.

If you are so fortunate as to marry a sensible man, be cautious in setting up your own judgment against his, excepting in cases absolutely within your own province.

A woman has, in general, a disposition towards contradiction, in proportion to her ignorance.

Wit is brushwood; judgment is timber. The first makes the brightest flame, but the other gives the most lasting heat.

Mutual forbearance is the best cement between man and wife.

Not to overlook workmen, is leaving them your purse open.

What maintains one vice, would maintain two children.

Try to be good, and you will soon be so.

He is in the way to be wise, who can bear reproof.

A travelled fool is the most intolerable of all fools.
He brings back the follies of other nations, added to his own.

Try to deserve a friend, and you will soon get one.

Should you overlive yourself, retrench in time.

Our facilities of exerting an influence on the characters of each other, are so many and great, that it is difficult to conceive how two persons can meet and converse together without exerting a mutual influence. Such a thing seems to be impossible. And every man who examines critically his intellectual and moral state, will observe, that however short his interview with another person may be, it has had an effect upon him ; and that everything which he notices in the manners, conversation, and actions of others, and in the circumstances of their condition and style of living, affects, in some degree, his character. Hence it is that human conduct is seldom stable, that human character is seldom stationary, the patrician acts upon the plebeian, and the plebeian upon the patrician ; and the different members of the same class act upon each other. Every

meeting, every conversation, every instance of opposition, or co-operation in the pursuit of pleasure or business, gives rise to a mutual sympathy of feeling, and to an action and to a re-action which produce changes of some kind, in the state and character of the immortal mind.

And this influence is usually exerted when we think little about it. We sit down by our fireside with our families—we meet in the social circle with our friends—we call upon an acquaintance—we transact business with a stranger—or we go up to the house of God ; and all is soon forgotten. But we have probably left impressions upon some minds, which will never be erased. Nor can any care, forethought, labour, or ingenuity of ours, prevent this.

And this influence, which is exerted with so much facility and constancy, has often great power ;—it often produces very important results. A single brief interview may give such a bias and direction to the mind as will lead to a radical and permanent change in the character and conduct. A single instance of advice, reproof, caution, or encouragement, may decide the question of a man's respectability, usefulness, and happiness in the world.

The Duchess of Marlborough once pressing the Duke to take medicine, with her usual warmth said, "*Pll be hanged* if it does not prove serviceable." Doctor Garth,

who was present, exclaimed, "Do take it then, my Lord Duke, for it must be of use one way or the other."

After one of the first-rate piano-forte players had been playing some very scientific music, and proving his superior execution, to the wonder and delight of all present but Doctor Johnson, the lady of the house observed to the Doctor, "How amazingly *difficult* it must be to play thus!" "Madam," said he, "I wish it were *impossible*."

It was with great difficulty that Mrs. Centlivre could get her "Busy Body" performed! Wilks threw down his part with an oath of detestation; our comic authoress fell on her knees and wept. Her tears, and not her wit, prevailed.

A quarrel has its conveniences sometimes.

Ninon L'Enclos, in one of her letters to St. Evremond, says, "I made a friendship with you, to embellish my epitaph."

Too mean! Go to! There is nothing mean before God, unless it be a base soul under high titles.

Life hath some holier end than present happiness.

A modern cottage is understood to possess every luxury, and to owe its name to the indispensable thatch only.

“There is not so bitter a reproach on earth as silence; for it always seems to refer the guilty to their own hearts, whose eloquence seldom fails to fill up the pause very little to the satisfaction of the accused.”

“Hail, ye small courtesies of life! for smooth do you make the road to it. Like grace and beauty, which beget inclination to love at first sight, ’tis ye who open the door of the heart, and let the stranger in.”

One of the guests at Ivy Cottage, the residence of Mathews when “*at Home*,” objected to its being *Gothic* in its structure. Sir John Carr, to whom the objection was made, promptly replied—

“What you *call* my friend’s cottage I don’t care a *pin*.
If ’tis Gothic *without*, ’tis Corinthian *within*.”

A Lady observed that Adam would never have cared for the apple, if he had not been afraid of Eve’s being wiser than himself.

On certain occasions, it is wonderful how habit and kindness endear opposite characters to each other. When

Johnson was asked what could attach him to such a man as Boswell? his answer was, "*Kindness, sir!*"

Wonderful intimacies arise among the frivolous, as the lightest kind of wood may be easiest glued together.

There is a chapter in one of our metaphysical writers, showing how dogs make syllogisms. The illustration is decisive.

A dog loses sight of his master, and follows him by scent till the road branches into three; he smells at the first, and at the second, and then, without smelling further, gallops along the third.

What is the most dangerous of all animals? asked some one of Diogenes. "Among wild animals, the Slanderer; and among the tame, the Flatterer," replied he.

Sheridan, hearing that his son was about to descend into a coal-pit, asked him how he could meditate any thing so ridiculous; declaring he could not imagine what satisfaction there could be in the accomplishment of such an undertaking. "Nothing more," said Tom, "than to *say* I had been in one." "Well, and can't you say you have?" was the father's characteristic reply.

M. Thiers was minister of the interior when Talleyrand wrote him this note.—“My dear Thiers, I *very particularly* recommend to you M. —, whom I *do not know*. I desire that you make a préfet of him : he has been sent to me by a lady of my acquaintance, in whom I am exceedingly interested.”

When the Duke of Saxe Weimar was in America, he went one evening in a hackney coach to a party. The next day the coachman, or *the driver* as he is there called, came for his money, asking the Duke whether he was the *man* he had *drove* the night before ? and, being answered in the affirmative, informed him that “*he was the gentleman that drove him, and that he had come for his half dollar.*”

Lord Dorset used to say of a very good-natured, dull fellow,—“’Tis a thousand pities that man is not ill-natured, that one might kick him out of company !”

A little girl, hearing her mother say that on the death of a friend, she should put on *half-mourning*, asked, “Is poor Mrs. — only *half* dead ?”

A teaching *mamma*, who never omitted an occasion for giving pious lessons to her little boy, presented him with some very nice apples : the child inquired where they came from. “Oh, my dear, they came from God ; is he not a *good God* to grow such nice things ?” “Yes,”

suggested the child, approvingly, "*very good, not to eat them all himself!*"

An urchin, not quite three years old, after munching a piece of gingerbread, with which he was satiated, held out the remainder to his sister, saying—"Sis, take the rest of de cake to keep till afternoon, to give me when I get *cross*."

"*Don't be so like an Actress, for Heaven's sake!*" is a favourite phrase with many persons of impassive manners. It never seems to strike them that the actress copies Nature—Nature, it may be, in her exaggerated moments, but Nature still. The stride of the savage—the gesticulation of the Frenchman, are foreign to us, but natural to them. I have heard and smiled at the observation—"What a beautiful moonlight (or sunset)! *It is like a scene on the stage!*" Was the moonlight, or sunset, less real for the comparison?

If we were only disliked for the real and voluntary offence we give, what a holiday-world would this be!

Some hearts are so full of gall, that they brim over, and the drops fall on their fellow-creatures as they pass.

The following amusing anecdote is related by Captain Marryat, in his Diary in America:—

"When I was on the road from London to Chatham, a man who was very much intoxicated got into the

waggon, and sat beside me. As people in that state usually are, he was excessively familiar, and though jerked off with no small degree of violence, would continue, until we arrived at the inn where we were to stop, to attempt to lay his head upon my shoulder.

“As soon as we arrived, supper was announced. At first he refused to take any; but on the artful landlady bawling in his ear that all *gentlemen* supped when they arrived, he hesitated; another remark of the hostess, which was that he would have nothing to eat until the next morning, decided him, and he staggered in, observing—‘Nothing to eat till the next morning! well, I never thought of that.’ He sat down opposite to me, at the same table. It appeared as if his *vision was inverted* by the quantity of liquor which he had taken; every thing close to him on the table he considered to be out of his reach, whilst every thing at a distance he attempted to lay hold of. He sat up as erect as he could, balancing himself, so as not to appear unsteady, and fixing his eyes upon me, said—‘Sir, I’ll trouble you for some fried ham.’ Now, the ham was in the dish next to him, and altogether out of my reach. I told him so. ‘Sir,’ said he again, ‘as a *gentleman*, I ask you to give me some of the fried ham.’ Amused with the curious demand, I rose from my chair, went round to him, and helped him. ‘Shall I give you a potato?’ said I, the potatoes being at my end of the table. ‘No, sir,’ said he, ‘I can help myself to them.’

He made a dash at them, but did not reach them; then made another and another, till he lost his balance, and lay down upon his plate; this time he gained the potatoes, helped himself, and commenced eating. After a few minutes he again fixed his eyes upon me. 'Sir, I'll trouble you for the pickles.' They were actually under his nose, and I pointed them out to him. 'I believe, sir, I asked you for the pickles,' repeated he, after a time. 'Well, there they are,' replied I, to see what he would do. 'Sir, are you a *gentleman*?—as a *gentleman*—I ask you, as a *gentleman*, for them 'ere pickles.' It was impossible to resist this appeal, so I rose and helped him. I was now convinced that his vision was somehow or another inverted; and to prove it, when he asked me for the salt, which was within his reach, I removed it farther off. 'Thank ye, sir,' said he, sprawling over the table after it. The circumstance, absurd as it was, was really a subject for the investigation of Dr. Brewster."

Breakfast Sympathies with the miseries of War.

Two Gentlemen and a Lady at Breakfast.

A. (*Reading a newspaper, and eating at every two or three words.*) "The combat lasted twelve hours, and the two armies separated at nine in the evening—leaving 30,000 men literally cut to pieces — (*another piece of toast, if you please*)—on the field of ——" Stop—

30,000 is it? (*looking at the paper closely*) egad, I believe it's 50,000. Tom, is that a 3 or a 5?

"Oh, a 5,—that paper is horridly printed."

A. Very, indeed—well,—“leaving 50,000 men on the field of battle.”—50,000! That's a great number to be killed by the bayonet, eh? War's a horrid (*sips*) thing.

The Lady. Oh! shocking! (*takes a large bit of toast.*)

B. Monstrous! (*takes a larger.*)

A. (*reading on*). “One of the French generals of division, riding up to the Emperor, with a sabre covered with blood, after a charge of cavalry, exclaimed”—(*stick your fork into that slice of ham for me, Tom*—Thank ye!)—“exclaimed, there is not a man in my regiment whose sword is not like this. The two armi——”

B. What?—what was that about the sword?”

A. Why, his own sword, you know, was covered with blood. Didn't you hear me read it?—and so he said, “There is not a ——”

B. Ay, ay, —“whose sword is not like this,”—I understand you now. Gad, what a fellow!

A. (*sips*). Oh, horrid!

Lady (*sips*). Oh, shocking!—*Dash*, get down, how can you do so?

A. “The two armi——”

B. By-the-bye, have you heard of Mrs. W—'s accident?

A. and the *Lady* (*putting down their cups*). No ! what can it be ?

B. Her husband's half mad, I suppose ; why, she has broken her arm.

Lady. Good God ! I declare you've made me quite sick ! Poor dear Mrs. W— ! why, she'll be obliged to wear her arm in a sling ! But she would go out this slippery weather, when the frost's enough to kill one.

B. Well, I must go and tell my father the news. Let's see—How many men killed, Charles ?

A. 50,000.

B. Ah—50,000. Good morning ! (*exit.*)

Lady. Poor dear Mrs. W— ! I can't help thinking about her. A broken arm ! why, it's quite a dreadful thing. I wonder whether Mrs. F. has heard the news !

B. She'll see it in the morning paper.

Lady. Oh, what, it's in the paper, is it ?

B. (*laughing*). Why, didn't you hear Charles read it just now ?

Lady. Oh, *that* news. No, I mean poor Mrs. W—, poor dear !—(*meditating*)—I wonder whether she'll wear a black sling, or a blue ?

The man who suspends his hopes of the reward of worthy actions till after death ; who can bestow unseen, who can overlook hatred, do good to his slanderer ; who can never be angry with his friend, never revenge—

ful to his enemy,—is certainly formed for the benefit of society: yet these are so far from heroic virtues, that they are but the ordinary duties of a Christian.

It is always a great good when the crimes of a fellow-creature can be traced to madness, to some fault of the temperament or organization; some “jangle of the sweet bells,” some over-balance in the desired equipoise of the faculties, originating, perhaps, in accident or misfortune. It does not subject us the more to their results; on the contrary, it sets us on our guard against them, and meantime diminishes one of the saddest, most injurious, and most preposterous notions of human ignorance—the belief in the wickedness of our kind.

Leigh Hunt tells a pleasant story of his boyhood, that being led one day to snatch “a fearful joy” in the utterance of an oath, it gave him so much remorse that for some time afterwards he could not receive a bit of praise, or a pat of encouragement on the head, without thinking to himself, “Ah, they little suspect that I am the boy who said ‘*D—n it*!’”

The Desk. Charles Lamb, although he stuck to it, complained of—

“The dry drudgery of the desk’s dead wood.”

What is true Beauty, but fair Virtue's face ?

Virtue made visible in outward grace.

Let us consider the characters of Beauty, which are commonly admired in countenances, and we shall find them to be sweetness, mildness, majesty, dignity, vivacity, humility, tenderness, good-nature ; that is, certain airs, proportions, *je ne sçai quoi*, are natural indications of such virtues, or abilities, or dispositions towards them. As misery and distress appear in countenances, so it is certain almost habitual dispositions of mind form the countenance in such a manner as to give some indications to the spectator. Our violent passions are obvious at first view in the countenance, so that sometimes no art can conceal them ; and smaller degrees of them give some less obvious turns to the face, which an accurate eye will observe ; and the truth of it is, that the air or mien is generally nothing else but the inward disposition of the mind made visible.

'Tis not a lip or eye we beauty call,
But the full force and joint result of all.

Good nature will always supply the absence of beauty,
But Beauty cannot long supply the absence of good-nature.

In Sully's Memoirs, we read that Henry the Fourth of France was often dirty and ragged, through absolute

poverty, and had been more than once in want of a dinner.

This fact lessens the ridiculousness of an old story of Miss Seward's, about an ignorant, bragging farmer of Rugely, returning from London, who pretended to have been introduced to Queen Caroline, and upon being asked how she was dressed, and what she had said to him, replied—"That her Majesty had on a dirty blue apron, but said she was mighty glad to see him, observing that, if it had not been washing-week she would have asked him to stay to dinner, but added, he was welcome to stay even as it was, if he would take *pot-luck*."

Cæsar performed great actions by day, and wrote them down at night.

Better to err in acts than in principles.

People that *will* not be consoled are difficult to console,—especially if they profess themselves *resigned*.

In the State of Massachusetts, any person who remains outside the meeting-house during the time of public worship is liable to a penalty of five shillings. Any person, also, who is in health, and who, without sufficient reason, shall omit, during three months, to worship God in public, incurs a penalty of ten shillings.

It was the observation of a very clever man, that "if he could by possibility recollect at one moment all the foolish things he had done, or the silly ones he had said in the course of his life, he should go mad and drown himself."

A very pretty but silly *and loquacious* woman complained, affectedly, to Madame de Sevigné, that she was sadly tormented by admirers, who followed her with their eyes wherever she appeared. "Oh! Madame," said Madame de Sevigné, with a smile—"it would be very easy for you to get rid of them—you have only to *speak*."

A Novel is like a Weather-glass—where the man appears at one time, and the woman at the other.

Whoever begins to pray, even in private, ought to have such a sense of his Maker's attributes (especially His more immediate presence) and of his own unworthiness and dependence, as must make him too seriously affected by a sense of the awful business in which he is engaged to allow him to express his wants with strict propriety in extemporary prayer. If he prays without previous recollection, he will be in danger of falling into impertinence, familiarity, and all that mass of absurdity by which ignorant enthusiasts render their devotions ridiculous, if not blasphemous, in the judgment of sensible people. How do people act

when they petition their Sovereign? They assemble, consult upon a proper form, weigh it, assent to it—And shall we treat the *King of Heaven* with less deference? Is a previous knowledge of what we are to ask in this case, less important than when we address an earthly potentate?"

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made, and loveth all.

Selfish are those who say that sorrow is easiest borne when shared by those we love—or others.

Our Teutonic ancestors assigned the name of *Earth-Hunger* to the appetite for Landed Property.

When a very young man, our incomparable and now regretted Liston conceived a mania for acting; he heard of a little *troupe* of strollers, then playing in an obscure town in Somersetshire, in which he deemed he might, unknown to his friends, enroll himself for a brief period for practice, before his ambition took a more elevated position. He accordingly, on some specious pretext, left London, and set forth alone.

At the close of his journey, by good hap, he reached the scene of action just in time to see that evening's performance, and duly entered, at small cost, a poor,

rude building, over the entrance of which appeared, in legible, though not indelible, characters, displayed in chalk, the enticing word, *Theatre*. Insinuating himself into its most unnoticeable corner, the incipient tragedian deemed it most desirable to witness *Sub Rosa* the night's performance, and form some judgment on the merit of the management under which he purposed to place himself, before he entered into a negotiation with its director.

The Play, which happened to be "Pizarro," ("Barnwell" might have been more appropriate,) then in its first run at Drury Lane—where our *aspirant* had recently seen it in all its glory—dragged its slow length along—not, however, without frequent calls upon the risible faculties of the young auditor. Howbeit, he suppressed the frequent temptations to mirth which the ludicrously inappropriate scenery, dresses, and other mute appliances might have evoked, as well as numerous blunders—such as false emphasis and punctuation, wrong-readings, and diverse liberties with the text. At length a tedious and unaccountable *wait* ensued—which led several of the Somersetshire *public* to consult with some anxiety their watches. After an audible *scramble* behind the brief curtain, it was rapidly drawn up, and presented to the wondering eyes of the audience nothing less than The Temple of the Gods (oh, ye gods, what a temple!), where stood, with all attendant pomp and circumstance of pagan worship, a solitary Priest and

Virgins of the Sun—assisted by the presence of the venerable King *Ataliba*, Rolla, Alonzo, Cora, and eke her infant son—assembled for the express purpose of invoking the favour of the gods upon their approaching enterprize against the Spaniards—piously offering up prayers for the extermination of all those, their fellow-creatures, who happened to differ from them in country and creed. The assemblage, however, on the present occasion, boasted of a very small complement of worshippers, and a lamentable paucity of *Virgins*, while there was but *one* priest, high or low, to be seen in the sacred edifice—the onerous duties of which, *par consequence*, devolved upon the infirm *Ataliba*, ably embodied by the Manager himself—a tall, gaunt personage, with a most deliberate cast in his eye, and a nervous affection on one side of his face, which, causing certain twitchings whenever he spoke, gave the impression that he was in turn *winking confidentially* at his performers and his audience. This gifted man, and the other characters of the scene, sung the solemn music with great natural force and feeling; indeed their vocal stamina was amazing. Nor was their propitiatory zeal unrewarded—the hallowed ball of fire fell duly—*not*, indeed, without some previous intimation of reluctance—neither without palpable indication of having borrowed its light and heat from a small end of candle, which was visible in the socket of a chamber candlestick, as it was hurled from the hand of the great Pizarro himself, whose

personal downfall it augured, and whose figure, elevated on a little table behind the *wing*, was visible to the spectators on the opposite side of the "house," and added greatly to the interest and effect of its supernatural descent. *It fell!* certainly not six inches short of the altar—a distance not worth notice, as it appeared—for it proved satisfactory to the supplicants that all would *go well*, and under that comfortable conviction they prepared to move off.

It is here necessary to acquaint the reader, that the Lessee of this *Barn*—for such it really was—kept in it no more cats than would catch mice—in which, nevertheless, the building might be said to abound; in other and more technical phraseology, "The *Scheme*" did not admit of the sustainment of certain mute accessories yclept Green-coat men—i.e. liveried carpenters, who in regular theatres are appointed to shift the scenes, sweep the stage, and carry on and off such auxiliaries as tables and chairs, verdant banks and arbours, beds of roses, or any other moveable fixture needful to the "carrying on" of the plot. Hence it necessarily devolved upon the members of this little community to supply in their own proper persons this slight numerical defect in the establishment—in which it was prudently ordained that every man should be his own assistant—each, according to the existing occasion, was expected to bring on, and afterwards to bear off, said fixtures to a "more removed ground," when no longer needed in the scene. Thus,

in the event of a nobleman, or gentleman and lady of the drama making their exit together—no matter their supposed rank—no matter in what sentiment or circumstance the dramatist had placed them—it followed that said nobleman or gentleman was compelled, while giving one hand to lead the lady off, to lend the other to the removal of the two chairs, sofa, or aforesaid green bank upon which they had been seated, in order to leave a clear stage for succeeding comers, who, in *their* turn, put their hands to anything uppermost; the Manager—truly a *Manager*!—setting his actors a *powerful* example by his own expert and dexterous execution of such extra-duty. Indeed, his general powers might almost be called ubiquitous, for he seemed in every corner of the building at one and the same time—as manager, actor, scene-shifter, and money-taker; the latter responsibility was, however, by no means a weighty one—but to resume.

We broke off at the critical moment when the sacred ball of fire had fallen, and the scene drawing to a close with shouts of triumph and thanksgiving—in which the voice of *Pizarro* himself and others behind the scenes might be distinguished—which ceasing, the venerable *Ataliba* exclaimed, “Our offering is accepted! now to arms, my friends!” and seizing upon the Altar, which, with a vigorous *jerk*, he extracted from the place wherein it had previously seemed rooted, and, placing it jauntily upon his shoulder, he resumed his kingly dignity of de-

portment, and in the voice of a Stentor cried, "*Prepare we now for battle !*" and bore it off, to the amazement of the incipient tragedian, the titter of the better portion of the audience, and unrepressed mirth of "*the general.*"

These items being duly noted by young Liston, his manly courage utterly forsook him, and, desirous as he decidedly was to stir the feelings of an audience as a tragedian, he felt physically unequal to such moving effects as those practised by these Somersetshire athleteæ. In short, finding his inability to add to the *strength* of the company, he forthwith returned to town, without seeking an interview with the all-potent manager, internally convinced that his own muscular force would be insufficient, in any way, to uphold a situation as an "*Actor-of-all-work.*"

Madame du Deffand said of St. Lambert's "*Saisons:*"

"*Sans les Oiseaux, les Ruisseaux, les Hameaux, les Ormeaux, et les Rameaux, il aurait bien peu de choses à dire.*"

Fame.

What shall I do, to be for ever known ?

Thy duty ever.

This did full many who yet slept unknown,

Oh ! never, never

Think'st thou, perchance, that they remain unknown,

Whom *thou* know'st not ?

By angel trumps in Heaven their praise is blown,

Divine their lot.

What shall I do to gain eternal life ?

Discharge aright

The simple dues with which each day is rife ;

Yea, with all my might.

Ere perfect scheme of action thou devise,

Will life be fled,

While he, who ever acts as conscience cries,

Shall live, though dead."

Bonnycastle, a friend of Fuseli's, was prone to story-telling truths. He had an anecdote of a Scotchman, who boasted of being descended from the "*Admirable Chrichton*," in proof of which, the Scotchman said he had a *great quantity of table-leenen* in his possession, marked with his initials : *A. C.—Admirable Chreeton*.

As a pendant to the above, the following fact may be given.

A subordinate and illiterate actor in a provincial theatre, hearing that a drama was about to be represented under the title of "*The Admirable Crichton*," begged the manager to allow him to perform the hero of the piece : urging the propriety of his claim to the part, on the plea that he possessed a very elegant *Admiral's* coat and waistcoat.

Give not thy tongue too great a liberty, lest it take thee prisoner.

A word unspoken is like the sword in the scab-

bard, *thine*; if vented, thy sword is in another hand.

If thou desire to be held *wise*, be so good as to hold thy tongue.

Trust him little, who praises all; him less, who censures all; and him least, who is indifferent to all.

Return to God in the way of duty, and He will return to you in the way of mercy.

Shun a *bad temper* as you shun a coal; glowing, it burns, and cold, it dirties you.

Follow the *Light*, and not the Lantern.

"*It is over!*" How much may be contained in those three simple words! How many sweet, tender fancies and proud hopes they annihilate! How blank and colourless they make the present!

No joy so great but runneth to an end;
No hap so hard but may in time amend.

It is said, that, in certain districts of the East, when the Nightingales arrive, the Roses burst spontaneously into bloom.

Oxenstiern, Chancellor of Sweden, after his retirement from public business, being visited by White-locke, Ambassador from England, he said to him—

“I have seen much, and enjoyed much of this world, but I never knew how to live till now. I thank my good God that has given me time to know Him, and to know myself. All the comfort I have,—and which is more than the whole world can give,—is feeling the good Spirit of God in my heart, and reading in this good book (holding up the Bible) which came from it.

“You are now in the prime of your age and vigour, and in great favour and business; but this will all leave you, and you will one day better understand and relish what I now say to you; and then you will find that there is more wisdom, truth, comfort, and pleasure, in retiring, and turning your heart from the world to the good Spirit of God, and in reading the Bible, than in all Courts and favours of Princes.”

If we believe in the divine origin of the Commandments, the Sabbath is instituted for the express purposes of religion. The time set apart is “the Sabbath of the Lord;” a day on which we are not to work our own works, or think our own thoughts. The precept is positive, and the purpose clear.

Give to the world one half of the Sunday, and you will find that religion has no strong hold of the other.

Religion is thus treated like Lear, to whom his un-

grateful daughters first denied one half of his stipulated attendance, and then made it a question whether they should grant him any share of what remained.

The Anecdote bears the same relation to History and Biography, that an epigram bears to an epic poem, or a proverb to a moral discourse.

The Frenchman in *The Adventurer*, who was about to compile a treatise "concerning things that had been said *but once*," remarked, that they would be contained in a very small pamphlet.

A heart is like a fan ;—and why ?
'Twill flutter when a beau is nigh ;
Ofttimes with gentle speech he'll take it,
Play with it for awhile,—and break it !

The ingenuous sense of shame once lost, can never be restored.

He that telleth thee that thou art always wrong, may be deceived ; but he that saith thou art always right, is surely a liar.

Mr. Poole, the quaint author of "Paul Pry," was asked in Paris, why he did not learn to swim, since there was so good a school there ; he excused himself by saying that "he had generally so very little occasion to be

much in the water, that he did not think it worth his while learning."

There is a view of reading, which, though it is obvious enough, is seldom taken, or, at least, never acted upon; and that is, that in the course of our reading we should lay up in our minds a store of goodly thought in well-wrought words, which should be a living treasure of knowledge, always with us, and from which at various times, and amidst all the shifting of circumstances, we might be sure of drawing some comfort, guidance, and sympathy. We see this in regard to the sacred writings: "A word spoken in due season, how good it is!" But there is a similar comfort, on a lower level, to be obtained from other sources than sacred ones. In any work that is worth carefully reading, there is generally something that is worth remembering accurately. A man whose mind is enriched with the best sayings of the poets of his own country, is a more independent man, walks the streets of a town, or the lanes of the country, with far more delight than he otherwise would have, and is taught by wise observers of man and nature to examine for himself. *Sancho Panza*, with his Proverbs, is a great deal better than he would have been without them; and I contend that a man has something in himself to meet troubles and difficulties, small or great, who has stored in his mind some of the best things which have been said about

troubles and difficulties. Moreover, the loneliness of sorrow is thereby diminished.

There is a very refined use which reading might be put to : namely, to counteract the particular evils and temptations of our callings, the original imperfections of our character, the tendencies of our age, or of our own time of life.

Rabelais said that all bad books ought to be bought, because they would not be reprinted.

Mason, the Poet, was asked to subscribe to the Poems of Mrs. Yearsley, the Bath Milk-woman. "These Poems," said the applicant, "are those of a Heaven-born genius in distress."

Mr. Mason gave *five guineas*, with this reply : "There's *five pounds* for her distress, and five shillings for her Heaven-born genius."

Voltaire enlarging with great warmth his praise of *Haller*, whom he extolled as a great poet, naturalist, and his universal attainments, to an Englishman who had just come from a visit to that celebrated man—he observed that it was very handsome in *Mons. Voltaire* to speak so well of *Mons. Haller*, who was by no means so liberal to M. Voltaire—in fact, spoke rather *ill* of him. "Alas !" said Voltaire, with an air of philosophic indulgence, "I dare say we are both of us very much mistaken !"

A Frenchman's definition of a passage in Hamlet:—

(“*He comes with martial stalk.*”)

“*Il vient avec M. le Mareschal Stalk.*”

One of the Western villages of America passed an ordinance, forbidding taverns to sell liquor on the Sabbath to any persons *except Travellers*. The next Sunday every man in town who wanted a “nip,” was seen walking about with a valise in one hand, and two carpet-bags in the other.

It may be said of Religion, as the philosopher of old said of Truth: “If ye spend all your days in attempting to find out what it is, what time will ye have to practise it withal?”

On coming out of the Palæstra, it was observed that the wife of Pyrrhus, a relation of Apollodorus, was taken ill, and that her life was in imminent danger; the branches of laurel and acanthus, which it is customary to suspend at the house of sick persons, having been seen at her door.

Friends strove to remind Pyrrhus of the lessons which he had received at the Academy; those lessons so specious in prosperity, but so impertinent in affliction. “O Philosophy!” he exclaimed; “yesterday thou commandest me to love my wife—to-day thou forbiddest me to lament her!” “Yet, after all,” said his comforter to him, “your tears cannot restore her

to life." "Alas!" replied he, "that reflection only makes them flow the faster!"

A gentleman was feelingly condoling with a newly-made widow on the loss of her husband, but finding she treated the subject with great indifference, he suddenly desisted, exclaiming—"Oh, very well, madam,—if this is the way you take it, I care as little about the matter as yourself!"

In age, in infancy, from others' aid,
Is all our hope;—to teach us to be kind,
Is Nature's first, last lesson.

There is often an unconquerable, an indefinable, but strong sensation, that makes us *afraid* of certain people with whom it is advisable to keep on the side of good wishes for them, rather than the intimacy of friendship.

Lovers of London. How many great men have disliked the country!

The *Duke of Buckingham* was driven from London to Mulgrave Castle, in Yorkshire, by the great Plague. On the abatement of the scourge, in the autumn of the same year, the Duke made preparations for returning to his favourite *Mall* in St. James's Park. His rural tenants waited upon him in a body, to bewail his departure, and respectfully enquired when they might hope to see him again? "*Not till the next Plague,*" answered his Grace.

The *Duke of Queensbury* being asked, in autumn,—
“Does not your Grace find London very empty?”
“Yes,” answered the Duke; “but it is fuller than
the country.”

Doctor Mosely used to say—“I am half distracted
whenever I go into the country, there is such a noise
of nothing!”

Charles Morris eulogizes “the sweet, shady side of
Pall Mall!” and *Doctor Johnson* said, “He who is
tired of London, is tired of life.”

Wives who do not try to keep their husbands, will
lose them. A man does the “courting” *before* mar-
riage, and the wife must do it after marriage, or some
other woman will.

Advice to persons about to Marry. DON'T!

Two big boys at Eton were questioned upon their
progress at school, and jocularly asked how many of
their comrades they had *thrashed*? Their little brother,
who went to a preparatory-school, *piqued* that he had
not also been questioned as to his prowess, as soon as
his brothers had given account of their exploits, ob-
served, timidly,—

“I can make *one boy* cry, at *my* school!”

Barry Cornwall (Mr. Proctor) happily terms the
costume of a harlequin, “A glorification of the *Tartan*.”

That period of time which lies beyond the present moment, is not guaranteed to us by any pledge. To-morrow, to us, may become to-day, or eternity. To suspend anything important then upon so absolute an uncertainty, is madness—as saith the poet—

“Defer not till to-morrow to be wise;

To-morrow’s sun, to you may never rise.”

But even if it ever does return, the thing called *opportunity* may not return with it.

All men are unreasonable; it is their normal state.

It is an old story, that “Much would have more;” and the Ginn in the “Arabian Nights,” who, on being let out of the small bottle in which he had been imprisoned, spread himself out over unlimited space,—must have been the *Genius of human wishes*.

There is an old Norse fable about the *Nornir* or *Fates*, who sit weaving the invisible threads of human destiny, stretching them from heaven to earth, winding them in, and about man’s feet, intercepting and intervolving him wherever he moves.

May not this mean an entangling wife?

Nobody likes to be *Nobody*.

Everybody likes to be *Somebody*.

But when *Anybody* comes to be *Somebody*,

He is very apt to consider other people as *Nobody*.

In former days, Mr. Graham (the Laird of Logan) was session clerk and parochial teacher. He occasionally fell into the sin of drinking too much. His spouse was naturally sorry to witness this failing of her *gude mon*, and often remonstrated with him upon the impropriety of his conduct; but her husband put an end to her reproofs, by one day simply observing—"True, I get mysel whiles half fou, but do you no ken, my dear, that if it had na been for that bit fau't, ye ne'er wad hae been *Mrs. Graham*?"

"Now," said Sydney Smith, one day, on some particular occasion, as he sat down to dinner, "I mean not to drink one drop of wine to-day, and I shall be mad with high spirits; I always am when I drink no wine. It is curious the effect a thimble-full of wine has upon me; I feel as flat as ——'s jokes; I forget the number of the Muses, and think them *thirty-nine*, and only get myself right again by repeating the lines, and finding 'Descend ye *thirty-nine*!' two feet too long."

A lady complaining to Sydney Smith that she could not sleep. "I can furnish you," he said, "with a perfect soporific. I have published two volumes of Sermons; take them up to bed with you. I recommended them once to Blanco White, and before the third page, he was fast!"

In speaking of Macaulay, Sydney Smith said, "There are no bounds to his knowledge, on small subjects as well as great. He is like a book in breeches—his enemies might, perhaps, have said before his return from India (*I never did so*), that he talked rather too much; but now he has occasional flashes of silence, that make his conversation delightful! . . . We both talk a great deal, but I don't believe Macaulay ever did hear my voice (he exclaimed, laughing); sometimes, when I have told a good story, I have thought to myself, Poor Macaulay! he will be very sorry some day to have missed hearing that!"

"Oh! don't tire me of facts (said he), I never believe *facts*. You know Canning said nothing was so fallacious as facts, except figures."

When you see Wine advertised as "an excellent wine to *lay down*," be sure it is not worth "*picking up*."

When you read of a wine that is described as "*full of body*," you may conclude that it is *half spirit*.

When you hear of a wine being particularly "*racy*," you may set it down as *sloe*.

When you are asked to purchase "*a fine old sherry with a nutty flavour*," the notion of the *nut* may suggest what is commonly called a "*cracker*."

When you read of a wine "*with much beeswing*," you may fairly say "*buzz*!"

Luttrell was asked, "Was not C— very disagreeable?" "Why," answered Luttrell, "he was as disagreeable as the occasion would permit."

A lady wrote to Talleyrand, informing him of the death of her husband; and expecting an elegant letter of condolence in return, received the following,

"*Helas !*

"*Madame, votre affectionne, &c.*

"*Talleyrand.*"

In less than a year, the same lady informed him of her having married again; to which he returned an answer in the same laconic style:

"*Oh, oh !*

"*Madame, votre affectionne,*

"*Talleyrand.*"

Sydney Smith was not always joking. On a New-Year's Day he was walking with a lady in his garden. He discovered a crocus, which had burst through the frozen earth; he stopped suddenly, gazed at it silently for a few seconds, and touching it with his staff, pronounced solemnly:

"The resurrection of the world!"

The reigning *bore* at one time in Edinburgh was — ; his favourite subject, the *North Pole*. It mattered not how far south you began, you found yourself transported to the North Pole, before you could

take breath; no one escaped him; Sydney Smith declared he should invent a Slip Button. Jeffrey fled from him as from the Plague, when possible; but one day his arch tormentor met him in a narrow lane, and began instantly on the North Pole. Jeffrey, in despair, and out of all patience, darted past him, exclaiming—"D—n the North Pole!" Sydney Smith met — shortly after, boiling with indignation at Jeffrey's contempt of the North Pole. "Oh, my dear fellow," said Sydney, "never mind; no one minds what Jeffrey says, you know; he is a privileged person,—he respects nothing, absolutely *nothing*. Why, you will scarcely believe it, but it is not more than a week ago, that I heard him speak disrespectfully of the *Equator*!"

The Egyptians, in their hieroglyphics, fitly represented destruction by a Rat.

An amateur painter being asked why he did not exhibit his paintings? replied, "My pride would not suffer my vanity to be gratified."

The extreme ignorance of many of the lower classes of society respecting the nature, &c., of the solemn rite of Confirmation is most pitiable. The following was related from actual personal knowledge: Doctor —, once preparing his parishioners for this sacred ordinance, found amongst them an elderly woman so exceedingly ignorant and stupid, that he was obliged to

have her come to his house every day, in order to reiterate his instructions and *Catechism*. At length the period of preparation drew to a close, and for the last time the worthy and zealous pastor hoped he had in some degree enlightened the beclouded intellect of the old woman, and finally he said to her—"Now, my good friend, as this is the last time that I shall have an opportunity of conversing with you on this solemn subject, let me ask, do you thoroughly understand and believe all the articles of your christian faith?" "Ay, —yes, sir, thank ye," replied his venerable pupil, and dropping one of her best curtsies, "*I does, indeed now; and, thank God, I heartily renounces 'em all!*"

It was once observed to Lord Chesterfield, that man is the only creature endowed with the power of laughter. "True," replied the Earl, "and you may add that he is, perhaps, the only creature that deserves to be *laughed at*."

An English child at Venice, on seeing the Place St. Mark for the first time, said, "Pray, Mamma, are people allowed to see this every day, or only on holidays?"

He that tempts me to drink beyond my measure, civilly invites me to a fever, and to lay aside my reason, as the *Persian* women did their garments and their modesty, at the end of feasts. Which is the worst evil?

to refuse your uncivil kindness, or to suffer a violent headache, or to lay up heaps big enough for an English surfeit? *Creon*, in the Tragedy, said well—" *It is better for me to grieve thee, O stranger ; or to be affronted by thee, than to be tormented by thy kindness the next day, and the morrow after.*"

Misconduct and Misfortune were born twins. Our faults are oft the parent of our woes ; and he who most declaims at the world's frown, has generally done his best to earn it.

Lord Hailes observed, a good essay might be written—*Sur la credulité des Incrédules.*

Mr. Rogers, the Poet, used to relate a story of two persons engaged to fight a duel. He said—

"An Englishman and a Frenchman fought a duel, in summer time, and not to make the act public, and the better to satisfy their consciences in case of the result proving fatal, they agreed to fight in a *darkened room*. The Englishman, unwilling to take his antagonist's life, generously *fired up the chimney*, and—*brought down the Frenchman.*

"When I tell this story in *France*, (pleasantly added the relator,) I make the *Englishman* go up the chimney."

When a man makes a watch, builds a ship, erects a silk-mill, constructs a telescope, we do not scruple to say, that man has a design in what he does. And can we say that this solar system, a thousand times more regular in all its motions than watches, ships, or silk-mills,—that the infinity of other systems dispersed through the immensity of space, inconceivably surpassing in magnitude and complication of motion this, of which our earth is but a minute part,—or even that the eye which now reads what is here written, a thousand times better fitted for its function than any telescope—can we say, that there was no design in the formation of these things?

Tell us not, that it is allowed there must be intelligence in an artificer who makes a watch or a telescope, but that, as to the Artificer of the Universe, we cannot comprehend His nature. What, then, shall we on that account deny His existence? With better reason might a grub, buried in the bowels of the earth, deny the existence of a man, whose nature it cannot comprehend; for a grub is nearer to man in all intellectual endowments (if the expression can be permitted) than man is to his Maker. With better reason may we deny the existence of an intellectual faculty in the man who makes a machine: we know not the nature of the man, we see not the mind which contrives the figure, size, and adaptation of the several parts; we simply see the hand which forms and puts them together.

Shall a shipwrecked mathematician, on observing a geometrical figure accurately described on the sand of the sea shore, encourage his followers with saying, "Let us hope for the best, for I see the traces of man;" and shall not man, in contemplating the structure of the Universe, or a part of it, say to the whole human race, "Brethren! be of good comfort, we are not begotten of chance, we are not born of atoms, our progenitors have not come into existence by crawling out of the mud of the Nile; behold the footsteps of a Being, powerful, wise, and good; not nature, but the God of nature, the Father of the Universe!

The way and measure of charity must receive its proportion from the estate and ability of persons. But certainly the great straightening of hands in these things is more from the straightness of hearts than of means. A large heart, with a little estate, will do much with cheerfulness and little noise; while hearts glued to the poor riches they possess, or rather, are possessed by, can scarce part with anything till they be pulled from all. Now, for supply of our brethren's necessities, one good help is, the retrenching of our own superfluities. Turn the stream into that channel where it will refresh thy brethren, and enrich thyself, and let it not run into the dead sea. Thy vain, excessive entertainments, thy gaudy variety of dresses, these thou dost not challenge, thinking it is of thine own; but know

thou art but steward of it, and this is not faithfully laying out. Thou canst not answer for it; yea, it is robbery; thou robbest thy poor brethren that want necessaries whilst thou lavishest thus on *unnecessaries*. Such a feast, such a suit of apparel, is direct robbery in the Lord's eye; and the poor may cry, "That is *mine* that you cast away so vainly, by which both you and I might be profited." Withhold not food from them, therefore, to whom it is due.

He that feasts every day, feasts no day; and however you treat yourselves, sometimes you will need to be refreshed beyond it; but what will you have for a festival if you wear crowns every day? Even a perpetual fulness will make you glad to beg pleasure from emptiness and variety from an humble table. By faring deliciously every day, men become senseless of the evils of mankind, inapprehensive of the troubles of their brethren, unconcerned in the changes of the world, and the cries of the poor, the hunger of the fatherless, and the thirst of widows.

A full meal is like Sisera's banquet, at the end of which there is a nail struck into a man's head.

Prayer is the very breath of our spiritual life. He who is a man of faith and of prayer, is living already a higher than a worldly life. His education for Eternity is going on; he is acquiring tastes and habits for a

world where all shall be pure, and noble, and elevated ; and when he enters thereon, he will be fit for it, as his God designed him to be.

A prominent incident in our Lord's Parable of the *Urgent Neighbour*—far too significant to be passed over, for it gives the *strongest* proof of the power of prayer. He described the earnest prayer which this man offered, as a prayer for the benefit of another, rather than himself. "*A friend of mine, in his journey,*" he says, "*has come to me.*" Is there not in this a touching illustration of the truth that God hears the prayers which friends offer for one another ?—and that they who are nearer to God in a divine friendship, and are holier than ourselves, may, by their continued intercessions, avail to gain for us what in our unworthiness and weakness we should fail to ask ?

Remorse is God's worst scourge, for man's worst deeds.

Those whom we love too well, who step between us and our God, He wisely puts aside.

Some people, in religion, have their Bed of Iron for the soul, as *Procrustes* had for the Body—with this difference, that they are far more lenient towards those who fall short of their measure than such as go beyond it.

To *do* no wrong, is but half our task ; we must learn to *bear* it.

That grace which leads the soul to the fulness of glory, may begin, and often does, in *a single good desire*—a *wish* to escape Hell, or a desire to enjoy God in heaven.

To be always tampering with Physicians upon every occasion, is the way to lose all natural soundness of health ; and to be continually talking and enquiring about the nature of distempers and the power of medicines, for the head, the heart, the spirits, and nerves, is the very way to lose all true judgment either of our own sickness or health.

It is much the same with regard to our spiritual health and constitution ; we can do much hurt to it by running after spiritual advice on every occasion, and wanting the help of some *human prescription* for every fear, scruple, or notion that starts up in our minds, and so weaken the true strength of our *spiritual constitution*, which, if left to itself, would do all that we want to have done.

If it be asked, what is this *soundness of our spiritual constitution* ? It may be answered, that it is a *state or habit of such humble, total resignation of ourselves to God, as by faith and hope expects all from Him alone*. This is the health and strength of our *spiritual constitution* ; and if we left all our incidental, accidental, sickly notions and imaginations to be overcome and

done away with by His strength, we should never fail of success.

It is astonishing that Matrimony should ever fail to secure lasting happiness when none but paragons ever enter the holy state!

Misfortune has an ill wind which runs before it, and is called a *presentiment*. Some minds foresee it through a thousand indications, as birds feel the approaching storm. Others, however, continually excited by the changes of daily events, do not notice it, and misfortune falls upon those suddenly and unprovided for.

It appears on a casual view of the world, as if there were a great number of souls originally made, and destined for human bodies, but that in the distribution some got three or four, and some none at all.

One illusion perishes after another—and love, grown too sorrowful, asks for its youth again.

Pretension generally rides *avant-courier* to an humiliation.

Favart remarked with point, that “the torch of criticism should be devoted to illumine rather than burn.”

Grimm observed, with equal truth, that “It is not unjust, dull, or violent criticisms that effect the most injury, but that the greatest harm is accomplished by over-prodigious praise scattered without discretion.”

Bruyère affirmed that the pleasure of criticising, pre-

vented the critic from being affected by fine passages ! Another French writer has asserted, that "It is only witty fellows who criticise each other ; fools alone are addicted to mutual admiration."

Jeremy Collier characteristically declares it as an incontrovertible truth, that "if a man would succeed as a critic, he must deal with an author as he would with an enemy. Charge him furiously, thwack him lustily, hew him while there's life in him, [and have no mercy when holding him at advantage."

But there is no fairness in this, if by Criticism is meant now what was understood by it on its institution by Aristotle—namely, "A standard of judging well." The gentle Doctor Watts understood as much of the craft as any of the criticisers of the critics, when he said, in his own peculiar way—"Where an author has many beauties consistent with virtue, piety, and truth, let not little critics exalt themselves, and shower down their ill-nature."

It many times falls out that we deem ourselves much deceived in others, because we first deceived ourselves.

Men of talent are sooner to be convinced by short sentences than by long preachments, because the short sentences drive themselves into the heart, and stay there, while long discourses, though ever so good, tire the attention, and one good thing drives out another.

It is not fit that the history of a person should appear, till the prejudice both of his antagonists and adherents be softened and subdued.

All Pride and Pleasure are with the poor in France resolvable into Sunday. "*Ah si vous voudriez me donner,*" said a young French Peasant to her Mistress, "*une vielle mouchoir de poche pour me moucher le dimanche !*"

So late in Milton's life as his Secretaryship to Cromwell, his fame was so little known, that the Swedish Ambassador complained of his business being delayed owing to "*one Mr. Milton, a blind man.*"

All love is that affection of the heart which responds directly to goodness, and all who have any goodness in themselves love goodness naturally, and of necessity in others—and pre-eminently of course in *Him* who is infinitely good.

If we may believe our logicians, Man is distinguished from all other creatures by the faculty of Laughter. He has a heart capable of mirth, and naturally disposed to it. It is not the business of virtue to extirpate the affections of the mind, but to regulate them. It may moderate and restrain, but was not designed to banish gladness from the heart of man. Religion contracts the circle of our pleasures, but leaves it wide enough for her votaries to expatiate in. The contemplation of the

Divine Being, and the exercise of virtue, are in their own nature so far from excluding all gladness of heart, that they are perpetual sources of it. In a word, the true spirit of religion cheers as well as composes the soul; it banishes, indeed, all levity of behaviour, all vicious and dissolute mirth; but, in exchange, fills the mind with a perpetual serenity, uninterrupted cheerfulness, and an habitual inclination to please others, as well as to be pleased in itself.

A Horse-Laugh is a sorry hack, upon which buffoons and jesters are fain to ride home when they want to retreat, and are at a loss for any better conveyance.

John Taylor, of pleasant memory, (many years Editor of the "Sun" Newspaper,) who was no mean proficient in turning the tables upon his opponents when he found himself losing in argument;—in a literary discussion, the opposite party, a dull sort of fellow, gradually lost his temper as Taylor was losing ground, and at length petulantly exclaimed—"My good sir, you are not such a rare scholar as you imagine—I consider you an *everyday man*." "Do you?" cried the incorrigible and good-humoured punster. "Well then, if you consider me only an *every-day* man, let me tell you I consider you only a *weak* man!" Here Taylor immediately jumped upon the back of a horse-laugh, and rode victoriously over his prostrate conqueror, while all present were exercising their risible muscles.

Why should people be angry with a vain and poor writer? A man with a restless activity, may, in pursuit of distinction, spend his time much more injuriously to society, than in writing a foolish book. It is a consolatory reflection, that a book can neither trouble nor hurt us, without our own co-operation.

Un Livre vous deplait? Qui vous force a lire?

Trublet has proposed, very humorously, a library project, which deserves to be seriously executed. He says, that it is proverbial, there are no books so bad, but what have something good in them. It were to be wished that the greater parts of such were destroyed after making an extract out of them of what was worth preserving. It would make a curious book if it were well done, with this title,—

“Extracts of the Books which are not to be read.”

As in Apothecaries' shops all sorts of drugs are permitted to be, so may all sorts of books be in a Library; and as they, out of vipers and scorpions and poisonous vegetables, extract often wholesome medicaments for the life of mankind, so out of whatsoever book, good instruction and good examples may be acquired.

We smile at the ignorance of the savage who cuts down the tree in order to reach the fruits; but the fact is, that a blunder of this description is made by every

person who is over eager and impatient in the pursuit of pleasure. To such, the present moment is as everything, and the future as nothing ; he borrows therefore from the future at a most usurious and ruinous interest.

Nothing hinders the constant agreement of people that live together, but merely Vanity—a secret insisting upon what they think their dignity and merit, and an inward expectation of such an over-measure of deference and regard as answers to their own extravagant false scale, and which nobody can pay, because none but themselves can tell exactly to what pitch it amounts.

Vanity in persons of good understanding and dispositions operates in paroxysm ; between the fits, they feel like Araspes,—the war of a double soul ; and to have acted as they did, they must have eaten of the insane root which takes the reason prisoner.

There is a pleasure to those accustomed to be alone, not easy to be understood by those who are not, and of which we ourselves are only most sensible when we are interrupted. When we feel that we are monarchs of all we survey, and have no rivals near the throne, though the throne be only the fireside, or the arm-chair. To feel that we may roam at pleasure, from one room to another, without annoying or being annoyed by any body ; that we may indulge whatever

train of thought we please, and even give liberty to that thought by talking to oneself, if one likes it; and all this secure from what infallibly breaks the enchantment—the mere eye, much more the tongue of an intruder, even though a friend. This is real enjoyment, though under a fancied monotony, more than many a devotee of company is able to conceive.

But when you have had your fill of all this, and wander out of doors for a change, every step you take, every breath you breathe, and every face you meet, is fraught with something of pleasantness, which those who live always in a crowd, are doomed never to taste. There can be no want of companions where there are Books.

As the sun,
Ere it is risen, sometimes paints its image
In the atmosphere, so, often do the spirits
Of great events stride on before the events,
And in to-day already walks to-morrow.

There is nothing so wicked as a *bad book*, because it cannot repent.

Most gentle, most soothing, most faithful companions are Books. They afford amusement for the lonely hour; solace, perchance, for the sorrowful one; they offer recreation to the light-hearted, instruction to the inquiring, inspiration to the aspiring mind, food for the hungry one. They are inexhaustible in extent

as in variety: and oh! in the silent vigil by the suffering couch, or during the languor of indisposition, who can too highly praise these silent friends—silent indeed to the ear, but speaking eloquently to the heart, which beguile, even transiently, the mind from present depressing care, strengthen and elevate it by communion with the past, or solace it by hopes of the future!

The Duke of Buckingham said that “silent sort of men are generally esteemed the more judicious and thinking; but it is commonly only dullness and *want* of thought, for imagination will hardly let the tongue be still.”

Coleridge used to relate a story, which in its way corroborates the above opinion. Dining in company with a very grave-looking man, who listened with profound attention to the poet's conversation during dinner without uttering a single remark, but nodding his head from time to time in a manner which gave Mr. Coleridge an idea of his intelligence. At length, some apple dumplings were placed upon the table. “And,” said Coleridge, “my man no sooner saw them, than he burst forth as in an ecstasy, with—

“ ‘Ah! *Them's* the jockies for *my* money!’ ”

Man flies from Time, and Time flies from Man.

The late Mr. Vernon, and his friend Fawcett the comedian, taking up their quarters at the *Old Ship*, at

Brighton, were compelled, by press of visitors, to sleep in a double-bedded room.

The first morning after, Mr. Fawcett threw on his clothes hastily, and went upon the beach, in order to give his more deliberate friend opportunity to perform his ablutions ; returning to the room as soon as he saw that Mr. Vernon had quitted it, and not finding the wherewithal for his own comfort, rang for the chambermaid, desiring her to replenish the jugs, &c. with water. The young woman looked rather surprised at this demand, saying she thought she had already placed what was needful, when Mr. Fawcett playfully observed, in reference to himself and friend's requirements in turn,—" My good girl, don't you know that when *two* men ride *double*, *one* must ride behind ?" " Oh, sir," replied the girl, looking in his face with the utmost simplicity—" I didn't know you both comed on *horse-back* !"

During the performance of a Play not calculated to add greatly to the treasury of the proprietors, Reynolds, its author, entered the theatre with a friend, who perceiving a very thin audience, delicately accounted for it, by observing that the badness of the house must be owing to the *war*. " No," replied the author, shaking his head, " I suspect it's owing to the *Piece*."

A Yankee Pedlar with his cart, overtaking another of his clan on the road, was thus addressed—" Hallo !

what do you carry?" "Drugs and medicines," [was the reply. "Good," returned the other; "you may go ahead. I carry *Grave-stones*."

"To marry where one loves," said Horace Walpole, "is so charming at first, that the decay of inclination renders it infinitely more disagreeable afterwards."

When Quin was invited to dinner at six o'clock by a nobleman, he told his grace he had two excellent reasons for declining the honour; and showed him a chicken, turtle, and a haunch of venison, which were getting ready for him at *FOUR*.

I praise the Frenchman,—his remark was shrewd—
" *How sweet, how passing sweet is solitude!*"
But grant me still a friend in my retreat,
Whom I may whisper—solitude is sweet!

A Doge, at the court of Louis the Fourteenth, declared that he could see no wonder there equal to that of seeing himself in it.

A fond mother, once inviting some Ladies to a *gay evening* at her house *with her children*, desired them to come in the *strongest gowns* they had.

At the Hastings trial, when Sheridan was listened to with such attention that you might have heard a pin

drop, during one of those days Sheridan having observed Gibbon among the audience, took occasion to mention "the luminous author of 'the Decline and Fall.'" After he had finished, one of his friends reproached him with *flattering Gibbon*. "Why," asked Sheridan, "what did I say of him?" "You called him the *luminous* author, &c." "Luminous! oh, I meant *Voluminous*."

Charles Mathews, three or four years ago walking on the beach at Little Hampton, frequently passed a gentleman, who was *stone-blind*, but whose countenance and air seemed almost joyous; he always smiled and conversed with those who attended him, with spirit and animation. He one day attracted the notice of one of his visitors, who, when the gentleman had passed, observed that he never saw a blind person who did not appear perfectly happy, adding that he could in no way account for such a frame of mind in people devoid of the blessing of sight. "How *can* the blind," asked he, "be *happy*?"

"I suppose," replied Charles, "they see no reason why they shouldn't."

A person observing to him, on a very sultry day, that he had just come from the Bank of England, where it was quite *cold*—indeed, he said, it is always so in the hottest weather, adding that he could never account for so remarkable a fact. "Oh!" replied Charles,

"it must be owing to the number of *Cool hundreds* they keep there."

"And now," (wrote Sydney Smith in the Edinburgh Review to O'Connell), "dear Daniel, sit down quietly at Derrynane, and tell me, when the bodily frame is refreshed with wine of Bordeaux,—whether all this is worth while. What is the object of all government? The object of all Government is roast mutton, potatoes, claret, a stout constable, an honest justice, a clear highway, a free chapel.

"What trash to be bawling in the streets about the *Green Isle*, the *Isle of the Ocean*, the bold anthem of *Erin go bragh*. A far better anthem would be *Erin go bread and cheese*, *Erin go cabins that keep out the rain*, *Erin go pantaloons without holes in them!* What folly to be making eternal declamations about governing ourselves."

There are many people who, from cherished selfishness, and a habit of considering *self* only, look upon all their friends and dependants as mere accessories to their own happiness, elevation, and importance, never for one moment either thinking or caring about the feelings and expectations of others. These *autocrats*, in whatever class of life, expect every body about them, or connected with them, either by ties of blood or business, to bend their compliant knees and to receive whatever

burthen or imposition laid upon them, and in every thing—

“Submit to all that they devise,
As if they wore their liveries.”

Some persons measure the worth of their neighbours by their conduct towards *themselves*.

Do not accustom yourself to consider debt only as an inconvenience, you'll find it a calamity.

The load of debt is the heaviest load, except that of sin, that ever fell on the shoulders of mankind.

No man can ever borrow himself out of debt. If you wish for relief, you must work for it. You must make more, and spend less than you did while you were running in debt. *You* must wear homespun instead of broadcloth; drink water instead of champagne, and rise at seven instead of ten. Industry, frugality, economy, these are the handmaids to wealth, and sure resources of relief.

The voice is perhaps one of the organs most influenced by the *mind*.

Miss Seward thus invited a friend in Winter—
“Come, that I may not hear the winds of night, nor count the heavy eve-drops as they fall.”

Shakespeare, who scarcely survived his fiftieth year, wrote of himself, "In me the time of life thou dost behold, when yellow leaves, or few, or none, do hang upon the bough."

Wordsworth, with regard to *fragrance*, spoke and wrote from the testimony of others, he, himself, having no sense of smell.

Old age is comparative, and one man may be younger at eighty than another at forty.

"Ah, madam," exclaimed the patriarch Fontenelle, while talking to a young and beautiful woman,—“if I were *but* fourscore again!”

Ninon L'Enclos, at the age of seventy-five, captivated a very young man, whose passion she partly promised she would return, if he would give her five years to consider of it.

Montaigne affirms that old age impresses more wrinkles on the *mind* than on the face.

Sir Robert Peel told a story of a man who gave warning to his master that he must leave his place. "Well, John!" said the master, "I am sorry you are going to leave me; what are your causes of discontent?"

"Well," said John, "I don't wish to be unreasonable,

but I want three things, sir; more wages, less work, and I should like to have the keys of the wine-cellar."

Some are masters of such polished rudeness that enables the tongue not to offend the ear, while it lacerates the heart.

How well can we reason when we do not feel !

Those who cannot be taught, must be ruled.

Selfishness is the ruling element of a restless disposition.

Rogers, the Poet, told a story of two people whom he and all present knew.

Mr. and Mrs. ——— travelling in Italy, were stopped by brigands, who were about to carry Mr. ——— up the mountains, in order to extort a ransom. "Mrs. ———" (a lady very plain, and whom most of her acquaintance *disliked*), "threw herself into the arms of her husband, saying, as she clung to him—'If you take *him*, you must carry *me* with him.'

"So," added Mr. Rogers, "rather than take *her*, they left the husband to pursue his journey."

Mr. Rogers was a most good-natured man, but "would have his humour," which, whenever he praised

anybody, led him to append a qualification or *set-off* to the excellence commended. One day, in conversation with Lady Beresford, he spoke in the most perfect praise (as all must) of the Marchioness of Lansdowne; and when he left the room, everybody expressed surprise that he had given such an eulogium without a drawback, when the door of the room re-opened, the Poet's head appeared, and he exclaimed, as if in continuation of his belief in the perfection of Lady Lansdowne—"But there are *spots* in the *sun*!"

Some one made a remark to Campbell the poet upon Mr. Rogers's habit of saying "ill-natured things." Campbell observed, "There is a way to prevent his saying ill-natured things either *to* you or *about* you." "Indeed!" was the somewhat incredulous reply, "pray how is that to be managed?" "Why," said Campbell, "*just borrow money of him*, and you will never hear an ill-natured word till it is paid."

One now and then meets with persons who are extremely learned and knotty in expounding clear cases, and use unnecessary proofs in indisputable points.

Tully tells us of an author who spent some pages to prove that generals could not perform great enterprises which have made them so illustrious, if they had not had men.

It is pleasant enough (said Steele) to see persons con-

tend without opponents, and triumph without victory. The persons that deserve the highest admiration in this respect are your ordinary story-tellers, who are most religiously careful in keeping to *the truth* in every particular circumstance of a narrative, whether it concern the main end or not. A gentleman with whom I had the honour of being in company the other day, upon some occasion that he was pleased to take, said he remembered a very pretty repartee made by a very witty man in King Charles's time upon the like occasion. "I remember," (said he, upon entering upon the tale,) "much about the time of Oates's plot, that a cousin-german of mine and I were at the Bear in Holborn,—No, I'm wrong, it was at the *Cross Keys*; but Jack Thomson was there, for he was very intimate with the gentleman who made the answer—but I am sure it was spoken somewhere thereabouts, for we drank a bottle in the neighbourhood every evening; but no matter for that, the thing is the same —" He was going on to settle the geography of the jest when I left the room.

It is given to no man to discover *all* that is true, but it is a privilege to add to our stores of knowledge any thing that is true.

Living always in the world, makes one unfit for

living out of it, as always living out of it, does for living in it.

A lady who was very submissive and modest before marriage, was observed by a friend to use her tongue pretty freely after. "There was a time," he remarked, "when I almost imagined she had *no tongue*." "Yes," said the husband, with a sigh—"but it's *very long* since."

General Montague Mathew, one evening, in company with Lady Hamilton, proposed as a toast—"The health of the late Lord Nelson!"

Lady Morgan, in alluding to the singing of Lady Hamilton, says very happily, that hers was a "*Poll of Plymouth Voice*."

It has been said with that degree of truth which is necessary to give effect to *point*, that the French character has been determined by two Rhymes—*Gloire!* and *Victoire!*

True happiness is in the *gust* of a thing, not in the thing itself; and to possess the person my love renders lovely, is to me the height of felicity, and not the person another thinks charming.

There is as much difference between *us* and *ourselves*, as between *us* and *others*.

Locke's simile of the *sheet of white paper*, is to be found in Hooker. "The soul of Man (he says) being at first as a book wherein nothing is, and yet all things may be imprinted." Hooker probably borrowed the thought from Aristotle, who compares it to a *Tablet without a picture*.

Ovid calls the Sun, the *Eye*, and Pliny, the *Soul*, of the world.

Oh, 'tis sad to lie and reckon
All the days of faded youth ;
All the vows that were believed in ;
All the words we spoke in truth.

Oh ! my heart that once so truly
Kept another's time and tune !
Heart that kindled in the Morning,
Look around thee in the Noon.

Darkness shows us worlds of light we never saw by day.

When wishes only weak, the heart surprise,
Heaven in its mercy, the fond boon denies.

When ill-directed we pursue the wrong,
We add new strength to what before was strong.

A timid stage-coach passenger questioned a coachman with whom he was seated on the box,—about his

experience in *upsets*. The answer was—"Why, Sir, sometimes we *spreads 'em* ; sometimes we throws 'em on a heap."

The Sheridans—father and son—frequently indulged in good-humoured *badinage* with each other. They were supping with Michael Kelly, one night, at a period when Tom expected to get into Parliament. "I think, father," said he, "that many men who are called great Patriots in the House of Commons are great Humbugs. For my own part I will pledge myself to no party, but write upon my forehead in legible characters, '*To be let !*'" "And under that, Tom (said his father), write *unfurnished !*"

Sheridan had a cottage near Hounslow Heath. His son, being short of cash, asked his father to let him have some. "Money I have none," was the reply. "Money I must have," said Tom, "be the consequence what it may! If that be the case, my dear Tom," said the affectionate parent, "you will find a case of loaded pistols up stairs, and a horse ready saddled in the stable—the night is dark, and you are within half a mile of Hounslow Heath." "I understand what you mean," said Tom ; "but I tried that last night, when unluckily I stopped Peake, your Theatre-treasurer, who told me that *you* had been beforehand with me, and had robbed him of every sixpence in the world."

It was not uncommon for Tom Sheridan to make playful allusions to his own and his father's poverty. One day Mathews repaid him a shilling, borrowed on some trivial emergency a few days before. Tom received it with affected glee, saying, as he put it into his pocket, "I'll go and give half of this to my father, and then we shall *both* be in cash!"

The elder Mr. Twiss was a mathematician. James Smith one night took him to hear Mathews in his *At Home*, to the whole of which he gave devoted attention. At the close, Mr. Smith asked whether he had not been surprised and pleased? "*Both*," replied Mr. Twiss—"but what *does it all go to prove?*"

Man, as a social creature, is made fit for converse with those that are his equals; to receive from them, and to communicate to them. To be the better for them, and to make them better for him.

The true sources of useful and pleasing conversation—whether in men or women, (and let it be remembered that no conversation can be truly pleasant that is not accompanied by simplicity of manner)—are virtuous dispositions, right judgment, and polished taste.

Conversation should be pleasant without scurrility, witty without affectation, free without indecency, learned without conceitedness, novel without falsehood. There are few occasions in life in which we are more called

upon to watch ourselves narrowly, and to resist the assaults of various temptations, than in conversation.

The most necessary talent for a man of conversation is a good judgment. He that has it in perfection is master of his companion without letting him see it; and has the same advantage over men of any other qualifications whatsoever, as one that could see, would have over a blind man of ten times his strength.

Difference in opinion is no less natural than difference in look; it is at the same time the very salt of conversation—why should we be offended with those who think differently from us? for to measure all reason by our own, is a plain act of injustice; it is an encroachment on the common right of mankind.

It is a secret known to very few, yet of no small use in the conduct of life, that when you fall into a man's conversation, the first thing you should consider is, whether he has a greater inclination to hear you, or that you should hear him.

He that converses not with man, knoweth nothing.

To subject ourselves to inconvenience, is the rule of politeness. It means, "I would do much to serve you, and as a proof of my sincerity, see what I do without being able to benefit you!"

Politeness is a just medium between formality and rudeness. It is, in fact, good-nature regulated by quick

discernment, which proportions itself to every situation and every character ; it is a restraint laid by reason and benevolence on every irregularity of temper, of appetite and passion. It accommodates itself to the fantastic laws of custom and fashion, as long as they are not inconsistent with the higher obligations of virtue and religion.

Politeness is the pattern of delicacy, and teaches a man those beautiful observances which flow from the most refined minds.

It is a most engaging feature of real politeness, that no proud assumption of superiority depressed the feelings of conscious subordination, or pained diffidence by an ostentatious display of the advantages of worth and fortune.

There is more complacency in the negligence of some men, than in what is called the good-breeding of others; and the little absences of the mind are often more interesting and engaging than the punctilious attention of a thousand professed sacrificers to the Graces.

There are people whom the gods in their anger have cast upon the earth, never to know repose, nor ever suffer it to be enjoyed by others.

Virtue is a natural impulse towards good actions, transformed by prudence into a habit.

Nature neither gives nor denies us any virtue ; she grants only faculties, leaving the use of them to ourselves.

In a Dutch translation of Addison's *Cato*, the version of the soliloquy is curious. It commences thus:—"Just so,—you are very right, Mynheer Plato !"

Bulwer's "Pelham" wonders what becomes of servants, when they are not wanted.

Good spirits are often taken for good nature, yet nothing differs so much ; insensibility being generally the source of the former, and sensibility of the latter.

There are some men to whom there are neither mornings, nor birds, nor flowers ; they are born ungrateful and unloving to nature.

Gray, the Poet, maintained that any fool may write a most valuable book by chance, if he will only tell us what he heard and saw, with veracity.

As life advances time becomes precious ; every moment is counted, every enjoyment is computed ; and while the effort necessary for pleasing and being pleased becomes greater, the motive for making the exertion grows less. When the sources of physical gratification are dried up, and the illusions of life are dissipated, there remains nothing for enjoyment but a tranquil

fireside and the mastery of our own ideas and of our own habits in the privacy of home.

Religion has a twofold relation. As a duty which we owe to our Maker, it tends to inspire that inward purity which results from an awful conviction of the constant presence of our future Judge. As a bond of union with our fellow Christians, it teaches us that sense of order, propriety, deference, and mutual accommodation, without which society cannot subsist.

It is one of the wonders of the Christian Religion, that it reconciles a man to himself, by reconciling him to God; renders self-reflection supportable to him, and makes repose and solitude more agreeable to many, than the ceaseless agitation and wearisome turmoil of the bustling world.

A Colloquy between a Philadelphian Doctor and his Patient:—

“Doctor! what do you do for yourself when you have a turn of Headache, or other slight attack?”

“Go without my dinner.”

“And if that doesn’t cure you, what then?”

“Go without my supper.”

“But if *that* doesn’t cure you, what *then*?”

“Go without my breakfast.”

David Hume observed, that all the devout persons he had ever met were *melancholy*. On which Bishop

Horne remarked—"This may very probably be ; for in the first place it is likely he saw very few, his friends and acquaintances being of another sort ; and secondly, the sight of him would make a devout man look melancholy at any time."

There is nothing more plain and simple than the way of religion, if *self* is but kept out of it ; and all the perplexities and scruples which pious persons meet with, chiefly arise from some idea they have formed of a progress they ought to make, in order to be that which *self* would be. But piety makes little progress till it has no schemes of its own, no thought or contrivances to be anything but a *naked Penitent*, left wholly and solely in *faith and hope* to the Divine Goodness. Every contrivance for human help, from this, or that, be it what it will, is at best but dropping some degree of that fulness of faith and hope, and dependence upon God, which only is, and only can be, our way of finding him to be the strength and good of our life. Nothing but the life of God, opened by His Holy Spirit within us, can be the renewal of our souls, and we shall want His renewal no longer than whilst we are seeking it in something that is not God. The faith that ascribes all to God, and expects all from Him, cannot be disappointed.

There is something very ennobling in the sight of *male piety*. To see that lofty form, that never bowed

to man, bowed to the earth to God. To behold the knee, whose joints would be as adamant under the influence of mortal force or threat, as flexible as those of infamy in the presence of the Almighty. To see the locked and lifted hands ; to hear the fervent aspiration ; to feel the sound of the mortal weapon, as it drags on the floor beside the kneeling warrior. These are things that touch the senses and the heart at once, and suggest the awful and affecting image of all physical energy prostrate before the power of the Divinity !

In seeking a friend, is it not natural to look for one who possesses not only the greatest power, but the strongest *will* to serve those who ask his favour ? Where such a friend as God ?

Admiration is the passion of the vulgar, arising not from the perfection of the object, but from the ignorance of the spectator. The most refined genius is the most reserved upon that point.

One of our best poets, himself an unsuccessful courtier—from a personal experience of the mortifying feelings of abject solicitation, has said, that if there were a man in the world whom he was at liberty to hate, he would wish him no greater punishment than *attendance* and *dependence*.

There is an amiable remark of Horace Walpole's somewhere in his Letters: he says—

“When I was a youth I thought of writing a satire on Mankind; but now I'm an old man, I would rather write an apology for them.”

Somebody asked William Pitt whether his experience as a Minister had led him to think well or ill of mankind? He answered, “*Well,*,” and the late Lord Melbourne, when asked a similar question, replied unhesitatingly, “My opinion is the *same as Mr. Pitt's.*”

Good, honest old Samuel Johnson said, that “No one was certain of anything so bad in another, but what he knew worse of in himself.”

Addison said, “He saw no crimes which man committed, of which he might not have been guilty himself in the same circumstances.”

Credit is like a looking-glass, which, when only sullied by an unwholesome breath, may be wiped clean again; but if once *cracked*, it is never to be repaired.

Content hangs not so high, but that a man on the ground may reach it.

When Charles Mathews was in Italy, he was told that a person who was generally disliked, was supposed to have caught the *small-pox*. "Ah ! that's bad," replied Charles ; " however, if so, he has one consolation,—he is sure not to be *pitied*."

One of Lord Chesterfield's best maxims is—"To do what *must* be done, as gracefully as possible."

Our Saviour seems to have disapproved of long prayers ; and the invaluable prayer which He has condescended to dictate to erring mortals, is remarkable for its beautiful brevity.

The greater part of the English Liturgy is very justly admired, as furnishing a fine example of supplicatory composition ; but it may be doubted whether the whole of the service, comprehending three parts, intended at first to be separately used, is not longer than can be attended to devoutly, even by the best disposed.

The human mind is so formed as not to be able to retain any sentiment in a great degree of fervour, during a long time ; and this is the reason why brevity in prayer is expressly approved by Him to whom prayer is to be offered, and who consequently must know what is most agreeable to Himself, and what sort of service is the most expressive of man's sincerity.

Shut the door. (Matt. vi. 6.) These words mean much ; they mean not only shut out nonsense, but business ; not only the company abroad, but the company at home. Let thy poor soul have a little rest and refreshment, and God have an opportunity to speak to thee in a still small voice, or He will speak in thunder.

Whatsoever thou art, thou owest to Him that made thee ; and whatsoever thou hast, thou owest to Him who redeemed thee.

The Sabbath is an institution emphatically “made for man,” fraught with the richest blessings, temporal and eternal, to the human race. The comforts, the liberties, the civilization of the world are influenced by it more than can be described ; the very essence of true religion among men, and by consequence, the salvation of their immortal souls seems essentially to depend upon it.

Trust not to friends and kindred—neither do thou put off the care of thy soul’s welfare till hereafter, for men will sooner forget thee than thou art aware of. Look to it betimes ; whilst thou art in health, thou mayest do much good ; but when thou art sick, I see not what thou art able to do. Few by sickness grow better, and more reformed, or more holy.

O lose not this hope of coming forward in godliness ;

there is yet time—the hour is not yet passed for repentance !

True repentance is a thorough change, both of mind and manners.

Repentance is a change of mind, or a conversion from sin, to God—not some one bare act of change, but a lasting, durable state of new life, which is called regeneration.

Our repentance is not real, if we have not done what we can to undo our faults, or, at least, to hinder the injurious consequences of them from proceeding.

Who can all sense of others' ills escape
Is but a brute at best, in human shape.

Whenever misfortunes happen to such as dissent from us in matters of religion, we are apt to call them *judgments* ; when to those of our own sect, we call them *trials* ; when to persons neither way distinguished, we are content to impute them to the settled course of things.

Misfortunes, like sheep, are gregarious—they follow together in droves.

Woes are like waves—they come tumbling after one another.

The Eternal God nor punishes nor blesses at once ; but by degrees, and by warnings. He hath promised his mercy to them that be truly repentant, although it be at their latter end ; but He hath not promised to the presumptuous sinner, either that he shall have long life, or true repentance at the last end ; therefore hath He made the period of man's death uncertain.

No man is worthy of heavenly comfort, unless he diligently exercise himself in holy compunction.

If thou desirest true contrition of heart, enter into thy closet, and shut out the tumults of the world ; as it is written—*In your chamber be you grieved.*

Misfortunes are moral bitters, which frequently restore the healthy tone of the mind, after it has been cloyed and sickened by the sweets of prosperity.

When we look abroad and behold the multitudes that groan under miseries as heavy, or heavier than those we ourselves have experienced, we shrink back to our own state, and instead of repining that so much has been felt, learn to rejoice that we have not suffered more.

Few preachers, in modern times, have excited such a sensation by the thunder of their eloquence as *Massillon*. When he preached his celebrated sermon on "The Day of Judgment," such was the emotion of his hearers, that suddenly, with one accord, the whole congregation, in a paroxysm of alarm, *stood up*.

It is related, that some years ago, the Prince of Orange seeing a man eagerly engaged in playing *at Tennis* on a Sunday, enquired his name and profession; being told by the spectators that he was the Parish Curate, who took the care of their souls; the good prince emphatically replied, "Then take care of your own souls for yourselves."

Old *South*,—a witty churchman reckoned,
Was preaching once to Charles the Second;
But much too serious for a Court,
Which at all preaching made a sport—
He soon perceived his audience nod,
Deaf to the zealous man of God.
The Doctor stopped—began to rail,
"Pray wake the Earl of Lauderdale!
My Lord!—why, 'tis a monstrous thing,
You snore so *loud*, you'll wake the King!"

Young, the Poet, was so anxious to keep constantly in mind the shortness and responsibility of life, that when he meditated at night, and wrote his "Night Thoughts," he did so by the light of a candle placed in *a scull*.

The conformity of men is often a far poorer thing than that which resembles it amongst the lower animals. The monkey imitates from imitative skill and gamesomeness: the sheep is gregarious, having no sufficient will to form an independent project of its own. But man often loathes what he imitates, and conforms to what he knows to be wrong.

It will ever be one of the nicest problems for a man to solve, how far he shall profit by the thoughts of other men, and not be enslaved by them. He comes into the world, and finds swaddling clothes ready for his mind as well as his body. There is a vast scheme of social machinery set up about him; and he has to discern how he can make it work with him and for him without becoming part of the machinery himself. In this lie the anguish and the struggle of the greatest minds. Most sad are they, having mostly the deepest sympathies, when they find themselves breaking off from communion with other minds. They would go on, if they could, with the opinions around them. But, happily, there is something to which a man owes a larger allegiance than to any human affection. He would be content to go away from a false thing, or

quietly to protest against it ; but, in spite of him, the strife in his heart breaks into burning utterance by word or deed.

When we have once come to a right estimate of the strength of conformity, we shall, I think, be more kindly disposed to eccentricity than we usually are. Even a wilful, or an absurd eccentricity is some support against the weighty commonplace conformity of the world. If it were not for some singular people who persist in thinking for themselves, and in being comfortable, we should all collapse into a hideous uniformity.

Boast not the day till night has made it thine,
Nor untried counsel, nor untasted wine ;
Youth's easy faith to all an ear will lend—
But Battle proves the sword, and need the friend.

The hour-glass reminds us, not only of the flight of time, but also of the dust to which we must return.

"Well, Master Jackson," said a parish priest to a well-to-do farmer, "I am glad to see you so regular at Church. I'm sure that after your week's labour, you must find it a place of happy rest."

"Well, sir, I realy does !" replied the farmer, with much self-complacency. "I works hard all the week, and I then goes to Church on a Sunday for *rest*, as your honour says ; and I sits me down, and lays my feet on

the cushion—shuts both my eyes—and thinks o' nothing."

Mr. Moncrieff, the humorous farce-writer, had occasion, some years ago, to write a letter to Mrs. Mathews, which he entrusted to a casual messenger—a poor man—to deliver. *Envelopes* were not then in use, and when the letter was opened, there dropped from it a dirty ticket—a pawnbroker's advance of two shillings upon a *shirt*. Not liking to put the poor messenger to the blush, by showing him the accident arising from his blending these two concerns in one pocket, Mrs. M. enclosed the memorandum to Mr. Moncrieff, informing him that the gentleman whom he had employed, had done her the favour of leaving his card of *a-dress*; but as she could not return the civility, on account of the *distance*, (Lambeth) she requested him to apologise for her omission; this intimation produced the following amusing reply.

"*Savile House, Lambeth, 1827.*

"MY DEAR MADAM,

"The Master of Ravenswood, in the 'Bride of Lammermuir,' could not be more mortified at the ill-timed shifts of Caleb Balderstone, nor Roderick Random at the officious impertinences of Strap, nor Peregrine Pickle with the substituted Love Letter Pipes sent to Emily, than I was on discovering my messenger

had slipped his card of A-DRESS into my letter ;—but it would seem that nature intended me to be, in my own person, the living hero of Farce, for scarce a week passes that I am not placed, by the fault of others, in some such ludicrous disagreeableness, literally making me laugh on the wrong side of my mouth. One of these days I will recount a few of them to you for your amusement. The offender in this instance, whom I employ to go on my messages out of charity, is continually disgracing me by some means or other. What he meant by his conduct on this occasion, I know not. He could not have intended it as an invitation to a *ball*, seeing that there are *three balls* in the case—and, as I have not heard of Mr. Mathews affronting him, I cannot conceive his popp'd-in reminiscence of *popping*, means anything hostile. Perhaps vanity dictated the step, and he designed to give you an idea of his property, by enclosing you one of the title deeds of his estate—or else wished to signify that he, as well as myself, is sometimes employed in matters of *spouting*—or, perhaps, he had been reading Shakspeare, and addressed you in the way he did, in pursuance of the advice to 'speak by the card, lest equivocation, &c.' At all events, he was determined to convince you of the *interest* he takes in my services, but I wish he had given you any other person's recommendation than his *Uncle's* ; he has most certainly committed himself with me by it, past *redemption*. In addition to your letter,

he had one to convey to the lovely, elegant, fashionable, and sensitive Julia M——, so partial to poets and poetry ; who embodies her beauties in the most romantic of the romantic cottages of Paddington ; and to whom I have been endeavouring to look sunshine, and speak music, and breathe roses for the last six months. Should he have committed me in the same way there—and these species of conveyancers of real property have generally great practice, and, it seems, carry the drafts of their deeds in their pockets—I tremble to think what will be the consequence ; hysterics, disgust, disgrace, banishment, &c. &c. I shall be *backed*, not for three months, but for ever. My *time* will be declared *out*. I shall be *lost*, neither *principle* nor *interest* will save me ; all hopes of leaving a *duplicate* of myself to the world, or seeing any tender *pledges* of my love, will be cut off for ever—and all this from the improvidence of a fellow who acts up to the spirit of the old drinking song—

“ ‘ Back and sides go bare—go bare ;
Back and sides go bare.’ ”

Nothing but taking a dose of laudanum, under the timely *surveillance* of the stomach-pump, will convince Julia that I am really ‘ a child of song’—but this catastrophe, or its possibility rather, is too horrid to dwell upon, and methinks I hear you exclaim—‘ Oh, for an ounce of civet to sweeten my imagination !’ by way of purifier : therefore, let me introduce to your



notice the accompanying volume, which I purchased by chance yesterday. It is one of the prettiest books for a lady's reading I ever met with.

Be so good as to tell Mr. Mathews I will most certainly be with him by twelve to-morrow morning. Your assurance of non-interference has much gratified me, as also Mr. Mathews' approbation of the alterations the other day. I needed something to compensate me for my messenger's conduct, for I have felt ever since like a fellow detected in stealing a pint pot, as you may imagine, and have the whole of my Scotch blood in my cheeks, I suppose for my old family feelings of clanship, at this misdeed of my retainer.

"Excuse this intrusion, and believe me, I have the honour to be,

"My Dear Madam,

"Your very obliged and devoted servant,

"W. T. MONCRIEFF."

To know a man well, you must *travel with him*. Surrounded by his own conventionalities, or the conventionalities of society in which he has been brought up, he plods round—to use an old but significant expression, like an ass in an olive mill, and knows quite as well how to deal with all the things about him. But take the ass out of the olive mill—turn him into a totally new scene—and you will find him a very

different sort of an animal amongst things he is unaccustomed to, and knows not what to make of.

If you would know the value of a guinea, try to borrow one of a stranger.

Macklin, sensible of his defective education, occasionally read in the morning, for the purpose of showing off at night. Foote, who took upon him to assert this, states the following instance. Macklin being engaged to sup with some men of science, when Foote was of the party, and being ambitious of cutting a figure, independent of common conversation, had prepared himself in the morning by reading a philosophical treatise on the properties of gunpowder. This, one would suppose, was an anomalous subject for common conversation, and rather difficult to be introduced. Perhaps it was the only book at hand, or whether it was his eccentric turn of mind—this was the *great gun* he had proposed to fire off in the evening.

A long time elapsed without an opportunity—when Macklin thought of an expedient by suddenly starting from his chair, and exclaiming, in apparent alarm—“Was not that a gun fired off?” “A gun!” cried one of the company, in amaze. “Aye, there it is again,” said he—“and I’m sure some accident has happened below stairs!” Upon this, the landlord was called up, who soon satisfying the company that there had been nothing of the kind, Macklin said, “Well,

my *hearing* has deceived me—but the properties of gunpowder are in many respects of a singular nature, &c. &c.,” and then went on in that track of reading in which he had previously instructed himself.

Lord Byron, in reference to a lady he thought ill of, writes—“Lady —— has been dangerously ill; but it may console you to learn that she is dangerously well again.”

Zeno of Elea was not proof against the shafts of calumny. He said, “To be insensible to the evil that is spoken of me, I must be so likewise to the good.”

Repose is the life of old age, but the death of youth.

Béranger teaches the important, if not orthodox lesson, that every human being is his own devil, and is the maker of his own hell.

“Sachez, que chacun est sa diable,
Que chacun se fait son Enfer.”

Advice is seldom welcome; and those who want it the most, always like it the least.

In the quietness of repose we love contemplation; but when we are in motion, whatever is dilatory is fatiguing.

How many people, as Merry said of Miles Peter Andrews, receive illness, not as a *misfortune*, but as an *affront*.

Whilst grave, sentimental writing is a simple, commonplace effort, there is so much difficulty and danger in trying to be comic, so much fear of proving *foolish* in the endeavour to be *facetious*, that more than common indulgence should be granted; for if the world be full of misery, he who for a moment can excite a laugh, ought to be considered far from the despicable member of society which the dull junto of crying, classical philosophers would depict him.

The fortuitous concurrence of circumstances alone surprise us; otherwise we should not think of them. We dream of a thousand things which never happen, and we take no notice of the failure of their predictions. If once, however, events occur with a dream, one thinks and talks of it.

A touching instance of natural regard was given by a deponent in an Irish court of justice, who said that "the only one of his children who showed him real filial affection and respect was his youngest son, Larry, for he *never struck him when he was down.*"

A reverend gentleman found himself in a crowd in London, and felt some one put his hand in his pocket. He turned round and said to a man behind him, "You had your hand in my pocket!" "Yes, sir," replied the thief, "and I am sorry to say, I found nothing in it!"

Washington was dining with several of his officers, when one of them uttered an oath. He instantly dropped his knife and fork, and in a grave tone, with characteristic dignity and earnestness, said,—“ I thought we all regarded ourselves as *gentlemen*.”

Colman, in speaking of the construction of his comedy called “ John Bull,” said, in reference to the different styles of the two comedians, “ I wrote the character of *Job Thornberry* for *Fawcett*, and therefore made him a *Brazier*—had I written it for *Bannister*, I should have made him a *Hosier*.”

A smart, would-be-*genteel* waiting-woman, in giving an account of the twin-children of her mistress, said, “ The dear little things ! one looks so much like both, you can’t tell t’other from which !”

Some men use no other means to acquire respect than by insisting on it ; and it sometimes answers their purpose, as it does a highwayman’s in regard to money.

“ What are you making, my little seamstress ?” asked a visiting Lady to one of the schools. “ Is it a chemise ?” “ No, my Lady,” replied the child, bashfully, “ it’s a *Hemise*.”

At a dinner-party the plebeian habits of one of the guests had been much noticed. Amongst other mistakes

he used his knife improperly in eating. At length a wag asked aloud, "Have you heard of poor L——'s sad affair? I met him at a party yesterday, apparently well and cheerful, when at the dinner-table, to our great horror, he suddenly took up a knife, and—" "Good heavens!" cried out one of the ladies, "*He cut his throat?*" "Why, no," answered the relator, "he did not cut his throat with the knife; but we all expected he would, for he actually *put it up to his mouth!*"

In the correspondence of the Reverend John Campbell, a friend (Mr. Richie) writing to him, says, "We must watch against unbelief. One day when I was a boy, my mother heard me weeping in my room at prayer; she asked me why? I said, 'The Lord will not give me a new heart.' She answered, 'Dinna fear that, —turn to Ezekiel xxxvi.' 'Aye, but,' said I, 'it is no said there that He will give it to *Jack Richie.*'"

Snuff-taking is a vile custom, and it is wrong to teach one's nose a bad habit, as a foolish man generally follows his nose.

Several years ago, our gracious Queen invited Lord ——'s two boys to Osborne to drink tea with the royal children. One of the boys, just come from school, and about eight or nine years of age, felt particularly nervous and shy in the presence of the Queen and Prince

Albert, although his father and mother were also present, and he fidgetted about on his chair very awkwardly, at the same time eyeing a long table, spread with confectionary and other good things provided expressly for the young party. The Queen, observing the boy's bashfulness, very kindly encouraged him to take something, but without success; but at length, it being evident that he desired to do so, Her Majesty put the direct question of, "What *will* you take?" When the boy, summoning up all his courage, and pointing to a distant part of the table, answered rapidly, with affected ease, "Well! I—I think I'll take one of those *two-penny tarts*."

The whole party was convulsed with laughter.

The Scripture bids us *pray for our enemies*, and *love our enemies*, but nowhere does it bid us *trust* our enemies;—nay, it strictly cautions us against it.

The only praises worth having are those bestowed *by* virtue *for* virtue.

In our pursuit of the things of this world we prevent enjoyment by anticipation, and eat out the heart and sweetness of our pleasures by too much forethought of them.

No man has a right to expect friendship from others, who is not a *friend to himself*.

Now you shall hear how well our *Echo* understands the state of *Ireland*—let us catechise the nymph.

“What is the chief source of the evils of *Ireland*?”

Echo—*Land*.

“What is the state of *Munster*?” *Stir*.

“What are they doing at *Connaught*?” *Nought*.

“Why don’t they reclaim their morasses?” *Asses*.

“Should we not excite them to industry?” *Try*.

“What would you give the Catholics?” *Licks*.

“Who best deserves a fat rectory?” *Tory*.

Oh the thralldom of debt! The Persians erred not when they said,—The *second* vice was *to lie*, the *first* being *that of owing money*.

There can be no pleasure without communication. *Montaigne* says,—“There is not so much as a thought comes into my mind, which it does not grieve me to have produced alone, without one to communicate it to. But yet, it is much better to be alone, than in foolish and troublesome company.”

Madam de Maintenon shut herself up with a woman who had the *small pox*, without being certain that she herself had ever had it. “A little pity,” she said, “at first inclined me to it,—afterwards a strong desire to do a thing which nobody else had done.”

If we judge at all, we must, like the Pharisees, “judge according to the flesh ;” and the *reports* by which we judge, and the *appearances* by which we judge, are so uncertain and delusive, that from the very nature of the testimony, our decisions must generally be iniquitous, and can only be accidentally correct.

There are, in the first place, very few persons who are capable of forming any opinion at all upon such a subject. That deep knowledge of the human heart which alone can fit a man for the task, is only attainable by a very rare and peculiar kind of talent, and only attained after a long intercourse with society, in all its various forms and modifications. But putting aside this argument, and supposing the faculty to exist, as commonly as we meet pretenders to the possession of it, even in this case there would be always a strange presumption that the portrait which one person ventures to paint for us as the moral resemblance of another, would be unfaithful ; because there are very few of any man’s acquaintance—none indeed, but his family, and his immediate friends—who can possibly have seen him under a sufficient variety of circumstances—who are intimate enough with his secret thoughts and views—who are so conversant with his domestic habits and feelings, as to be warranted in forming a general estimate of his character. A slight degree of acquaintance may inform us of some glaring fault, but leave us in ignorance of the counterbalancing virtue ; it may dis-

close to us some attractive social quality, but not enable us to discover the deep-rooted malignity of the heart. Any opinion which we may hear given, as the result of such a slight and hasty observation, deserves nothing but contempt, as a conclusion rashly drawn upon a superficial and inadequate knowledge of the subject. Indeed, if we confined ourselves to the reports delivered of the character of our brother Christians by their chance acquaintances, and gave ourselves the trouble of collecting all those reports, we should be compelled to obey the admonition of the text, and never judge at all.

One of the most ridiculous situations in which a man can place himself is by flying in a passion where the offence or provocation is offered to another whose temper is unruffled by it. Horace Walpole relates that General Sutton, a choleric man, was with Sir Robert Walpole, whose temper was remarkably even, one day when his valet was shaving him. "John, you cut me," said his master calmly, and went on with the conversation. Presently he said again, "John you cut me;" on which Sutton started up in a rage, and doubling his fist at the man, said with a great oath.—"If Sir Robert can bear it; I can't, and if you cut him once more, I'll knock you down."

The late Professor Caldwell, of Dickinson College, a short time before his death, said to his wife, "You will

not, I am sure, lie down upon your bed and weep when I am gone. You will not mourn for me, when God has been so good to me. And when you visit the spot where I lie, do not choose a sad and mournful time; do not go in the shade of evening or in the dark of night. These are no times to visit the grave of one who hopes and trusts in a risen Redeemer; but come in the morning, in the bright sunshine, and when the birds are singing."

Lord Lyndhurst tells a good story *apropos* of his surrender of the great seal in 1846. "When I went to the palace," says his lordship, "I alighted at the grand staircase; I was received by the sticks gold and silver, and other officers of the household, who called in sonorous tones from landing to landing, and apartment to apartment, 'Room for the Lord High Chancellor of England!' I entered the presence chamber; I gave the seals to her Majesty; I had the honour of kissing her hand; I left the apartment by another door, and found myself on a back staircase, down which I descended without any one taking any notice of me, until, as I was looking for my carriage at the outer door, a lackey bustled up, and with a patronising air, said, 'Lord Lyndhurst, can I do anything for you?'"

"I remember," says Theodore Hook, "when I was at school, two of the boys proceeded to a pond for the

purpose of swimming a gallipot, which was the property of the bigger boy of the two. It chanced that, in the eagerness incidental to this exciting amusement, the smaller boy tipped into the water, and after a good deal of struggling, sank, and was drowned. After the melancholy catastrophe, the bigger boy was questioned as to what efforts he had made to rescue his companion, and his answers made it evident that he had by no means exerted himself to the utmost. This conviction produced a severe rebuke from the tutor, upon which Master Simpson burst into a flood of tears, and said—

“ ‘ I do think that I could have saved Green ; but—if I had tried I should *have lost my gallipot !* ’ ”

The servant at No. 1 told the servant at No. 2, that her master expected his old friends, the Bayleys, to pay him a visit shortly ; and No. 2 told No. 3 that No. 1 expected to have the Bayleys in the house every day ; and No. 3 told No. 4 that it was all up with No. 1, for they couldn't keep the bailiffs out ; whereupon No. 4 told No. 5 that the officers were after No. 1, and that it was as much as he could do to prevent himself from being taken into execution, and that it was nearly killing his poor dear wife ; and so it went on increasing and increasing, until it got to No. 33, that the Bow-street officers had taken up the gentleman who lived at No. 1, for killing his poor dear wife with arsenic, and that it was confidently hoped and expected that he

would be executed at Horsemonger-lane jail, as the facts of the case were very clear against him.

The Emperor Alexander was present at a collection in Paris, for one of the hospitals. The plate was held to the Emperor by an extremely pretty girl. As he gave his *louis d'or*, he whispered—"Mademoiselle, this is for your bright eyes." The girl curtsied, and presented the plate again. "What," said the Emperor, "more?" "Yes, sire," said she, "I now want *something for the poor.*"

"Let us return to our sheep," is a proverb taken from the old French play "Patelin," (from which our farce of the "Village Lawyer" was taken,) where a woollen-draper is brought in, who, pleading against his shepherd concerning some sheep the shepherd had stolen from him, continued digressing from the point to speak of a piece of cloth of which his antagonist's attorney had likewise robbed him, which made the judges call out to the draper, "*Revenons a nos moutons.*"

Dogmatism (says Douglas Jerrold) is Puppyism come to its full growth.

In associating with Southey, not only was it necessary to salvation to refrain from touching his books, but also various rites, ceremonies, and usages, must be regularly observed. At certain appointed hours only was he

open to conversation—at the seasons which had been predestined from all eternity for holding intercourse with his friends. Every hour of the day had its commission—every half-hour was assigned to its own peculiar undeviating function.

The indefatigable student gave a detailed account of his most painstaking life, every moment of which was fully employed and strictly pre-arranged, to a certain literary Quaker lady.

“I rise,” said he, “at five throughout the year ; from six till eight I read Spanish ; then French, for one hour ; Portuguese next, for half an hour—my watch lying on the table ; I give two hours to poetry ; I write prose for two hours ; I translate so long ; I make extracts so long ; (and so of the rest, until the poor fellow had fairly fagged himself into his bed again).

“And pray, when dost thou *think*, friend?” she asked drily, to the great discomfiture of the future laureate.

We cannot easily conquer the feeling of repugnance which is sometimes excited by the countenance of a stranger. Neither can we always explain the cause, even to ourselves.

“I do not like thee, Doctor Fell ;
The reason why, I cannot tell.”

Even when subsequent familiarity, an exchange of kind offices, and a strong desire to shake off an apparently ungenerous prejudice, suppress for a time all harsh and unfriendly thoughts, some accidental expo-



sure of character, either in word, deed, or look, is almost sure to confirm our first impression.

There is a curious passage in Gessner's *Life of Lavater*, that may serve as illustration.

"A person, to whom Lavater was an entire stranger, was announced, and introduced to him as a visitor. The first idea that rose in his mind, the moment he saw him, was, 'This man is a murderer.' He, however, suppressed the thought as unjustifiably severe and hasty, and conversed with the person with his accustomed civility. The cultivated understanding, extensive information, and ease of manner, which he discovered in his visitor, inspired him with the highest respect for his intellectual endowments; and his esteem for these, added to the benevolence and candour natural to him, induced him to disregard the unfavourable impression he had received from his first appearance with respect to his moral character. The next day he dined with him by invitation; but soon after it was known that this accomplished gentleman was one of the assassins of the late King of Sweden; and he found it advisable to leave the country as speedily as possible."

Two natives of the Marquesas (Cannibal) Islands had been carried to France. The story ran, that on the voyage one of their fellow passengers asked which they liked best, the French or the English? "The English," answered the man, smacking his lips; "they are the *fattest*."

Lord Thurloe built a house at Knight's Hill, Norwood. He was first cheated by his Architect, and then by himself, for the house cost more than he expected, so he never would go into it.

As he was coming out of the Queen's Drawing Room, a lady stopped him, and asked when he was going into his new house? "Madam," said he, "the Queen (*Charlotte*) has just asked me that impudent question; and as I would not tell her, I will not tell you."

Bishop Porteus, whom George the Third called the Queen's Bishop, was asked by her Majesty—at a period when Ladies were employed (when they had nothing better to do) in *Knotting*—whether she might knot on a Sunday? He answered, "*you may not*;" leaving her Majesty to decide whether she was to *knot* or *not* on that day.

"No one," said a wealthy, but weak-headed barrister, "should be admitted to the Bar who has not an independent landed property." "May I ask, sir," said Curran, "how many acres make a *wise-acre*?"

At a public dinner—in defending his countrymen against the general charge of being naturally a drunken and vicious race, Curran said, "Many of our faults arise from our too free use of the circulating medium,

(pointing to a Bottle), "but I never heard yet of an Irishman being *born drunk*."

It used to be said by Fontenelle, that, if he had his hand full of *truths*, he would be very much afraid to open it. And in this world truth is both inestimably precious, and often most dangerous to those who conscientiously speak it.

Tribulation may separate us from all the world, but cannot make us either cease to love God, or cease to be loved by Him.

A Heathen once defied a tyrant, saying—"You may abuse the case of Anaxorchus, but you cannot injure Anaxorchus himself."

To John I owed great obligation ;
But John unhappily thought fit
To publish it to all the nation—
Sure, John and I are more than quit !

An Irish soldier, passing through a meadow near Cork, a large mastiff ran at him, and he stabbed the dog with a spear he had in his hand. The master of the dog brought him before the magistrate, who asked him why he had not rather struck the dog with the butt-end of his weapon. "So I should," said the soldier, "if he had run at me with his tail."

At a Sunday school examination, the teacher asked a boy whether, after what he had been studying and repeating, he could forgive those who had wronged him. "Could you," said the teacher, "forgive a boy, for example, who had insulted or struck you?" "Y-e-s, sir," replied the lad, very slowly, "I—think—I—could;" but he added, in a much more rapid manner, "I could, if he was bigger than I am!"

A lady wrote with a diamond on a pane of glass:—

"God did at first make man upright, but he—"

To which a gentleman added:—

"Most surely had continued so; but she—"

Mr. Spearman, of Newton Hall, at a dinner of the Durham County Agricultural Society, was reminded, by the absence of clergymen, of a story which perhaps he might be permitted to relate, as he had it from a very good source—viz., from a very excellent divine, who was himself a prebendary of the cathedral church of Durham. Two honest farmers, in riding along together, encountered a large number of clergymen; and one of them said to the other, "Where be all these parsons coming from?" To this his friend replied, "They've been at a visitation." The other, no wiser than before, says, "What's a visitation?" and the answer he received was, "Why, it's where all the parsons goes once a year, and swops their sermons." His friend, on being thus enlightened, quietly remarked,

"Dang it, but *our* chap mun get the worst on it every time."

He who knows the world, will not be too bashful ;
and he who knows himself, will never be impudent.

The first time that Jerrold met Dibdin, the latter said to him :—"Youngster, have you sufficient confidence in me to lend me a guinea?" "Yes," replied the author of "Black-Eyed Susan," "I have the confidence, but I haven't the guinea."

Sydney Smith, always fond of a joke against his own cloth, used to lament that so many clergymen thought sin was to be taken from man, as Eve was taken from Adam—by throwing him into a profound slumber.

Let us ever be careful to distinguish modesty, which is ever amiable, from reserve, which is only prudent. A man is hated sometimes for pride, when it was an excess of humility gave the occasion. What is often termed shyness, is nothing more than refined sense, and an indifference to common observations. Modesty often passes for arrant haughtiness, as what is deemed spirit in a horse proceeds from fear.

Beware of the first quarrel in Matrimony !

In all things circumstance is as necessary as substance, or even more so. The first thing which presents itself

to our notice, is not the essence, but the appearance. After examining the exterior, we notice the interior—by the rind of the manner we discern the fruit of the substance; the same as we judge persons whom we know not, by their carriage or exterior. Manner is that first part of Mind which strikes the eye; and since it is very easy to be acquired, no one is excusable who possesses it not. Truth is overwhelming, Reason has authority, Justice is powerful; but they each lose their lustre if Manner does not accompany them; while, on the contrary, if they have it, they become still more valuable. A graceful manner supplies every deficiency, even where reason is absent; it gilds contempt, it paints wrinkles, it hides imperfections, and finally disguises all things.

Great friends are only to be solicited on important occasions. Do not employ much interest to obtain trifling things, lest you waste what might be more useful.

Personal beauty, especially of countenance and motion, is chiefly produced by moral sentiment.

Study gives strength to the mind; Conversation, grace.

When the present youthful King of Portugal was in England, on a visit to the Queen, her Majesty presented

Sir Edwin Landseer to the King, as the painter whose works her Majesty had been collecting. "Ah! Sir Edwin," exclaimed the King, "I am delighted to make your acquaintance, *for I am very fond of Beasts!*"

A gentleman being told that his wife had made him the happy father of two children, mechanically exclaimed—*O Gemini!*

Lord Dudley and Ward's occasional habit of abstraction was never more unfortunate than one day, when dining with Lord —, who was then a bachelor, he was requested by his host to take the head of the table, himself taking the lower end. The soup being duly sent round by Lord Dudley, he helped himself to some, and after the first spoonful, he abruptly cried out to the party—"I beg your pardon—but you must not attempt to eat this soup—it is execrable!—pray send it away! The truth is, I have at this time the worst cook in England; but he never before sent up anything so bad as this." The fact was, that his Lordship's position at his friend's table had impressed him for the moment with the belief that he was presiding at his own.

The feelings of the Host may be imagined.

Frazier, the Scotch manager, understood better than any one the art of sinking in colloquy. He seldom uttered anything without involving an anti-climax. Speaking of a well-known public character,

he said, "I can just assure you, sir, that he's a consummate rascal ; and, moreover, a mon of a varry indifferent character."

It is wonderful how we differ in our various estimates of taxation. The heaviest tax with a rich man is the tax on property—with the merchant, on his time—with the old man, on his strength—with the irritable one, on his patience—with families, a poll-tax—with schoolboys, Syntax.

The Buffalonian says, and we have no right to doubt the fact, that Mr. Abner Bennet, of that place, is so absent in mind, that being more than commonly tall, and having had a long conversation with a merchant there, actually, at parting, made a bow to his cane in the corner, and seizing the little merchant by his head—walked off with him instead of his stick !

If all the parts which were ever questioned in our Gospels, were given up, it would not affect the origin of the religion in the smallest degree.

The Thumb. "If other proof were wanting," says Newton, "the thumb would convince me of the existence of God." The thumb represents will, energy, rectitude. At Rome they cut off the thumb of cowards, *pollex tuncatus*, whence comes the word "poltroon." The Romans lifted the thumb to condemn the gladiator to death. A small thumb indicates little genius for

men—little virtue among women ; a great thumb, a great thinker—a master of himself.

What is the largest and yet the shortest thing in the world—the swiftest and the slowest—the most divisible and the most extended—the least valued and the most regretted—without which nothing can be done—which devours everything, however small, and yet gives life and spirit to every object, however great ? *Time.*

Quin, upon his first going to Bath, found he was charged most exorbitantly for everything ; and, at the end of a week, complained to Nash, who had invited him thither, as the cheapest place in England for a man of taste and a *bon-vivant*. The master of the ceremonies, who loved his joke, replied, “ They have acted by you on truly Christian principles.” “ How so ? ” says Quin. “ Why,” resumed Nash, “ you were a *stranger*, and they *took you in*.” “ Ay,” rejoined Quin, “ but they have *fleeced* me instead of *clothing* me.”

A secret is like silence—you cannot talk about it and keep it.

Revenge is the sin of the uninstructed.

There are times when we tremble to reach the goal which we have before so eagerly sought.

"Give me," says Archimedes, "whereon to set my and I will remove the earth!"

With how many has *Christianity* become but an hebdomadal institution! It is taken out at ten o'clock on Sunday morning, brushed and aired, invested in a blue coat and velvet collar, or in a satin dress and velvet bonnet. It is driven to church—placed in a cushioned pew, with hassock under its feet—has a purple prayer-book with a gold cross upon it, handed in by the footman. It loudly repeats the responses—stands up in the prominent parts of the service, whilst others kneel,—is very devout—criticises, and is criticised.

Is then taken home, with a turn in the parks, and a dinner above par—is folded up again, and placed carefully away in the wardrobe in company with a scent cushion, where it lies until it is again drawn forth on the succeeding Sunday, impregnated with odour of sanctity, to be again paraded and again laid aside.

Of all the Counter's hours, there are none who find them so heavy as the expectant.

It were but wise to welcome and make ours,

Whate'er of good, though small, the present brings—
Kind greetings sunshine, song of birds, and flowers,
With a child's pure delight in little things.

Christianity does not encourage apathy; it is to regulate, not to eradicate our affections.

Each true Christian is a right traveller; his life his walk, Christ his way, and Heaven his home. His walk painful, his way perfect, his home pleasing.

I will not loiter, lest I come short of home; I will not wander, lest I come wide of home; but be content to travel hard, and be sure I walk right; so shall my safe way find its end at home, and my painful walk make my home welcome.

It is some hope of goodness not to grow worse. It is a part of badness, not to grow better.

The voice of God himself speaks in the hearts of men, whether they understand it or not, and by secret intimations gives the sinner a foretaste of that direful cup of which he is likely to drink more deeply hereafter.

Gratitude to God re-acts upon the recipient of His favour, as a second and fresh cause of *increased* gratitude. It is a pleasant thing to be thankful!

Oh what a guide to memory is the perfume of a single flower! what power is there in its sweet breath to waft us back to other days! to check the gaiety

or increase the sadness of the moment by colouring it with the hues of the past! Its fragrance is like some silken clue, leading us back through a labyrinth of years.

It was a saying of Voltaire's, that the heart never grew old, but that it became sad from being lodged in a ruin.

Jesus hath now many lovers of His Heavenly kingdom, but few bearers of His cross. He hath many desirous of comfort, but few of tribulation. He findeth many companions *of His table*, but few of His *abstinence*.

Divine comfort is given that a man may be stronger to bear *adversities*. Then followeth also *temptation*, lest he should wax proud of any good.

Wise men now like those of old,
Can but tell what others told;
Full hard it is by hidden door,
Of words unspoken to explore.

All men have a deep interest that each man should tell himself the truth. Not only will he become a better man, but he will understand them better. If men knew themselves, they could not be intolerant to others.

To get at the truth of any history is good: but a

man's own history,—when he reads that truly, and without a mean and over-solicitous introspection, knowing what he is about and what he has been about, it is a Bible to him. “And David said unto Nathan, I have sinned before the Lord.” David knew the truth about himself. But truth to oneself is not merely truth about oneself. It consists in maintaining an openness and justness of soul which brings a man into relation with all truth. For all this, the senses, if you might so call them, of the soul must be uninjured; that is, the affections and the perceptions must be just. For a man to speak the truth to himself comprehends all goodness: and for us mortals can only be an aim.

Truth to mankind in general, is a matter which, as I read it, concerns only the higher natures. Suffice it to say, that the withholding large truths from the world may be a betrayal of the greatest trust.

Friendship should be like the endurance of Ivy, which clings unchanged around all the sterility of winter, whilst the lighter and brighter beauty of summer foliage flies with the summer sun.

Friendship hath the skill and observation of the best physician, the diligence and vigilance of the best nurse, and the tenderness and patience of the best mother.

"I have often thought of keeping a diary," said the Rev. Charles Simeon, "and as often declined it, because there are things which one cannot commit to paper, and because there is danger of pride in committing to paper, the more spiritual exercises of the soul. ———I conceive that neither the worst nor the best of any man can be, or ought to be, known to any but God.

True Misanthropy consists, not in pointing out the faults and follies of men, but encouraging them in the pursuit. They who wish well to their fellow-creatures, are angry at their vices, and sore at their mishaps. He who flatters their errors and smiles at their ruin, is their worst enemy. But men like the sycophant better than the plain dealer, because they prefer their passions to their reason, and even to their interest.

Why should we faint and fear to live alone,
Since all alone—so Heaven has willed—we die ?
Not even the tenderest heart, and next our own,
Knows half the reason why we smile or sigh.

A bailiff, calling at the dwelling of a distressed Quaker in New York, to serve a writ, was refused admittance. He said to the servant, "Your master is at home, but will not see me."—"He *has* seen thee,

friend," said Abigail, " but he does not like thy appearance."

A Reasonable Request.—The editor of a down east paper requests those of his subscribers who never intend to pay, to give him notice as soon as possible.

Give me the avowed, the erect, and manly foe,
Bold I can meet—perhaps may turn his blow ;
But, of all plagues, good Heaven, thy wrath can send,
Save, save, Oh ! save me from a *candid friend*.

Seek not so much to know thine enemies as thy friends, for where one man has fallen by foes, a hundred have been ruined by their acquaintances.

Sir Francis Chantry was dining at Holkham Hall on an occasion when the Duke of Sussex was present—the conversation turning on the doctrines of Arminians and Socinians—His Royal Highness jocularly asked the sculptor, " Sir Francis, pray are you an Arminian or a Socinian ?" " Neither, Sir," replied Chantry, in the same spirit, " I'm a Derbyshire man."

It is a great mistake in ladies to dress excessively in the morning. It exhibits a love of finery and " show off," which is vulgar, and never indulged in by people of *ton* ; nay more, when such people dress early for the day, say upon the occasion of a pic-nic or any

similar party, the dress is always simply plain, and ornaments almost utterly ignored.

Thou mayest be sure that he that will in private tell thee of thy faults, is thy friend, for he adventures thy dislike, and does hazard thy hatred; for there are few men who can endure it, every man for the most part delighting in self-praise, which is one of the most universal follies that bewitcheth mankind.

Lost wealth may be restored by industry—the wreck of health regained by temperance—forgotten knowledge restored by study—alienated friendship smoothed into forgetfulness— even forfeited reputation regained by penitence and virtue. But who ever looked back upon his vanished hours—recalled his slighted years—effaced from Heaven's record the fearful blot of *wasted time*?

Eloquence in the Provinces. “Mr. President, I wish friends in the fore part of the meeting would speak up, so friends setting in the back part of the meeting can hear what's going on in the front part of the meeting. It is almost impossible for friends in the back part of the meeting to hear what's going on in the front part of the meeting. Friends in the back part of the meeting feel as much interested as friends in the fore part of the meeting; and it is highly necessary that friends in the fore part of the meeting should speak

up so that friends sitting in the back part of the meeting can hear what's going on in the front part of the meeting. And, therefore, I say that if friends in the fore part of the meeting would speak up so that we sitting in the back part of the meeting could hear what's going on in the front part of the meeting, it would be very satisfactory to friends in the back part of the meeting."

A reverend gentleman, while visiting a parishioner, a shop-keeper, had occasion, in the course of conversation, to refer to the Bible, and on asking for one, the master of the house ran to bring it, and came back with a few leaves of the book in his hand. "I declare!" says he, "this is all we've got in the house; I'd no idea we were so near out!"

Sir John Irwin was a favourite with George III., who once observed to him, "They tell me, Sir John, that you love a glass of wine." "Those," replied Irwin, "who so informed your Majesty have done me a great injustice—they should have said *a bottle*."

Faith is an entire dependence upon the truth, the power, the justice, and the mercy of God; which dependence will certainly *incline us to obey Him in all things*.

He can no faith with woman keep
Who holds no faith with God.

Faith says many things on which the senses are silent, but nothing which they deny. It is superior to them, but never contrary.

No article of faith can be true which weakens the practical part of religion.

Faith believes the revelation of God; *Hope* expects His promises; *Charity* loves His excellencies and mercies.

The aversion to *Cant* is the very antipodes to hypocrisy, and leads men, not only to disclaim the virtues they have, but to pretend to the vices they have not.

Know that thy ancient Enemy doth ever strive to hinder thy desire to good, and to divert thee from all religious exercises; to wit, from the devout memory of our Lord's *Passion*, from the profitable remembrance of thy *sins*, from the guard of thine own *heart*, and from the firm purpose of profiting in *Virtue*. He injecteth many evil thoughts into thy mind, that he may cause a wearisomeness and horror in thee, to draw thee from *Prayer* and *holy reading*. Humility is displeasing to him, and if he could, he would cause thee to cease from receiving the *Sacrament*.

Morality often forgives, Custom, never. The Custom we have once offended is our eternal enemy.

Good art thou, O Lord, to the soul that seeks thee ;
What art thou, then, to the soul that finds thee !

All man's happiness here is holiness ; and holiness
shall hereafter be his happiness.

Nobody ever yet practised concealment from their
true friends that they had not reason to regret having
done so.

"It is possible for people to be religious without
being good," said Coleridge one day to a friend ; "but
no person can be good without being religious."

When Queen Anne told Doctor South that his ser-
mon had only one fault—that of being too short—he
replied, that "he should have made it shorter if he had
had more time."

Men resent nothing more than contradiction on a
point which they themselves feel uneasy about. Truth
may be disputed with impunity ; a Sophism can only
be torn out of the mind with a violence that lacerates
and embitters.

"If," said the Rev. William Howells, "I were to
define salvation in few words, I should say it was
deliverance from ourselves."

Man-like it is to fall into sin,
Fiend-like it is to dwell therein.

There are a thousand joyous things in life,
Which pass unheeded in a life of joy—'till breezy sorrow
Comes to ruffle it.

He conquer's most in good breeding, who forbears
the most.

"Have you seen anything of a dog's collar about here?" asked a gentleman of a road-side clown, his spaniel having slipped one from his neck. "Well," drawled out the man, "I've seen lots of *boy*-scholars, and I seed a man yesterday trying to larn a dog to jump over a stick—that's the only dog-scholar I've seed."

Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true,
But are not critics to their judgments too?

Indulgent virtue should ever assist the unfortunate,
without enquiring whether their misery be a trial from
Heaven, or the just chastisement of their faults.

Man wastes his mornings in anticipating his after-
noons, and wastes his afternoons in regretting his
mornings.

New Servants. "I'm sure the Smellfunguses change
their servants very often." "Why, what makes you

think so ?” “Because I’ve noticed that their servants invariably answer the bell the first time.”

A “*Sub-Editor of Twenty Years’ Standing*” (for the Editor’s shoes ?) says, that when Luther threw the ink-stand at the head of the Devil, it must have been the Printers’ Devil, who had doubtlessly been for hours dancing about his elbow, bothering him for “Copy !”

The practice of Psalm-singing is not enjoined, or binding, by any human authority, in our obligations to follow the practice as an act of Christian worship, but that the practice is conducive to the edification, and is expedient on the following considerations, viz.—It habituates the people to a love of divine service; every person approves the work in which he is himself employed; and, It is one of the excellencies of our Liturgy, that the people have a greater share in the service than hath been allowed in any other established form, or than is practised in any of the dissenting congregations. A good life, above all other things, is the best handmaid to devotion, and is especially necessary for that branch of Psalmody. As a mind loaded with oppression is unfit for the triumphs of song, much more so is a conscience burdened with guilt. Alas ! what hath he to do with singing, whose portion (unless he repenteth) shall be weeping and wailing and gnashing

of teeth ! The voice of distress is always broken and inharmonious. Therefore, that we may sing well, let us live well.

The expression of our gratitude to our Almighty and eternal Benefactor, in songs of praise, is founded in the nature of man, and consequently is as old as the creation ; but we may trace it still higher, for it was the employment of Heaven before man was made, and will be so after the consummation of all things.

Luther considered Music as an art appertaining to Theology, and powerfully conducive to the development of religious sentiment in the human heart.

“ O God ! ” says a Persian poet, “ have pity on the wicked, for thou hast done every thing for the good, in making them good ! ”

No man would ever go very far wrong, who, by the mere habit of Thanksgiving and Prayer, was forced to examine his conscience, even but once a day, and remember that the eye of the Almighty was upon him.

Truth is no Janus, it looks but one way.

If the largeness of a man’s heart carry him beyond prudence, we may reckon it illustrious weakness.

"Pray, sir, oblige me now with the five pounds you owe me; if you don't, I must oblige *you*."

What a degrading fact to human nature, that we rule more by our evil qualities than by our good ones. Which is the member of a family whose wishes and peculiarities are most attended to? It is the one with a tornado of a temper. And the consequences? The same as in slave communities—cunning and deception.

There are rooms, full of relics of persons and times gone by, which look *friendly* rooms. I never entered such a one without feeling that it was *a room that had a heart in it*.

It is never a small event, the reception of a new member into a family; a certain breach is thereby made in habits of long standing; conversation can no longer roll on smoothly; allusions have to be explained—an insight into the former history of the domestic circle given to the new comer. It must also happen, that each individual who has passed early youth, reconnoitres the character of the other, to see what confidence may be accorded. In fact, the position is always one of restraint.

Two women cannot dwell together in peace, who are not on an equality in knowledge of the world. The one longs to try her wings; the other has folded hers.

The importance of *the Stomach* in the animal economy can hardly be exaggerated. It was called at one time the "Seat of the Soul;" and by Haller was poetically designated "the Conscience of the Body;"—of all the organs belonging to human nature, the most ill-used.

Young women are the stuff old women are made of.

How many *allowed* people in society resemble Rabelais' *Panurge*, who was "a very gallant man of his person, only that he was naturally subject to a kind of disease, which at that time they called *lack of money*; yet notwithstanding, he had threescore and three tricks to help himself at his need, of which the most honourable and most ordinary was by the way of filching; for he was a quarrelsome bully, a sharper, drinker, royster, and a very dissolute and debauched fellow;—*otherwise, and in all matters else, the best man in the world.*"

Instruct your son well yourself, or others will instruct him ill for you. No child goes altogether untaught—send him to the school of wisdom, or he will go himself to the rival academy kept by the lady with the cap and bells. There is always teaching going on of some sort, just as in fields vegetation is never idle.

By a usual and apposite manner of speaking, our tenour of life is called *a way*; our conversation, *walking*; our actions, *steps*; our observing good laws, *up-*

rightness ; our transgressing of them, *tripping, faltering, falling.*

Nothing but plain malevolence can justify disunion of friendship. Malevolence is shown, either in a single outrage unretracted, or in habitual ill-nature. Such behaviour, it must be confessed, is a common breach of articles ; it strikes at the fundamentals, and makes a correspondence impracticable. When the engagement proves thus unlucky, the way is to draw off by degrees, and not to come to an open rupture. Let the acquaintance be decently buried, and the flame rather go out than be smothered ;—for, as Cato well observes, though in the phrase of a sempstress, Friendship ought not to be *ripped*, but *unstitched*.

- Though a Christian must not seek revenge, yet he may break off friendship and familiarity with one who injures him, or displays such evil points in his character as were before hidden ; treating him as the Jews do heathens and publicans, with whom they hold no religious intercourse.
-

If a man cheat or abuse me once, it is his fault ; but if twice, it is my own.

Enlarge the province of Conscience, and make it condescend to what may appear minor matters. Have *a conscience* in whatever you do, and in the manage-

ment of your mind and of your powers. Gird up the loins of your mind.

Watch yourself—notice when you fail, and keep some kind of journal of your failures.

Above all, avoid the coolness, the indifference, the illogical indifference which so many men who profess to believe in the all-important, the stupendous subject, allow themselves practically, with regard to Religion.

Hold fast by the *Faith*!

The world does not want good hearts, but regulated minds ; not uncertain impulses, but virtuous principles.

Rightly cultivate the head, and the heart will take care of itself ; for knowledge is the parent of good, not good of knowledge. We are told in the Scriptures, that it was the *wise* men of the East who followed the star which led them to their God.

As in the next world, so in this, the only solid blessings are owing to the goodness of the mind, not the extent of the capacity. Friendship here, is an emanation from the same source as Beatitude there.

END OF VOL. I.

30, WILBECK STREET, CAVENDISH
SQUARE, LONDON.

MR. NEWBY'S
NEW PUBLICATIONS.

I.

In 2 vols. post 8vo., price 21s.

FRIENDS FOR THE FIRESIDE,

BY MRS. MATHEWS,

Author of "Memoirs of Charles Mathews," "Tea Table
Talk," "Recollections,—Anecdote and Joke,—Notings,
Selections,—with Gravities for Grave Folk."

II.

In 2 vols., post 8vo., price 21s.

AN OLD ROAD AND AN OLD RIVER,

BY WILLIAM A. ROSS,

Author of "A Yatch-Voyage to Norway Sweeden,
and Denmark."

III.

In 1 vol. post 8vo., price 10s. 6d.

PERILS AND PANICS

Of Volunteers and Invasions in 1796-7-8, 1805, and at
the Present Time,

BY HUMPHREY BLUNT.

IV.

In 1 vol., post 8vo., plates, price 10s. 6d.

DEAFNESS & DISEASES OF THE EAR,

The Fallacies of present treatment exposed and Remedies suggested from the experience of half-a-century,

BY W. WRIGHT, Esq.

Surgeon Aurist (by Royal Sign Manual,) to Her Majesty, the late Queen Charlotte, &c.

V.

In 1 vol., post 8vo. with map, price 7s. 6d.

**AN EMIGRANT'S FIVE YEARS IN THE
FREE STATES OF AMERICA,**

BY WILLIAM HANCOCK.

VI.

In 1 vol. crown 8vo., price 2s.

**THOMAS MOORE—HIS LIFE AND
WRITINGS,**

BY HENRY MONTGOMERY, ESQ.

VII.

In 1 vol. post 8vo., price 10s. 6d.

FROM MORN TILL EVE IN EUROPE,

BY MRS. AGAR,

Author of "The Knights of the Cross," &c.

VIII.

In 1 vol. post 8vo., price 5s.

**SPIRITUALISM AND THE AGE WE
LIVE IN,**

BY MRS. CROWE,

Author of "The Night Side of Nature," "Ghost Stories, &c."

IX.

In 2 vols., price 21s.

AMERICAN PHOTOGRAPHS,

BY THE MISSES TURNBULL.

"It is exceedingly amusing, and marked by energy and power."
—*Globe*.

"Twenty-six thousand miles of travel by two young ladies, in search of the new, the beautiful, and the instructive! We do not know that a reader could desire more amusing *compagnons de voyage* than these two sprightly, intelligent, well-educated, and observant young Englishwomen."—*Morning Advertiser*.

"A number of amusing anecdotes give life and interest to the narrative."—*Brighton Examiner*.

"Very pleasant gossiping volumes."—*Critic*.

"These volumes are replete with lively, entertaining sketches of American manners and customs, sayings and doings."—*Naval and Military*.

"Contains much information respecting the manners and habits of our transatlantic cousins."—*Sun*.

"The narrative is evidently truthful, as it is clear and intelligible."—*Herald*.

X.

In 1 vol. post 8vo., price 10s. 6d.

OUR PLAGUE SPOT,

In connection with our Polity and Usages as regards Women,
our Soldiery, and the Indian Empire.

XI.

In 1 vol., price 10s. 6d.

SUNDAY, THE REST OF LABOUR,

Dedicated to the Archbishop of Canterbury.

"This important subject is discussed ably and temperately; and though many differences will arise in the minds of some of our clergy, as well as some pious laymen, it should be added to every library."—*Herald*.

"Written by a churchman, who is evidently a man with deep and sincere religious feelings. His book is temperately written, and will have a wholesome tendency, if wisely received."—*Exam*.

XII.

In 1 vol., price 2s. 6d.

**DRAWING-ROOM CHARADES FOR
ACTING,**

BY C. WARREN ADAMS, Esq.

"A valuable addition to Christmas diversions. It consists of a number of well-constructed scenes for charades."—*Guardian*.

XIII.

In 1 vol., price 12s.

MERRIE ENGLAND,

BY LORD WILLIAM LENNOX.

"It overflows with racy, poignant anecdotes of a generation just passed away. The book is destined to lie upon the tables of many a country mansion."—*Leader*.

XIV.

In 1 vol., price 5s.

KNIGHTS OF THE CROSS,

BY MRS. AGAR.

"Nothing can be more appropriate than this little volume, from which the young will learn how their forefathers venerated and fought to preserve these places hallowed by the presence of the Saviour."—*Guardian*.

"Mrs. Agar has written a book which young and old may read with profit and pleasure."—*Sunday Times*.

"It is a work of care and research, which parents may well wish to see in the hands of their children."—*Leader*.

"A well-written history of the Crusades, pleasant to read, and good to look upon."—*Critic*.

XV.

In 1 vol. post 8vo., price 10s. 6d.

**AN AUTUMN IN SILESIA, AUSTRIA
PROPER, AND THE OBER ENNS,**

By the Author of "Travels in Bohemia."

XVI.

STEPS ON THE MOUNTAINS.

"This is a step in the right way, and ought to be in the hands of the youth of both sexes."—*Review*.

"The moral of this graceful and well-constructed little tale is, that Christian influence and good example have a better effect in doing the good work of reformation than the prison, the treadmill, or either the reformatory."—*Critic*.

"The Steps on the Mountains are traced in a loving spirit. They are earnest exhortations to the sober and religious-minded to undertake the spiritual and temporal improvement of the condition of the destitute of our lanes and alleys. The moral of the tale is well carried out; and the bread which was cast upon the waters is found after many days, to the saving and happiness of all therein concerned."—*Athenæum*.

XVII.

In 1 vol., price 5s.

FISHES AND FISHING,

BY W. WRIGHT, Esq.

"Anglers will find it worth their while to profit by the author's experience."—*Athenæum*.

"The pages abound in a variety of interesting anecdotes connected with the rod and the line. The work will be found both useful and entertaining to the lovers of the piscatory art."—*Morning Post*.

XVIII.

In 1 vol. 8vo., price 10s. 6d.

LIFE OF ALEXANDER THE FIRST,

BY IVAN GOLOVIN.

"It is a welcome contribution to Russian imperial biography."—*Leader*.

"Mr. Golovin possesses fresher information, a fresher mind and manner applied to Russian affairs, than foreigners are likely to possess."—*Spectator*.

XIX.

In 1 vol. post 8vo., price 10s. 6d.

ZEAL IN THE WORK OF THE MINISTRY,

BT L'ABBE DUBOIS.

"There is a tone of piety and reality in the work of l'Abbe Dubois, and a unity of aim, which is to fix the priest's mind on the duties and responsibilities of his whole position, and which we admire. The writer is occupied supremely with one thought of contributing to the salvation of souls and to the glory of God.—*Literary Churchman*.

"It abounds in sound and discriminating reflections and valuable hints. No portion of a Clergyman's duties is overlooked."—*The Ecclesiastic*.

"This volume enters so charmingly into the minutiae of clerical life, that we know none so calculated to assist the young priest and direct him in his duties. It is a precious legacy of wisdom to all the priesthood."—*Union*.

XX.

In 1 vol., price 10s. 6d.

THE NEW EL DORADO; OR BRITISH COLUMBIA.

BY KINAHAN CORNWALLIS.

"The book is full of information as to the best modes existing or expected of reaching these enviable countries."—*Morning Chronicle*.

"The book gives all the information which it is possible to obtain respecting the new colony called British Columbia. The book is altogether one of a most interesting and instructive character."—*The Star*.

"The work is very spiritedly written, and will amuse and instruct."—*Observer*.

XXI.

In 2 vols. post 8vo., price 21s.

**A PANORAMA OF THE NEW
WORLD,**

BY KINAHAN CORNWALLIS,

Author of "Two Journeys to Japan."

"Nothing can be more spirited, graphic, and full of interest, nothing more pictorial or brilliant in its execution and animation."
—*Globe*.

"One of the most amusing tales ever written."—*Review*.

"He is a lively, rattling writer. The sketches of Peruvian Life and manners are fresh, racy and vigorous. The volumes abound with amusing anecdotes and conversations."—*Weekly Mail*.

XXII.

In 1 vol., price 10s. 6d.

NIL DESPERANDUM,

BEING AN ESCAPE FROM ITALIAN DUNGEONS.

"We find the volume entertaining and really Italian in spirit."

—*Athenæum*.

"There is much fervour in this romantic narrative of suffering."

—*Examiner*.

XXIII.

In 2 vols., price 21s.

**THIRTY-FIVE YEARS OF A
DRAMATIC AUTHOR'S LIFE,**

BY EDWARD FITZBALL, Esq.

"We scarcely remember any biography so replete with anecdotes of the most agreeable description. Everybody in the theatrical world, and a great many out of it, figure in this admirable biography."—*Globe*.

"One of the most curious collections of histrionic incidents ever put together. Fitzball numbers his admirers not by hundreds and thousands, but by millions."—*Liverpool Albion*.

"A most wonderful book about all sorts of persons."—*Birmingham Journal*.

XXIV.

In 1 vol., price 10s. 6d.

GHOST STORIES,

BY CATHARINE CROWE,

Author of "Night Side of Nature."

"Mrs. Crowe's volume will delight the lovers of the supernatural, and their name is legion."—*Morning Post*.

"These Tales are calculated to excite all the feelings of awe, and we may say of terror, with which Ghost Stories have ever been read."—*Morning Advertiser*.

XXV.

In 2 vols. post 8vo.

TEA TABLE TALK,

BY MRS. MATHEWS.

"Livingstone's Africa, and Mrs. Mathews' Tea Table Talk will be the two most popular works of the season."—*Bicester Herald*.

"It is ordinary criticism to say of a good gossiping book, that it is a volume for the sea-side, or for the fireside, or wet weather, or for a sunny nook, or in a shady grove, or for after dinner over wine and walnuts. Now these lively, gossiping volumes will be found adapted to all these places, times, and circumstances. They are brimfull of anecdotes. There are pleasant little biographical sketches and ambitious essays."—*Athenæum*.

"The anecdotes are replete with point and novelty and truthfulness."—*Sporting Magazine*.

"No better praise can be given by us than to say, that we consider this work one of, if not the most agreeable books that has come under our notice."—*Guardian*.

"For Book Clubs and Reading Societies no work can be found that will prove more agreeable."—*Express*.

"The widow of the late, and the mother of the present Charles Mathews would, under any circumstances, command our respect, and if we could not conscientiously praise her work, we should be slow to condemn it. Happily, however, the volumes in question are so good, that in giving this our favourable notice we are only doing justice to the literary character of the writer; her anecdotes are replete with point and novelty and truthfulness that stamps them genuine."—*Sporting Review*.

XXVI.

In 2 vols., post 8vo., price 21s.

TWO JOURNEYS TO JAPAN,

BY KINAHAN CORNWALLIS.

"The mystery of Japan melts away as we follow Mr. Cornwallis. He enjoyed most marvellous good fortune, for he carried a spell with him which dissipated Japanese suspicion and procured him all sorts of privileges. His knowledge of Japan is considerable. It is an amusing Book."—*Athenaeum*.

"This is an amusing book, pleasantly written, and evidencing generous feeling."—*Literary Gazette*.

"We can honestly recommend Mr. Cornwallis's book to our readers."—*Morning Herald*.

"The country under his pencil comes out fresh, dewy, and picturesque before the eye. The volumes are full of amusement, lively and graphic."—*Chambers' Journal*.

XXVII.

In 1 vol., price 5s.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING ABOUT HORSES.

BY HARRY HIEOVER.

"From the days of Nimrod until now no man has made so many, few more valuable additions to what may be called 'Sporting Literature.' To those skilled in horses this little volume will be very welcome, whilst to the raw youth its teachings will be as precious as refined gold."—*Critic*.

"Into this little volume Harry Hieover has contrived to cram an innumerable quantity of things worth knowing about the tricks and bad habits of all kinds of horses, harness, starting, shying, and trotting; about driving; about the treatment of ailing horses; about corns, peculiarities of shape and make; and about stables, training, and general treatment."—*Field*.

"It is a useful hand-book about horses."—*Daily Telegraph*.

"Few men have produced better works upon the subject of horses than Harry Hieover."—*Review*.

"The author has omitted nothing of interest in his 'Things worth knowing about horses.'"—*Athenaeum*.

XXVIII.

In 1 vol. post 8vo., price 10s. 6d.

HISTORICAL CLEANINGS AT HOME AND ABROAD,

BY MRS. JAMIESON.

"This work is characterized by forcible and correct descriptions of men and manners in bygone years. It is replete with passages of the deepest interest."—*Review*.

XXIX.

In 1 vol. demy 8vo., price 12s.

THE SPORTSMAN'S FRIEND IN A FROST.

BY HARRY HIEOVER.

"Harry Hieover's practical knowledge and long experience in field sports, render his writings ever amusing and instructive. He relates most pleasing anecdotes of food and field, and is well worthy of study."—*The Field*.

"No sportsman's library should be without it."—*Sporting Magazine*.

"There is amusement as well as intelligence in Harry Hieover's book."—*Athenaeum*.

XXX.

In 1 vol. demy 8vo., price 12s.

SPORTING FACTS & SPORTING FANCIES.

BY HARRY HIEOVER.

Author of "Stable Talk and Table Talk," "The Pocket and the Stud," "The Hunting Field," &c.

"This work will make a valuable and interesting addition to the sportsman's library."—*Bell's Life*.

"In addition to the immense mass of practical and useful information with which this work abounds, there is a refreshing buoyancy and dash about the style, which makes it as attractive and fascinating as the pages of the renowned Nimrod himself."—*Dispatch*.

"It contains graphic sketches of celebrated young sporting characters."—*Sunday Times*.

XXXI.

In 1 vol., price 5s.

THE SPORTING WORLD.

BY HARRY HIEOVER.

"Reading Harry Hieover's book is like listening lazily and luxuriously after dinner to a quiet gentlemanlike, clever talker."
—*Athenaeum*.

"It will be perused with pleasure by all who take an interest in the manly game of our fatherland. It ought to be added to every sportsman's library."—*Sporting Review*..

XXXII.

FOURTH EDITION, PRICE 5s.

THE PROPER CONDITION OF ALL HORSES:

BY HARRY HIEOVER.

"It should be in the hands of all owners of horses."—*Bell's Life*.

"A work which every owner of a horse will do well to consult."—*Morning Herald*.

"Every man who is about purchasing a horse, whether it be hunter, riding-horse, lady's palfrey, or cart-horse, will do well to make himself acquainted with the contents of this book."—*Sporting Magazine*.

XXXIII.

In 1 vol., price 5s.

HINTS TO HORSEMEN,

SHOWING HOW TO MAKE MONEY BY HORSES.

BY HARRY HIEOVER.

"When Harry Hieover gives hints to Horseman, he does not mean by that term riders exclusively, but owners, breeders, buyers, sellers, and admirers of horses. To teach such men how to make money is to impart no valueless instruction to a large class of mankind. The advice is frankly given, and if no benefit result, it will not be for the want of good counsel."—*Athenaeum*.

"It is by far the most useful and practical book that Harry Hieover has written."—*Express*.

xxxiv.

In 1 vol. price 5s.

THE WORLD AND HOW TO SQUARE IT.

BY HARRY HIEOVER.

xxxv.

In 1 vol., price 4s.

BIPEDS AND QUADRUPEDS,

BY HARRY HIEOVER.

"We recommend this little volume for the humanity towards quadrupeds it advocates, and the proper treatment of them that it inculcates."—*Bell's Life*.

xxxvi.

In 2 vols. post 8vo., price 21s.

NAPLES,

POLITICAL, SOCIAL, AND RELIGIOUS.

BY LORD B*****

"The pictures are as lively and bright as the colours and climate they reflect."—*Spectator*.

"It is a rapid, clear historical sketch."—*Advertiser*.

"The author has done good service to society."—*Court Circular*.

xxxvii.

In 2 vols., price 21s., cloth.

THE LIFE OF PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

BY CAPTAIN MEDWIN,

Author of "Conversations with Lord Byron."

"This book must be read by every one interested in literature."—*Morning Post*.

"A complete life of Shelley was a desideratum in literature and there was no man so competent as Captain Medwin to supply it."—*Inquirer*.

"The book is sure of exciting much discussion."—*Literary Gazette*.

XXXVIII.

Price 1s. 6d.

PRINCE LIFE.

BY G. F. R. JAMES, ESQ.,

Author of "The Gipsy," "Richelieu," &c.

"It is worth its weight in gold!"—*The Globe*."

"Most valuable to the rising generation; an invaluable little book."—*Guardian*.

XXXIX.

Second Edition, now ready, in 3 vols., price 42s.

THE LITERARY LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF THE

COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

BY R. MADDEN, Esq., F.R.C.S.-ENG.

Author of "Travels in the East," "Life of Savonarola," &c.

"We may, with perfect truth affirm that during the last fifty years there has been no book of such peculiar interest to the literary and political world. It has contributions from every person of literary reputation—Byron, Sir E. Bulwer, who contributes an original Poem, James, D'Israeli, Marryatt, Savage Landor, Campbell, L. E. L., the Smiths, Shelley, Jenkyn, Sir W. Gell, Jekyll, &c., &c.; as well as letters from the most eminent Statesmen and Foreigners of distinction, the Duke of Wellington, Marquis Wellesley, Marquis Douro, Lords Lyndhurst, Brougham, Durham, Abingen, &c."—*Morning Post*.

XL.

In 1 vol., price 7s. 6d.

ON SEX IN THE WORLD TO COME.

BY THE REV. G. B. HAUGHTON, A.M.

"A peculiar subject; but a subject of great interest, and in his volume treated in a masterly style. The language is surpassingly good, showing the author to be a learned and a thoughtful man."—*New Quarterly Review*.

XLI.

Price 2s. 6d. beautifully illustrated.

THE HAPPY COTTAGE,

A TALE FOR SUMMER'S SUNSHINE.

By the Author of "Kate Vernon," "Agness Waring."

XLII.

In 1 vol. 8vo.

THE AGE OF PITT AND FOX.

BY DANIEL OWEN MADDEN,

Author of "Chiefs of Party," &c.

The *Times* says "We may safely pronounce it to be the best text-book of the age which it professes to describe."

XLIII.

In 3 vols. demy 8vo., price 2l. 14s.

A CATHOLIC HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

BY W. MAC CABE, Esq.

"A work of great literary value."—*Times*.

XLIV.

In 1 vol., price 14s.

**LIVES OF THE PRIME MINISTERS OF
ENGLAND.**

FROM THE RESTORATION TO THE PRESENT TIME.

BY J. HOUSTON BROWN, L.L.B.

Of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law.

"The Biographer has collected the facts relating to the family and career of his four subjects, Clarendon, Clifford, Danby and Essex, and stated these facts with clearness;—selected such personal traits as the memoirs and lampoons of the time have presented, and interspersed his biographies with passing notices of the times and reflections, which though sometimes harsh in character or questionable in taste, have independence, and, at all events, a limited truth."—*Spectator*.

XLV.

In 2 vols., price 10s.

SHELLEY AND HIS WRITINGS.

BY C. S. MIDDLETON, Esq.

"Never was there a more perfect specimen of biography."—*Walter Savage Landor, Esq.*

"Mr. Middleton has done good service. He has carefully sifted the sources of information we have mentioned, has made some slight addition, and arranged his materials in proper order and in graceful language. It is the first time the mass of scattered information has been collected, and the ground is therefore cleared for the new generation of readers."—*Athenaeum*.

"The Life of the Poet which has just appeared, and which was much required, is written with much beauty of expression and clearness of purpose. Mr. Middleton's book is a masterly performance."—*Somerset Gazette*.

"Mr. Middleton has displayed great ability in following the poet through all the mazes of his life and thoughts. We recommend the work as lively, animated and interesting. It contains many curious disclosures."—*Sunday Times*.

XLVI.

In 1 vol., price 1s. 6d.

THE FIRST LATIN COURSE

BY REV. J. ARNOLD.

"For beginners, this Latin Grammar is unequalled."—*Sholastic*.

XLVII.

Price 7s. 6d.

INDIAN RELIGIONS,

By a Missionary.

16 T. C. NEWBY'S NEW PUBLICATIONS.

XLVIII.

NEW FRENCH GRAMMAR,

Price 3s. 6d.

LE TRESOR DE LA LANGUE FRANCAISE,

Comprising French and English Exercises, a recueil of Sentences, Proverbs, Dialogues, and Anecdotes, forming a Reading book, terminated by a French and English Dictionary.

BY C. A. DE G. LIUNCOURT, M.A.

Professor of Compared Language.

"This Grammar will be used in every school in England. It is an invaluable assistant to masters, and facilitates the acquisition of the language to the pupil without fatiguing with a multiplicity of rules."—*The Scholar*.

POPULAR
NEW NOVELS.

I.

In 3 vols. post-8vo., price £1 11s. 6d.

THE STORY OF A LOST LIFE,

By W. PLATT,

Author of "Betty Westminster."

II.

In 1 vol., price 10s. 6d.

MANORDEAN.

III.

In 3 vols. post 8vo. price £3 11s. 6d.

TRIED IN THE FIRE,

BY MRS. MACKENZIE DANIELS,

Author of "My Sister Minnie," "Our Guardian," &c.

"Mrs. Mackenzie Daniels, whose tales have gained for her considerable reputation as a novelist has, under this suggestive title, given us a story of exquisite beauty. The characters are as life-like as it is possible to imagine. For graceful language and the high moral it inculcates, there will be few better novels published this season."—*Globe*.

IV.

In 2 vols. post 8vo. price £1 11s. 6d.

THE GREAT EXPERIMENT,

BY MISS MOLESWORTH,

Author of "The Stumble on the Threshold," &c.

"The Great Experiment, consists in pointing out to the world the evils arising from ill-assorted marriages, and we venture to predict that it will attain a degree of celebrity that will not be surpassed by any other novel in the year 1860."—*Globe*.

"Lessons of something more valuable than those of worldly wisdom can be gathered from Miss Molesworth's novel. The married may find how to render their state permanently happy—those about to marry, are told with what feelings they should enter upon their new duties, and those who are seeking husbands and wives will do well to study and ponder Miss Molesworth's axioms in the 'The Great Experiment.'"—*Guardian*

"A powerful and correct delineator of character and an originality of thought and expression."—*Court Journal*.

V.

In 3 vols. price £1 11s. 6d.

COUNTRY LANDLORDS,

By L. M. S.

"Author of Gladys of Hurlock."

VI

In 2 vols. price 21s.

Coming Events Cast their Shadows Before,

"A more lively and loveable character than onstance presents is rarely conceived. The language throughout is unusually pure and worthy of the subject."—*Globe*.

VII.

In 2 vols. post 8vo. price £1 11s. 6d.

SYBIL GREY.

"Sybil Grey is a novel to read by a mother to a daughter, or by a father to the loved circle at the domestic fireside."—*Herald*.

VIII.

In 3 vols. post 8vo. price £1 11s. 6d.

THE HOME AND THE PRIEST,

BY SIGNOR VOLPE.

"It peculiarly illustrates the spirit and motives of the present movement in Italy, especially in exposing, by the force of a personal story, that intolerable, corrupt, and corrupting tyranny, which the Roman priesthood exercises alike over the commonwealth and the home."—*Globe*.

"The author relies, with reason, upon the universal interest now felt in all that relates to Italy. The work portrays the crimes, intrigues, cruelty and treachery of the tonsured orders, and it is wrought out with considerable skill."—*Athenæum*.

"The actual working of the Italian church system is shown not only in relation to the Italian's private home, but in relation also to his country. Sig. Volpe sees no hope for Italy, but in the uprooting of the spiritual as well as temporal dominions of the Pope."—*Examiner*.

"The machinations of priestcraft, the unscrupulous tendencies of Popery are here laid down with a vigorous and an usurping hand. These volumes afford a broad picture of Italian social and political life."—*Dispatch*.

"It is admirably written and abounds in vivid representation of strong passion."—*Guardian*.

IX.

In 2 vols. price 21s. Second Edition.

MABEL OWEN:

"A novel it is a pleasure to read, and what is better a novel, it is a pleasure to reflect on after reading."—*Scottish Press*.

"Actions and feelings are delineated with such truthfulness as give evidence of a remarkable and minute observer of the writings of a woman's heart. It is written for the best purpose a novelist can employ his pen."—*Leader*.

"The best novel of the season."—*Advertiser*.

"There is no individual whose history and private experience, if honestly and freely told, would not be interesting, and we can truly say this of the present work."—*Express*.

X.

In 1 vol. post 8vo. price 10s. 6d.

(Second Edition.)

MY VILLAGE NEIGHBOURS,

BY MISS G. M. STERNE.

"This Tale will prove a most agreeable companion for the long winter evenings. We have not read anything equal to it since the Publication of Miss Mitford's 'Our Village' which it much resembles."—*Scotch Press*.

"Miss Sterne writes agreeably and with facility after the fashion of Miss Mitford."—*Athenaeum*.

"There is a great deal of power in these volumes—the author possesses a very unusual command of language and a rare degree of pathos."—*Morning Herald*.

"The style is rustic, simple and thoroughly entertaining. Miss Sterne is the Great Cousin of Lawrence Sterne the author of 'The Sentimental Journey,' and bids fair not to diminish the illustrious name she bears."—*Court Journal*.

"Contains pleasing sketches of country scenery and agreeable details of the varieties of character proper to such a locality."—*Globe*.

XI.

In 2 vols. post 8vo. price 21s.

HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY,

By Mrs. AUGUSTUS PEEL.

"Mrs. Augustus Peel has worked out this Proverb admirably in her new novel under that Title, and it is a pleasure to find that her book is in every way worthy the name she bears. The language is eloquent, the style unaffected and the story interesting from beginning to end."—*Globe*.

XII.

In 3 vols., price 31s. 6d.

MASTER AND PUPIL,

By Mrs. MACKENZIE DANIELS.

XIII.

In 3 vols. post 8vo. price £1 11s. 6d.

THE LILY OF DEVON,

BY C. F. ARMSTRONG.

"This is chiefly a naval novel, and it is long since we have met with one so deserving of notice."—*Naval and Military*.

"It is a capital book of its class and may be recommended as one likely to prove highly acceptable to novel reading."—*Morning Post*.

"The author is a disciple of Captain Marryatt's. His work is clever and dashing."—*Oriental Budget*.

XIV.

In 1 vol., price 7s. 6d.

MILLY WARRENER.

"A pleasant, unpretending story; it is a life-like story of a young country girl more refined than her station. There are incidental sketches of country characters which are clever and spirited."—*Athenæum*.

XV.

In 2 vols., price 21s.

THE COUNT DE PERBRUCK,

By HENRY COOKE, Esq.

"A tale of the Vendean war, invested with a new interest. Mr. Cooke has done his part most successfully. His vivid, graphic colouring and well-chosen incidents prove him a master in the art of historical delineation."—*Guardian*.

"Of Mr. Cooke's share in the work we can speak with deserved approbation."—*Press*.

"It has the merit of keeping alive the excitement of the reader till the closing page."—*Morning Post*.

"This highly-interesting romance will find a place amongst the standard works of fiction."—*Family Herald*.

"This is an experiment, and a successful one."—*Atlas*.

XVI.

In 3 vol., price 31s. 6d.

THE CAMPBELLS,

"The story is full of interest."—*Enquirer*.

XVII.

In 3 vols., price 31s. 6d.

EBB AND FLOW.

"It will amuse those who like to find something out of the usual even tenor of a novel; to such it can fairly be recommended."—*The Sun*.

XVIII.

In 3 vols., price 31s. 6d.

GEORGIE BARRINGTON,

By the Author of "Old Memories," &c.

"This novel is full of power, full of interest, and full of those fascinations and spells which none but extraordinarily-gifted can produce."—*Globe*.

XIX.

In 2 vols., price 21s.

BEVERLEY PRIORY.

"This is an admirable tale."—*Naval and Military*.

"Beverley Priory is in no part of it a dull novel, and is unquestionably clever."—*Examiner*.

XX

In 3 vols., price 31s. 6d.

THE PARSON AND THE POOR.

"There is much that is very good in this tale; it is cleverly written, and with good feeling."—*Athenæum*.

"We have read this novel with a great deal of pleasure; the dialogue is always spirited and natural. The children talk like children, and the men and women remind us of flesh and blood."—*Morning Herald*.

"The characters and incidents are such as will live in the memory of the reader, while the style and spirit of the book will render it not only pleasant but profitable reading."—*Bradford Review*.

"The author has made the incidents of every-day life a vehicle through which lessons of virtue, blended with religion, may be conveyed."—*Kilkenny Moderator*.

"A story of country life, written by one who knew well how to describe both cottage and hall life."—

"It bears the impress of truth and Nature's simplicity throughout."—*Illustrated News of the World*.

XXI.

In 3 vols., price 31s. 6d.

THE FATE OF FOLLY,

BY LORD B*****

Author of *Masters and Workmen*, &c.

"This is one of the very few works of fiction that should be added to every Public Free Library. It contains more moral lessons, more to elevate the minds of readers, and has higher aims than almost any novel we have read. At the same time, it is replete with incident and amusement."—*Globe*.

"It is a good book."—*Spectator*.

XXII.

In 3 vols., price 31s. 6d.

BETTY WESTMINSTER,

BY W. PLATT, Esq.

"A lesson of sound practical morality, inculcated with charming effect;—a story which bears in every chapter the impress of intellect, taste, and sensibility."—*Morning Post*.

"Betty Westminster is the representative of a type of society but little used by novelists—the money-getting tradesmen of provincial towns. It is written with talent and considerable skill."—*New Quarterly Review*:

"There is a great deal of cleverness in this story."—*Examiner*.

"There is much comic satire in it. The author has power worth cultivating."—*Examiner*.

"There is a good deal of spirit in these volumes, and great talent shown in the book."—*Athenæum*.

"A book of greater interest has not come under our notice for years."—*Review*.

"All is described by a master hand."—*John Bull*.

